

SB9

Company Morning  
Reports.



Rev. Phebe Ann Hall

Jersey City

N. J.



## Tristram Coffin Reunion Association

At the annual meeting of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, held in Nantucket, Mass., August 16, 1882, the following votes were adopted:

*Voted*, That another Reunion be held during the summer of 1883, provided a majority of the Executive Committee make a favorable response to such project, and a majority of the resident members of the Association, at a regularly called meeting, ratify such vote.

*Voted*, That an assessment of three dollars per capita be levied upon the members of the Association, to aid in the publication of the Historical and Genealogical work, to be paid in three instalments of one dollar each, at intervals of six months, the sums so paid to rebate to those who purchase the book.

*Voted*, That the secretary notify all the members of the assessment of fifty cents voted last year for the current expenses of the Association, and of the assessment for the publication of the historical book.

The election of a President of the Association in place of Charles G. Coffin, Esq., deceased, was postponed until the general meeting of the Association in 1883.

Members of the Executive Committee will please notify the Secretary and Treasurer of their views concerning the proposition for holding another Reunion in 1883, agreeable to the above vote.

Assessments for the publication of the History and Genealogy should be sent to the Treasurer of the Committee on Genealogy, GEORGE HOWLAND FOLGER, Esq., Boston, Mass.

Such as have not already sent the regular assessment of fifty cents, for current expenses, voted at the Reunion in 1881, and all who desire to express an opinion as to the propriety of holding another Reunion during the summer of 1883, should address the Secretary and Treasurer, at Nantucket, Mass.

ALLEN COFFIN,

Secretary and Treasurer.

NANTUCKET, MASS., February 1, 1883.

## NANTUCKET AS A SUMMER RESORT AND SANITARIUM.

THERE are a large number of beautiful summer resorts scattered along the coast of New England and the Middle States, and some of them are growing in popular favor each successive year. The facilities with which they are reached from the great centres of trade, manufactures and commerce, together with their healthful location, facilities for bathing, fishing and pleasant drives, draw to them each year increasing numbers. Each of them can justly claim preëminence in some things; and for these specialties they will always draw largely from the multitudes seeking rest and recreation. No one of them has gained the favor of the public faster than the Island of NANTUCKET. It is but a few years since a small number of persons, attracted by its location (out in the ocean) and the quaintness of the old town (many of its houses having withstood the storms and wear of from one to two hundred years), together with its superior advantages for gunning and fishing, ventured to cross the Sound, risked the chances of seasickness, and found it to be of all places the best for relaxation from care, where its isolation seemed effectually to shut them off from the care of business, and its strong tonic air gave them vigor and strength to renew with increased energy the battle of life. These few early visitors returned to their homes loud in their praises of the island; they bore with them in their improved health a standing advertisement, which could not fail to attract the attention of their immediate friends and the public; and from their first visit, years ago, the number of summer visitors has increased, until the present year it has exceeded all preceding ones by several thousands; and extraordinary preparations have already been commenced to very largely increase the accommodations for another year.

There are some facts about NANTUCKET that are beginning to be appreciated, but which deserve special mention, and to these facts the attention of the public is specially called. First, its location. NANTUCKET is situated about thirty miles from the main land, and, because it is nearer the Gulf Stream than any other point of land east of the capes of Florida, the climate is more equable and never as warm in the summer or as cold in the winter as upon the main land, or the islands nearer the main land. The nights are always cool in summer and sleep is refreshing. The climate also acts as a powerful tonic, and after a few days necessary for the system to become used to the change, invalids almost invariably begin to recuperate. Their step is more elastic, their countenances are more cheerful and hopeful, and listlessness and inactivity give place to the enjoyment of bathing, fishing, driving, and the usual sports at a sea-side resort. Thus far NANTUCKET has been known and begins to be appreciated as a resort in the months of June, July, and August; but while it is unexcelled during these months, the pleasantest months of all the year are September and October.

Such has been the decided benefit derived by invalids from a visit to the Island, that it seems to be a duty to call the attention of physicians and their patients to the fact. In all cases where a general strengthening of the system is required, to enable nature to regain its wasted power so as to wage successful warfare against disease, the climate of NANTUCKET is especially beneficial. Children have been brought to the island so weak as to be moved with great care upon pillows, and after a few months have become strong. Men and women have come with crutches, canes, and invalid chairs, and left again at the close of the season having no use for any helps to locomotion. Their voices on landing, were weak, and their conversation burdensome; but on leaving, their good-byes have been uttered with cheerful energy. In considering the sanitary advantages of NANTUCKET, special mention should be made of the fact, that persons whose systems have become affected with malarial poison are speedily and permanently benefited. We are satisfied from experience and observation, that every month of residence upon the island will weaken the hold of malarial poison upon the system, and in time effectually destroy its power.

Another consideration of great importance to invalids is, that the water now supplied by the Wannacomet Water Works for drinking and domestic purposes is pure—some even claim for it decided medicinal virtues; but whether this claim is justified by facts or not, the advantages of pure water for invalids who have been deprived of it, is of the greatest importance, and a great aid to their recovery. In recommending NANTUCKET on account of its sanitary advantages, a few suggestions should be made, which are of the greatest importance. No one should expect to derive permanent benefit by a stay of a few days, for almost without exception a person will not feel as well. The change from an enervating atmosphere to one so pure and bracing is great, and the system requires time to become

acclimated. Too many have made the mistake that because for a few days after landing they did not feel as well, that therefore the climate did not agree with them, and consequently they have left just when they were about to begin to feel better. After a few days more, their bad feelings would have left them, their sleep would have become regular and refreshing, and their appetites much improved. NANTUCKET is a good place for invalids in the summer, and no better place can be found where pure ocean air is desirable. It is also the best place in which to spend the fall and winter months. The sharp changes characteristic especially of the climate of New England are unknown here, and the average range of the thermometer is fifteen degrees higher in the winter than on the main land. It must not be supposed that a residence of a few months upon the island, either in summer or winter, will ensure radical cures, or prolong life to an indefinite extent; but we are confident that the invalid, in many cases, will derive greater benefit in a few months than could be gained by all the patent medicines ever invented, and at far less cost.

In this circular we have not called attention to the many attractions to be found upon the island. Our special purpose has been to state facts in relations to its sanitary advantages. The quaint old town; the outlying villages located upon bluffs overlooking the Atlantic Ocean and Vineyard Sound; the miles of clean beaches, adapted to surf or still-water bathing; the inland ponds, or lakes, for fresh-water fishing; the large fleet of beautiful sail-boats for ocean sailing or fishing; the unsurpassed inner harbor, seven miles long, and completely land-locked; 'Seonset and Wauwinet—places that none can visit but to be sure to visit again many times; and Surf-side, where is the southern terminus of the Railroad,—a place so attractive that between two and three hundred cottage lots have been sold within a few months; in a word, Nantucket has not only the attractions of other places, but some that no other place can offer. The connection with the main land is by steamers of the best class, and commanded by the most experienced captains. During the summer months there are two boats a day, and in the winter one boat a day. The time for two boats a day has been lengthened this season, and as the people begin to more thoroughly appreciate the advantages of September and October for a visit to the island for pleasure or for health, the time will still further be lengthened to suit the convenience of the public. A number of the hotels are kept open both summer and winter, and special arrangements can be made for good rooms and the best of fare and attention.

### For the Inquirer and Mirror. OBITUARY.

MESSEURS. EDITORS:—

Mary Earle, whose death occurred at Philadelphia, on the 27th ult., was a native of this place, and had survived to the 89th year of her age. Mrs. Earle was remarkable for her high endowment of mental and physical faculties; her form and features were nearly faultless, and these, with her mental power and large acquirements, gave to her an influence in all social circles which was irresistible. Any one who chose to discuss with her a disputed point in ethics, polemics, or on political subjects, and had not attended to the advice of Webster on a memorable occasion, and had failed to "husband their resources," would find in the end that they had learned something. Mrs. Earle was from the same root with Lucretia Mott, and akin to the great philosopher, who first drew the electric fluid from the clouds. It has been my favored lot in a series of years, to have been much in the company of this famous lady, and rarely did I come in contact with her without having been taught something. Her manner was at times severe, but in general she was very considerate, benevolent and kind, and her kindness extended to animals, of which she took a great interest, and spent much of her time in efforts to prevent the exercise of cruelty to them. But, she has departed, leaving an aching void, and the only ameliorating contemplation left to her family and many friends is, that she lived to a ripe old age, and was taken from this sublunary scene without having suffered from long illness, loved, honored and respected by all who knew her. E.

### ELIZABETH ISLES.

These are thirteen in number, the largest of which, beginning at the east, are Nonameset, on which is Mount Sod,—Uncatena, the

Weepeckets, Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Gull, Cuttyhunk, and Penikese. They constitute the town of Gosnold, incorporated in 1864, the town-meetings being held on Cuttyhunk.

The latter island was the first land in New England occupied by Europeans. Bartholomew Gosnold, coming from Falmouth, England, in the bark "Concord," landed on Cuttyhunk May 28, 1602, and named the islands in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who died that year. The record says that he selected his "abode and plantation on a rocky islet," by a lake of fresh water "al-

most three miles in compass," on the north-east side of the island. There they built their house, and "covered it with sedge, the labor occupying three weeks or more." The cellar of the house is still shown to visitors. For some reason, however, they found it undesirable or impossible to remain, and, having obtained a cargo of sassafras, cedar, furs, skins, and other valuables, Gosnold and his whole company sailed for England on the 18th of June of the same year.

From 1641 to 1682 the islands were in the possession of the Mayhews. The largest, Naushon, seven miles long, is now the property of Col. John M. Forbes. He, with his family and dependents, is the sole occupant, and, like Selkirk, may say,

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

His princely, or rather monarchical mansion, embowered in trees, occupies a commanding view of the island and bay.

Among the guests entertained by Colonel Forbes have been President Grant (in 1874), Thomas Hughes, the well-known English author, and many other celebrities. Deer-hunting is an amusement that we understand is occasionally furnished to the visitor.

On the southern shore of the island are Tarpaulin Cove and Kettle Cove. During the war of the Revolution, British soldiers were for a time quartered at Tarpaulin Cove. Samuel Robinson, in his "Recollections," says, "about 200 soldiers were there twelve or fourteen months; they used to barrack in the old house where the present Tarpaulin Cove House now stands; they built a fort on the east side of the harbor." Within Naushon are Mary's Lake in the northern part, and one of fifty-five acres in the southern part. One in Cuttyhunk, is fitly named Gosnold Lake.

To aid the memory of the reader we give the principal names of the islands, as happily arranged by some ingenious poet, thus, beginning at the west:

Cuttyhunk and Penikese,  
Nashawena, Pasqueneuse,  
Great Naushon, Nonameset,  
Uncatena and Weepecket.

Or, beginning at the other end of the line, and approaching perhaps more nearly to the original spelling, we may say them as follows:

Naushon, Nonameset,  
Onkatonka and Wepecket,  
Nashowano, Pasqueneuse,  
Cuttyhunk and Penekese;

to which may be added

Enamena, Monami,  
Pesquelada, Bonastri,  
Hulda, Gulda, Boo.

The last seven we suggest as appropriate names for those which lie between Cuttyhunk and Gay Head, and which, like the Indians themselves, have now entirely disappeared, having been washed away (i. e., the islands) by the gradual encroachments of the ocean. The names of the others are all Indian, except Cuttyhunk, or Cut-a-hunk,—as spelling was not well defined in those days,—which, we conclude, is of Yankee origin, and was undoubtedly suggested by some affecting incident in the whale-fishery.

### VINEYARD SOUND.

Passing Wood's Holl, and steering with careful rudder through furiously boiling straits, and between half-concealed rocks but a few yards from the steamer on either side, we come into Vineyard Sound, one of the greatest thoroughfares for vessels in the world. The keels of every nation plow these waters without rest day or night. It is said that more than 60,000 steamships and sailing vessels pass annually through this sound in the day-time alone. Vessels from New York, Philadelphia, and the south, bound for Boston, Portland, and all eastern New England, and vice versa, pass through this convenient channel. If urged at all by stress of weather, Vineyard Haven harbor, on the south, offers a safe anchorage and generally abundant company of fellow ships, similarly circumstanced.

### For the Inquirer and Mirror. The Old Island and the Mighty Sea.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

"I love the old island and the mighty sea. It possesses charms to be found nowhere else. What a people! What a history!"—[Rev. J. B. Morrison, in a letter.

I love the dear island that rests on the wave,  
Whose fossils proclaim it as old as the days  
When the osters dwelt where the blue waters lave  
The far foot of the hill where the beaconfires blaze.

O Sanctity! send thy bright flashes afar!  
Let the gleam of thy light cheer the mariner's heart!

For the island of clan-Coffin shines forth as a star,  
In the sky of our memories till life shall depart.

O, island beloved, thy sands have a charm,  
Thy flora so fair, and thy shells on the strand,  
Thy people at peace, far from city alarm  
Thy breezes so healthful, while billows so grand

Roll in from the ocean, so mighty, so vast;  
Where thy sons were as kings in the proud days of yore,—

"Old Island!" I love thee—on thy breast at last  
Let me sink to the rest that shall cease nevermore.

"What a people" have come from the stalwart and true,  
Old England's fair children that purchased that strand!—

"What a history" they've written, in deeds, as they grow  
To a mighty host scattered in every land!

"Old Island!" God bless thee from Smith's Point to Great,  
From the Cliff to Surf-side, and from 'Seonset to Town,

May "the mighty sea" bear to thee early and late,  
Thy children who joy in thy world-wide renown!

O people, whom God, from the first, set apart,  
Proudly humble, before Him in faithfulness toil,  
Till your history engraven on Liberty's heart,  
Shall make hallowed ground of our dear native isle!

JERSEY CITY, April 15, 1880.

**BIRTHDAY PARTY.**—Some twenty-five or thirty lady friends of Miss Mary Ann Chase met at her home on Pearl street Tuesday evening to celebrate that lady's 83d birthday. All were dressed in costume of ye olden time, and the evening was passed in social chat, readings, etc. One of the pleasing features of the occasion was the address of Mrs. Catharine Starbuck, who, attired in the garb of a Quakeress, read a clever satire on Senator Edmunds' opposition to woman suffrage. An original poem written by Mrs. Elizabeth Crosby was also read, and Miss Amelia M. Coffin read an interesting article upon the Nantucket Quakers written quarter of a century ago. Early in the evening a bountiful collation was spread, and when the self-invited guests dispersed they left with their hostess many pleasing tokens of their friendship and esteem.

### Written for the Nantucket Journal. THANKSGIVING DAY.

I hear a voice within the maples' branches,  
"Lo, I am with you, alway, little flock;"  
I see the Mayflower as she boldly launches,  
And moors by Plymouth Rock!

I know no grander faith in English story,  
Than that the Pilgrims kept, with conscience free;  
Like Jasper shines the record of their glory,  
New England's legacy.

Thanksgiving Day! It dawned on holy shinning:  
Their hearts were altars—every throb a prayer;  
Small need of priest or bishop, for divining  
Its hallowed answer, there,

I see the sturdy pine-tree, clad in ermine,  
Bend, as in reverence to that stranger band;  
Would in our hearts, like them, we might determine,  
For God and truth to stand.

A picture worthy Art's sublimest limning,—  
The Pilgrims kneeling on the snow-bound hills!  
No Church e'er heard each voice in her hymning,  
Their tones the spirit thrills!

Heed we the lesson of this festal bringing?  
"The poor ye have alway," the Master said;  
Let memory's bells for these, be sweetly ringing,  
The while we give them bread.

Thanksgiving for the bounty of God's measure;  
Loved ones return to keep the Pilgrims' Day;  
The broken, and unbroken circle, treasure  
In the time-honored way.

There are no vacant chairs, with love's abiding;  
With the sweet spirits of our dead so near;  
Tho' sad our hearts, at thought of God's own chiding,  
Our cherished ones are here!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

Wauwinet

Sacchacha

'Sconset.

—At Brixton, England, the home of Tristram Coffin, before his emigration to America, there is now offered to be sold at auction, the Elizabethan cottage, where Sir Walter Raleigh lived and entertained his good Queen Bess. The cottage stands in the midst of a timbered park of twelve acres, and is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of Elizabeth's time.

WAUWINET—SACCHACHA—SIASCONSET — Where are they? Why should these three Indian names put in any claim to the public attention? What can they be to me? Why should this little circular be put in my hand to read?

These are questions natural enough for you to ask, and which the writer is only too glad to answer, believing they can be answered to your advantage.

Wauwinet, Sacchacha, Siasconset, the latter, now by popular elision become 'Sconset, are three settlements on Nantucket Island—and Nantucket Island, as you probably know already, is just off the southeast coast of Massachusetts—fairly out to sea, nineteen miles from the main land. It is a place where the breezes are always tempered by the sea, and just here the sea is tempered by the Gulf Stream, so that there is the most equable temperature on the northern coast, the winters like mid-France, the summers cooler than the coast of Maine. The cactus grows on this little island, and so does the Scotch heather. Stunted pines and heather, and wild mint and violet and arbutus, these, with the spray of the sea, all go to sweeten the air of the downs about Nantucket and fill the breezes with healing odors.

Wauwinet is at the head of the Nantucket harbor, a little settlement of pretty cottages on a narrow neck of land, where the

breezes blow from the ocean when the wind is from the harbor when it is from the west. The narrows down to less than 200 feet at Scow Bay on one side surf bathing and on the other side the harbor. The summer temperature is six degrees lower than in the town of New Bedford, and there is always a sea breeze. A pretty yacht ply between Wauwinet and the little settlement of Wauwinet is a favorite yachting parties. 'Sconset has become a favorite resort, but life at Wauwinet is as simple, sweet and in the old days; a place to rest in and to hang old clothes in. Cottages can be hired for \$200 the season, and board at the primitive rate, low in price and wholesome in quality.

Sacchacha is at once one of the oldest settlements on Nantucket Island. It was once a village, it is now beginning to be a new and pretty place between the Ocean and Sacchacha Pond. It is an easy drive from Nantucket, and is one of the most delightful spots on the Island.

'Sconset is an old fishing village, a seaside resort. It abounds in quaint bits of seaside architecture, has some pretty

leads a merry, happy, go-easy life. It runs out here, and the drive across the village is one of the pleasantest.

But those who go to Nantucket only to enjoy the charm of the island. It is when upon the downs that they are the most nipping frosts begin then are the best bracing. A month's stay on Nantucket at Wauwinet or Sacchacha, if taken in the winter is sure to drive the most stubborn sympathy the system. Sick children, pale and who have overworked and other men of life, come here broken down and go away people go to Nantucket to die, and live. There is no chilliness in the winds, tempered by the Gulf Stream which lies close to the shore. For this reason there is an almost constant life. In summer there is wonderful curative life, but in autumn and in early spring most potency for healing. One may be bathing till the middle of October in May.

The sports of Nantucket are always in autumn and early spring. The cod-fishing all the sea fishing, takes the place of the

shore birds and pond birds seek the Island in October and November, furnishing capital shooting.

Those who can do no better come and stay through the hot months at this delightful resort, and go away braced up for the winter work, but the old *habitués* have learned that there are better things to be had in the late and early months and govern their stay accordingly.

A false impression prevails as to the difficulty of getting to Nantucket. It is certainly an easy journey from Boston. Leaving about noon on the Old Colony Railroad, having three hours by train through a charming country, and three hours' sail through the waters of the Vineyard Sound, one reaches Nantucket in time for an early supper. Or, if New York is the starting point there is the Fall River Line of boats—literally first-class floating hotels—that ply upon the waters of the Sound. These leave late in the afternoon. There is a superb sail through the North and East Rivers, through Long Island Sound, and after a good sleep one leaves Fall River in the early morning by train, and thence to New Bedford, where a boat is waiting to complete the journey to Nantucket, rounding Brandt Point in time to hear the noon-day dinner bells, and in time to reach Sacchacha, Wauwinet or 'Sconset while still the first edge is on the appetite.

Nantucket is not yet fully developed as a summer resort. There are many good building sites still to be had on the island, and at most reasonable prices. But the day is not far distant

when all the land available for residences will be taken up, and land will be an hundred fold increased in value. In a recent conversation with Mr. Almon T. Mowry, who controls much of the best real estate on the Island, the writer was surprised to find that while much of the land had increased 100 per cent. in value during the last three years, he still had lots for sale at Sacchacha and Wauwinet at but a slight advance to actual builders beyond the original purchase price by the present proprietors. This probably arises from a liberal policy which aims at inducing builders of good repute to take the land and by their enterprise to help in the development of this most unique of all summer and autumn resorts.

[From the Am. Naturalist, for June.]

CACTUS\*  
(Prickly Pear.)

I know an isle, clasped in the sea's strong arms,  
Sport of his rage and sharer of his dreams;  
A barren spot to alien eyes it seems,  
But for its own it wears unfading charms.  
From Spring's first kiss to Autumn's last caress,  
Gaily its moorlands bloom from strand to strand;  
And many a favored nook, by west winds fanned,  
Holds flowers unmatched for tint and loveliness.  
But most I mind me of a lonesome shore,  
For countless gulls a harbor and freehold,  
Where, like some shipwrecked buccancer of old,  
Cast on the sands, condemned to rove no more  
In spiny armature, secure and bold,  
The cactus lies at length and guards its gold.

EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

\**Opuntia vulgaris* reaches its farthest northern limit at Nantucket.

the wagon and was clambering in at the rear when he perceived that it was liable to collide with one of the stone posts at the Pacific Bank corner, before he could reach the reins, so he wisely jumped off. The hubs of the off wheels struck the post, but beyond denting one and knocking off the band of the other no damage was sustained. The horse was stopped a short distance farther on.

# NANTUCKET.

THE SOUND, GEOGRAPHY, EARLY HISTORY, INDIANS, SHEEP RAISING, WHALING, THE TOWN, CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, HOTELS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, OLD MILL, SURF-SIDE, SIASCONSET, SUNSET HEIGHTS, FISHING AND GUNNING, WRECKS, ETC.

"In summer time, when pool and pond,  
Held in the laps of valley fond,  
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond:

When boats to their morning fishing go,  
And, held to the wind and slanting low,  
Whitening and darkening the small sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair;  
And the pale health-seeker findeth there  
The wine of life in its pleasant air."

—The Palatine.

### THE SOUND.

If you are embarked for Nantucket you will find yourself, most probably, on the steamer "River Queen," or the more staunch "Island Home." The history of the former is interesting. She was built before the Rebellion, and was used during the war as President Lincoln's dispatch-boat on the Potomac. On board of her, in Hampton Roads, Feb. 3, 1865, met the Peace Commissioners, President Lincoln and Wm. H. Seward on the part of the Union, and Alex. H. Stephens, J. A. Campbell, and R. M. T. Hunter, on the part of the Confederacy. The furniture of the occasion is still preserved on the boat.

The waters of the Sound, especially as we approach Nantucket, are noted for their dangerous shoals. In her regular course the steamer bends a little to the right as she passes Cape Poge, but the day we went she bore farther to the left in order to reach a light-ship some twelve miles from Nantucket. About an hour later we passed the bell-buoy, rounded Branch Point, and were at the wharf.

### GEOGRAPHY.

Nantucket is the name of a county, a township, an island, and a town. As a county and township it is the same, embracing the main island, Tuckernuck, Muskeget, the two Gravelly Islands, and, when cut off by the sea, Smith's Point Island. As a township it embraces the town itself, the village of Siasconset, the summer resorts of Surf-side and Wauwinet, and many separately named localities or districts, as Coatin, Squam, Quaise, Podpis, North Pasture, Middle Pasture, and South Pasture, the Plains, Maddequet, and Great Neck. The town is the venerable seaport near the entrance of the harbor.

There is a remarkable similarity in shape between Cape Cod (almost an island), Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket, in that each terminates on the east in an arm, with distinctly marked elbow and long finger, those

of Cape Cod at Chatham and Provincetown, those at Martha's Vineyard at Chappaquidick Island and Cape Poge, and those of Nantucket at Siasconset and Great Point.

The island of Nantucket is from twenty-five to thirty miles directly south of the towns of Yarmouth, Dennis, Harwich, and Chatham, on Cape Cod. It is about fifteen miles in length from the "cut-off" at Smith's Point to Siasconset Cliffs, and varies in width from 6-12 miles at Siasconset, the widest place, to a stone's throw at either "Point," the width being the same in scarcely any two places. A walk of seventy-five miles, provided you could finish by a single stride across the mouth of the harbor, would give you the entire circuit of the island. The highest point is Macy's Hill, in the middle of the eastern part, ninety-one feet above the

level of the sea. The harbor is seven miles long, averaging one and a quarter in width, and runs northeast from the town just inside the inner edge of the island, and almost breaking through at a place called the "Haul Over," on the northeast shore. The upper part of the harbor is used only for boats and shallow keels. Immediately on passing Brant Point we find ourselves in the harbor proper, but before reaching this it has been necessary hitherto to pass the celebrated bar, familiar to all navigators in these waters, over which, at low tide, there is scarcely seven feet of water. It is on this account that Edgartown and New Bedford have had an advantage over Nantucket as whaling ports, though when the bar is crossed the harbor is one of the best on the coast. By the aid of the national government, however, this difficulty is about to be removed, as a jetty is now being constructed running out a mile and a half from the shore, which is regarded as certain to divert the current so as to remove the bar and give a depth of at least twelve or fourteen feet at low water.

The larger whale-ships used to be lifted over this bar as De Wilt floated ships out of Amsterdam. This was accomplished by means of what were called "camels," contrived by Peter F. Ewer, a perfect model of which may now be seen at the Athenæum at Nantucket. They consisted of two immense, flat, shallow, water-tight structures, made to fit the ship in its whole length, one on each side. These were floated out to the ship by themselves, and when placed on either side, by letting the water into them were sunk to their decks. They were then lashed tightly to the ship

and the water was pumped out. As they rose they took the ship with them and carried her over the bar.

The first light-house was erected on Brant Point in 1746, and was the first in the United States; it was burnt in 1759; the second was blown down in 1774; the third was burnt in 1783; the fourth was merely a wooden-framed lantern between two spars; the fifth blew down. Until 1791 this light-house was maintained by private enterprise, but in that year the government assumed the responsibility,

and has since maintained the light-house and renewed the building as occasion demanded. The Bug lights, one on each side of the town, were merely guides for crossing the bar and entering the harbor.

Like Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket has on the south a succession of ponds. These increase in size till you come to Long Pond, near Maddequet Harbor, at the west end, which is three miles long, and reaches nearly across the island at that point. These ponds abound in fish, and, in many cases, have a valuable stratum of peat underneath.

The line of the shore is remarkably unbroken on the outside, from Great Point clear round on the east and south sides to Smith's Point, also on the inner side from Great Point to Eel Point near Tuckernuck, with the exception of the opening of the harbor. It is also sandy and free from rocks, with the exception of a small reef in Muskeget Channel and a few scattered ones on the south side of the island and Tuckernuck.

### EARLY HISTORY.

It is said that a Norwegian navigator, whose name, in kindness to the reader, we forbear to print, crossing to Greenland in A. D. 985, discovered Nantucket and named it Nauticon. The next time it was "discovered," of which we have any record, was when Gosnold visited it in 1602. From 1620 to 1641 it was included in the grant from the English Crown to the Plymouth Company, according to which it was claimed by William, Earl of Stirling, and Fernando Gorges, by whom at the latter date it was conveyed to Thomas Mayhew. In 1659, Mayhew, reserving to himself the tract called Quaise, half-way up the harbor,—which tract they were to hold in common with him,—sold the rest to nine persons, Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain, and William Pile. Each of these ten was authorized to select an associate, thus increasing the number of proprietors to twenty. The price paid to Mayhew, securing the property to them so far as the Crown was concerned, was, as stated in the deed, "Thirty pounds of current pay and two beaver hats, one for myself and one for my wife."

Having thus acquired the island of the Crown, which did not own it, the next question was, what they were to pay to the Indians who did own it? This, however, according to the custom of those days, was soon easily arranged, and in 1660 the English had their titles confirmed by the sachems, Wamackmamack and Nickanoose. This proved a rueful bargain to the Indians, and they soon afterwards complained (to the Crown, through their governor, Bellomont,) that they were deprived of the means of keeping their stock by concessions which they did not understand.

In the fall of 1659, Thomas Macy, of Salisbury (celebrated in Whittier's poem "The Exiles"), having given shelter to some Friends during a tempest (such befriending of Quakers being, at that time, contrary to the peace, law, and order of Massachusetts), to avoid punishment and find a place of

greater toleration, took his family and one Edward Starbuck and came to Nantucket, landing and settling at Maddequet Harbor, five miles west of the present town. This was the first settlement of Nantucket by the whites. The next spring Starbuck went back to Salisbury and prevailed upon several others, with their families, to come and settle, proper shares with the original proprietors being granted them.

In 1663, at the solicitation of the proprietors, Peter Folger, grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, came from Martha's Vineyard and settled here. From his superior education, and

especially his knowledge of the Indian language, he was qualified to act in several needed capacities, serving by turns as interpreter, teacher, surveyor, miller, and weaver.

### THE INDIANS.

At this time (1663) there were about fifteen hundred Indians on the island. Though friendly to the whites they were sufficiently hostile to each other, the two tribes having recently been engaged in a sanguinary war, and being then able to maintain peace only

by the strict observance of a line from the present town across to Weeweeder Pond, as an impassable boundary between them. The portion east of this line was accurately divided into two sachemdoms. During a war which King Philip excited between the two tribes, it was forbidden to cross this line without permission, on penalty of death. There is a tradition, however, that in one instance love crossed it without either permission or death. A Minnehaha of the western side was betrothed to a Hiawatha of the eastern section. A battle determined on by the

western side was impending. The maiden glided through the woods, and, reaching the shore, waded out unobserved, and returned on the other side of the line. Finding her lover, she gave information of the design of her tribe and prevented the battle.

In 1665 King Philip, with a band of his followers, visited Nantucket to slay an Indian who had traduced Massasoit, King Philip's father. The Indian escaped, but the natives were compelled to pay heavily as a ransom, no one being allowed, according to Indian law, to speak ill of a dead king. In 1674 this escaped Indian was preacher to an Indian church of thirty members.

It will be interesting to the visitor to look upon the sites of the Indian churches, school-houses, and burying-places, which the inhabitants are still able to point out. Their first preachers came from the Vineyard, having been instructed there by the Mayhews. They read in Eliot's Indian Bible (the New Testament), and sang in their own language the Psalms of David.

For the hundred years succeeding the settlement of the island by Macy and others in 1659, the Indians steadily decreased, till, in 1693, there were but 358. That year a "plague" swept off 222 of these, leaving but 136 in all on the island. In 1795 there were but three wigwags remaining. These were at Squam. In 1822 the last full-blooded Indian died, and in 1854, at the age of 82, the last who was possessed of any Indian blood. This was Abram Quarry, the kindly-looking old gentleman, who, as seen in our engraving, sits in his home at Shimmo, with window looking to the town.

At one time the settlers elected one of the Indians, named Kadooka, to act as an arbitrator, or petty justice of the peace, among his tribe. His method was to commence the consideration of the case by soundly flogging both parties. This was the origin of what is known in Nantucket as Kadooka law, and was certainly a very practical recognition of a fact too frequently true in cases at law, that both parties are wrong.

In 1666 there was one church, under the care of John Gibbs. Eliot states that in 1684 they had six places of worship in Nantucket; and Dr. Cotton says that in 1695 there were three churches and five constant assemblies.

In 1704 they had four meeting-houses, one two miles from Sconset, one half-way between the town and the south shore, a mile and a half to the west, one by Miacomet Pond, and one just west of the town. Zachæus Macy gives an account of their manner of closing their meetings. He says "when the meeting was done they would take their tinder-box and strike fire and light their pipes, and, maybe, would draw three or four whiffs and swallow the smoke, and then blow it out of their noses, and so hand their pipes to their next neighbor. And one pipe of tobacco would serve ten or a dozen of them. And they would say 'tawpoot,' which is, 'I thank you.'"

### SHEEP-RAISING.

From the earliest times the people of Nantucket have largely depended on sheep-raising as the most effectual means of securing the scanty products of the soil. During the time of business prosperity thousands of sheep dotted the hills and plains and roamed at their own sweet will over pretty much the whole island. There was one red-letter day in each year, in the month of roses, lovely June, a gala-day, which to the islanders in early times was Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Fourth of July, all in one, when the sheep were gathered on Miacomet Plain, east of the pond, to be sheared. On that day all other business was suspended, and, early though it was in the season, the great harvest of the year was gathered. But sheep-raising as a business, in Nantucket has had one, and only one, successful rival, namely:

### WHALING.

No people in the world achieved so high a reputation for ability and success in the whaling business as the sailors of Nantucket. The island has been called, and for a long period was indeed, "The Home of the Whale-fishery." Whales, at first, abounded in the waters all about Nantucket, but the earliest settlers did not know how to catch them. This state of things continued till, one day in the year 1668, a whale, by coming into the harbor, so plainly "offered himself" that the inhabitants determined to take him, if possible. They accordingly extemporized a harpoon, and marched forth to the attack. The contest was sharp and decisive, and the whale himself was soon drawn, flukes up, to the shore.

In 1672 whaling stations began to be built, and look-outs to be erected at different places around the island, and men and boats were kept in readiness for pursuit whenever and

wherever a whale ventured to appear. The largest recorded catch for the island in one day was eleven whales. The Indians enjoyed the sport, and were very efficient in the work. It was almost as good as a war to them, and had the advantage of being perfectly safe. Shore whaling ceased about 1765, having been followed for nearly a hundred years. No wonder whales had become scarce around Nantucket.

The whales caught from the shore were all right whales, otherwise sometimes called Greenland whales; yet, paradoxical as it may

sound, they were the wrong whales after all, for they are decidedly inferior, both in size and value, to the sperm whales.

In 1712 Capt. Christopher Hussey, while cruising for whales, was fortunately blown out to sea by a gale, and there captured the first sperm whale. This gave new impetus to the business, and from that time vessels, at first of about thirty tons, but afterwards of vastly larger size, were fitted out, and voyages were greatly extended. In 1775 there were 150 whalers from Nantucket, manned by some 2,500 seamen, out of a population of 4,500 whites. In 1791 the first whaling-vessel went from the island to the Pacific. This vessel was the "Beaver," and was the first American whaler to enter the Pacific. She returned February, 1793, with 1,300 barrels of oil.

In one way or another, during and on account of the Revolutionary War, 1,600 Nantucketers lost their lives, and the 150 vessels before the war were at its conclusion reduced to two. The business afterwards quickly revived, however, though not to its former extent. Just previous to the War of 1812 there were forty ships in the business, which at the close of the war were reduced to twenty. In 1840 these had increased again to seventy, and the business involved a capital of \$9,000,000, the population in that year being 9,712. There were at this time in Nantucket five long wharves, ten rope-walks, and thirty-six candle-factories, with sail-lofts, cooper-shops, boat-shops, and blacksmith-shops, such as would naturally accompany the other activities.

There have been three notable fires in Nantucket—in 1836, 1838, and 1846: each one being severer than the preceding. That of July 13th and 14th, 1846, destroyed wharves, stores, factories, shops, and dwellings valued at \$1,000,000. Whaling had declined before, but now began to die out fast. It did, however, revive somewhat before the Rebellion, but after that broke out whaling in Nantucket was no more. The discovery of gold in California, in 1849, very seriously affected the whaling business. Many of the ships were

retired, and 1,000 Nantucketers exchanged whaling for mining, thus acquiring their gold by a more direct and less perilous method. It will also be readily believed that the discovery of coal oil, by which the value of whale covery of coal oil, by which the value of whale oil and the demand for it were very greatly reduced, was a blessing in very thick disguise to the inhabitants of Nantucket; in-guise, they could hardly see it as a blessing, even by the superior light of the coal oil itself.

### THE TOWN.

The earliest settlement on Nantucket Island was at Maddequet Harbor. The island then belonged to New York, and continued so till 1693, when it was ceded to Massachusetts, at the request of the proprietors. In 1672 (according to Ewer's map) the site of the town and the name were removed from Maddequet Harbor to Wesco, its present location. In 1673, by order of Gov. Francis Lovelace, of New York, the town was in-

corporated as Sherburne. Wesco signified "white stone," and the Indians so called the place from such a stone which lay on the harbor shore, but which was afterwards covered by a wharf. For more than a hundred and twenty years, or till 1795, the present town of Nantucket was called Sherburne. In that year the name was changed.

In colonial times the houses were scattered about without much order. The streets were first named in 1797, during the presidency of John Adams. Previous to that time neighborhoods were designated as "Up-in-town," "North Cove," or "North Shore."

The period of the Revolutionary War was one of peculiar trial to the inhabitants. As they were for the most part Friends in religion, they were opposed to war on principle, and as they could not be protected by the

home government, they were in constant danger of having everything destroyed by the enemy. Those of their vessels that were fortunate enough to get home after the war began were withdrawn from service. The sound filled up with British cruisers, and the supply of provisions became short. Blockade running was attempted, and something of a trade was carried on by fast brigs and schooners, loaded with oil, candles, and fish, which ran to the West Indies and brought back necessities of life. Some traffic was also had with Connecticut. A few of the inhabitants were Tories, but most desired the independence of the colonies. In 1789 the British landed and sacked the stores of the town of what few goods they had. As their only possible means of safety, a committee was appointed by the inhabitants, which went to New York and represented their condition to Sir George Collier, com-

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ander-in-chief of the British naval forces, and, having declared their strict neutrality, received from him an order prohibiting all armed vessels from meddling with the people of Nantucket or their home property. The war was the occasion of the loss to Nantucket of 1,000 lives.

The war of 1812 was not so disastrous, and the town increased in population till 1845.

On the 10th of October, 1814, on the south side of the island, nearly opposite the town, occurred the memorable fight between the Yankee privateer, "Prince of Neufchatel," having in charge a prize ship which she had taken, and the British frigate, "Endymion." The latter sent out an expedition of 146 men and five boats to board the "Prince," and carry her by assault. They were utterly defeated in thirty-five minutes, and out of the 147 only sixteen returned to the "Endymion." Several of the crew of the "Prince of Neufchatel" were killed.

In the war of the Rebellion the men of Nantucket were by no means backward, either in the navy, to which their birth and education would naturally incline them, or in the army; for both of which departments of the service Nantucket furnished her full share of men. This fact is well attested by her sixty-nine deaths by bullet and disease, and the crippled veterans that may still be seen in her streets and homes. In Monument Square, on Main Street, at the meeting of Milk and Gardner streets, is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. It is of Quincy granite, and cost \$3,000.

The town is, as nearly as possible, the centre of the island. The principal streets running to the west are Main, Broad, and Eastern; those leading north and south being South Water, North Water, Federal, Centre, Orange, Fair, and Pleasant. They are mostly paved with cobble stones, and the side-walks with concrete or large flagging stones. Many of the houses have a spacious and aristocratic air, evidently having been planned by sea-captains who desired to compensate themselves for the confined quarters to which they were subject on ship-board, by a proportionate extension of their domain on the land. The Grecian temple is the favorite style of architecture for the more expensive houses. A little off from the principal streets, and especially in the older parts of the town, the houses are chiefly unpainted, and are shingled all over, so that it appears, as some one has said, that "they began to shingle at the ground on one side, shingle up over the roof, and shingle down on the other side." Many of them have look-outs, or "walks," on their tops, from which the occupants can overlook the town, the island, and the waters. Many are adorned with vanes, a whale, or some kind of fish, being the favorite emblem. Fine trees abound on the streets, and these, with fruitful grape-vines, make attractive the gardens and grounds.

During the summer season there are two boats a day, connecting with the Vineyard, Wood's Holl, New Bedford, and Boston. The once busy and famous wharves, beginning at the south, are Commercial, South, Straight, Old North, and New North. The boats land at the last named.

The North Church tower is State House, Bunker Hill Monument, and Trinity spire, all in one, to Nantucket. You should go up and spend a long time in this unsurpassed tower of observation. Here you have spread out before you charming and magnificent views of sea, harbor, and shore, the old quaint houses of the town, the broad, substantial mansions of fifty years ago; with the lighter and more fanciful ones of modern construction. The numerous fishing and pleasure boats and yachts that gather about the wharves, buildings now unused that were connected with the industries of the whale-fishery, the old mill, the railroad winding across the meadow, disappearing in the woods, then reappearing on the surf side of the island, the burial-grounds, the water-works, the "Island Home" or "River Queen" coming from or going to the Vineyard, the daily line of pleasure-boats skimming the harbor to Wauwinet—all of which, together with the quaint old town itself, especially if the day is clear, will repay you a hundred times for your visit and the climb up the stairs. This tower was constructed in 1795, and the bell hung in 1800. When you are about one-third of the way down you can drop into the town crier's room—his *sanctum*, if you please so to call it—and see the great horn with which he is wont to startle the townspeople, and the other unique furniture of his house in the tower.

The establishment of the railroad was a happy thought. The train runs forth and back across the island many times a day, for fifteen cents each way, giving a delightful ride to the visitor; winding along from the foot of Main Street, among the houses and gardens of the town, and landing you on the bluff at the south side, where roll to the shore the waves of the unobstructed ocean. It was opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 4th of July, 1880, and has proved a good investment.

Not far from the town, on Uriah Gardner Hill, so called, reached by going up Centre Street, you will find, at a little distance from the road, the "oldest house." It was built in 1686, fronting due south, according to the custom of the times, and guarded against witches by a horseshoe of bricks let into the chimney. To its heavy oak timbers were added oak knees, a (k) needless addition when

we consider the fully adequate strength of the frames without them. This house has recently been purchased by Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the purpose of a museum.

#### CHURCHES.

Up to 1704 the whites had no settled clergyman and no church of their own. During that year a Friends society was formed, under Thomas Story, which soon enrolled hundreds of members. They have two meeting-houses still standing.

The first meeting-house erected by the whites was that of the North Congregational (Unitarian) Society, at the westward of the North Burial-ground. This was afterwards removed to Beacon Hill, on Orange Street, its present site. The old church was moved back and the new North Church built in 1834. The old church is now used as a vestry.

Besides these, there are now in the town churches of the following denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Universalist, Roman Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist.

#### SCHOOLS.

A private academy was incorporated in 1800. An old building on Academy Hill was refitted for school purposes in 1850. It was always known as the Academy Building, and

stood a few rods north of the present high school. It was torn down some fifteen or twenty years ago.

Nantucket owes its celebrated Coffin School to Admiral Isaac Coffin. He was born in Boston, belonged to a Tory family during the Revolution, and in 1773 went to sea in the "Gaspee." He evinced great talent, and in 1804 became admiral in the British Navy. In 1826 he visited Nantucket and found himself in the midst of a host of relatives. To give them a substantial evidence of his regard he invested £2,500 in the establishment and endowment of this excellent school. It is still prosperous, has a high standard of education, and is held in great esteem by the inhabitants. The school was formally founded in 1827. The building in which the school is now held is on Winter Street, and was erected in 1852.

Public schools were first established in Nantucket through the instrumentality of S. H. Jenks, editor of the *Inquirer*. Indeed, it was at his suggestion that Admiral Coffin established the Coffin School. The present efficient high school was opened in 1838. It is situated on Academy Hill, at the head of and facing Gay Street.

#### HOTELS.

The great increase in the number of summer visitors at the island has created a demand which has been promptly met by the establishment of fine hotels and excellent boarding-houses. Of the former, we may mention the Springfield House on North Water Street, whose overflow is accommodated by the spacious Annex House on the opposite side of the street; the Ocean House, on Broad Street; the Sherburne House, the Bay View House, and the American House, all on Orange Street.

#### OTHER PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The court-house is situated on Orange Street, the custom-house on Main Street, the Pacific National Bank on Main Street, facing the custom-house, the Nantucket Institution for Savings on Main Street. Near the wharf is a building erected by the Massachusetts Humane Society, and furnished with apparatus in charge of one of the citizens, to be used in cases of shipwreck. The large asylum, with its farm grounds, stands in full view at the south of the harbor, on the left of the road leading to Siasconset.

#### THE ATHENÆUM.

This institution was incorporated in 1834, and a suitable building erected, into which were gathered specimens of most of the portable wonders of the world, and curiosities such as the world-cruising Nantucketers alone could collect. The great fire of 1846 destroyed it, together with about a million dollars' worth of other property. It was, however, rebuilt in 1846-7, opened in 1847, and the present library of 5,000 volumes and the present museum began to form. The building, which is of the Grecian style of architecture, is on Lower Pearl Street, corner of Federal, two minutes' walk from the steam-boat-landing. The upper part is a public hall for lectures, concerts, and exhibitions, while on the lower floor are the library and museum. The curiosities of the museum are numberless. The library was incorporated in 1848, and is available to summer visitors at a slight charge. The table is supplied with all the leading magazines of the day.

On a hill just south of the town stands the old mill, an interesting relic of bygone days.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

In 1816 the *Nantucket Gazette* was issued, but had only a brief existence. The newspaper now published on the island is the *Nantucket Journal*, a weekly paper, edited by Arthur H. Gardner.

#### SURF-SIDE.

Opposite the town at the nearest point of the south shore, is Surf-side, the present

terminus of the railroad. On your way you pass the Agricultural Grounds on the left, near the town, then the spot where, in 1847, Josiah Sturgis, planted the first pines, and soon after, as you near the shore, the site of the old sheep-pens on your right. About half-way over are also an old Indian burying-ground and the site of one of their villages. At Surf-side is the depot, 100 feet long, with piazza the whole length of the north and south sides, and near by a restaurant, at which can be obtained shore-dinners, lunches, ice creams, etc. About twenty rods west of the depot is the Life Saving Station, erected and maintained by our government, and suitably furnished for the assistance of wrecked or suffering vessels. Here, for eight months of the year, men from this station nightly patrol the beach for three miles each way. A little further west is a cluster of cabins and store-houses belonging to fishermen, where they house their boats and fishing-gear, and store their cod. Near by is Weeweeder Pond, signifying in Indian a pair of horns, and three-fourths of a mile still further west the long Miacomet Pond, stretching a third of the way across the island, on the shores of which the sheep used to come with marvelous regularity to shed their coats.

#### SIASCONSET.

Going out just south of the town, we soon strike the road to "Sconset." This road is seven and one-half miles long, bears a little to the south of east, and is marked at each mile by a granite, white-washed mile-stone, plainly figured in black. Siasconset is very nearly the easternmost portion of the island, Sankaty Head, a mile and a half above, being a little farther out. "Sconset" is, as you may say, a watering-place, a sea-side resort, to the far greater town, Nantucket. The village itself is a collection of

diminutive cottages, on irregular streets, as if a company of usual Saratoga visitors, having come there for a change to spend the summer, had placed their trunks around in the form of a village and were living in them. These cottages are occupied principally by fishermen, who, in spring and fall, ply their

trade with fifty or sixty boats, and secure for their fish the first prices in the market. In the southwest part of the village, on the bluffs, where you can see the sun rise from the water and set in the same, is the charming locality known as "Sunset Heights."

At "Sconset" are two hotels, the Ocean View House, on Sunset Heights, and the Atlantic House, on the principal street of the village. The excellent sea-bathing here is one of the decided charms of the place, while sea-fishing, which is the every-day business of the native inhabitant, is the great sport of the summer visitor.

Our illustration itself is the best description we can give of the indigenous "Sconset" vehicle, phaeton, landaulet, or coupé. We have searched all the names for a suitable one, and conclude that the last, without the "é," is the best, at least for the part containing the driver. It is, in fact, a horse-wheelbarrow, drawn instead of pushed, and having a wheel as wide as the body itself. The great advantage of this particular construction is that it avoids "rutting the sand." It is evident that it is considered important to keep the sand smooth in Nantucket, for there used to be sign-boards all along the way to "Sconset, saying—"Don't rut the road."

#### OTHER INTERESTING LOCALITIES.

Passing along the bluff northward from Siasconset, we next come to Sankaty Head, the easternmost point of the island, the spot first seen by Gosnold in 1602, itself eighty-five feet above the sea, and holding a light sixty-five feet above the bluff. This light, established in 1849, throws its saving flood of illuminating rays far out over the waters in a flash of ten seconds in each minute, giving a steady light the remaining fifty seconds. It is "cared for with the most painstaking diligence, as becomes its important position. The keeper, with all patience and courtesy,

will point out to you, as he has done to thousands before you, the interesting features of the station and the views of land and sea, never failing in their interest and charm.

A mile north of Sankaty Head you come to Sesacacha Pond, which is indeed a very

considerable lake. On the southeastern shore of the pond is the site of the old village of Sesacacha, called "Sacacha" for short, which was built in 1676. It continued till 1820, when its last remaining houses were moved to Siasconset.

Just above the pond is the fishing-station of Quidnit. Here formerly lived, and in 1880 died, the hermit, Fred. Parker, for many years a noted character on the island, and who, though in large part self-secluded from the world, yet enjoyed reading the news of the day, and welcomed the visits of strangers.

Passing on two miles further to the north you arrive at Wauwinet, a new village, situated at the head of the harbor on the west, and by the shore of the ocean on the east. This is, for Nantucket, the chief place of picnics,—in other words, the squantum resort of the island, "squantum" being the vernacular for a picnic, generally understood, however to include a clam-bake as one of its essentials. Here are two well-conducted hotels, the Wauwinet House and the Sea Foam House, with many sea-side cottages, all commanding most charming views of land and sea. Throngs of pleasure-seekers are constantly gathering here in summer from the town and other parts of the island, coming, some by land through North Pasture, Podpis (pronounced Polpis), the best farming region of the island, and Squam, a little neighborhood of farms and houses, or by boats running up through the shoal waters of the harbor. The boats run regularly during the summer season, and you will not fail to see their announcements conspicuously posted about the town.

A little beyond Wauwinet is the Haul-over, where the harbor and the open sea approach so near that boats not too large may be drawn over, and thus save the circuit of Great Point.

A little above the head of the harbor is Coskata Pond, and the triangle of land called Coskata, the upper angle of which merges in the narrow neck called Nauma, at whose extreme point is Great Point Light-house. This light was established in 1784, and from the vast and dangerous shoals and narrow coast in its vicinity has its perpetual and indisputable *raison d'être*.

Coatue, the long and narrow stretch of sandy land between the harbor and the sound, has a very smooth and regular beach all the way on the sound side, but on the harbor side is indented by six great harbor waves, making as many distinct points jutting out into the bay, with great curvesweeps intervening. These points, beginning nearest the town, are: First, or Bogue Point, Second Point, Third Point, Five-fingered Point, Bass Point, and Wyer's Point, the last being very nearly opposite the Haul-over.

The principal places of interest in the eastern part of the island, aside from the long, fish-abounding ponds, are the cemeteries of the North Congregational Society, the farm of Mr. William H. H. Smith, near by, where the mother of Benjamin Franklin was brought up, and where may still be seen traces of the spring from which she used to draw water; Trot's Hill and the site of the old town on Maddequet Harbor, about which cluster the first associations connected with the settlement of the island; Tuckernuck, with its green pastures, a favorite place for picnics and short sailing trips; Smith's Point, sometimes cut off by the sea and made a separate island; and Napque, on the main island, back of Tuckernuck, where the Indians landed when they came from the Vineyard. The reader or visitor will please observe how nearly Nantucket comes to being completely severed by Long Pond, then how the same thing is repeated two miles east by that remarkable succession of ponds, Hummock, Waquinquaib, Maxcy's, Washing, and Capaum; also how the ponds of the whole island, almost without exception, lie from northeast to southwest.



THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET.

## Re-Union of Nantucket High School Scholars.

NANTUCKET, APRIL 12TH, 1865.

*Mrs P. A. Hannaford,*

At a preliminary meeting of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (which it is proposed to form here) held in the West room of the Atheneum, at 7 1-2 o'clock this P. M.,

Resolved, That the graduates of the Nantucket High School, now resident upon the island, being desirous of forming an Alumni Association, and of setting apart a day which shall be observed annually as a literary, social and festival occasion by said Association, do hereby agree to invite all non-resident graduates to meet at Nantucket, on the third day of August next, for the purpose of forming such an Association, and of deciding what day shall be set apart thereafter as Alumni Day.

After which the following plan of procedure was adopted by the meeting, which contemplates—

FIRST.—The election of an Executive Committee, to consist of three persons, and the undersigned were appointed as such.

SECONDLY.—The procuring of a suitable lot of ground, and the erection of a large tent thereon.

THIRDLY.—The assembling on the said third day of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., (at some building to be hereafter designated) of all the graduates of the High School,—and this is intended to embrace all who have ever been scholars, without regard to the length of time they continued as such: not including, however, those who may still be members of the School on that day—and that then and there the teachers and ex-teachers will unite with the graduates in the organization of an Alumni Association, by the adoption of a Constitution, and the election of a President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee to consist of three, the duties of which Committee shall be to make arrangements for the next subsequent Alumni Day.

FOURTHLY.—That after the adjournment of said meeting, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the Alumni will again assemble at the same building, where an Oration will be delivered by the Rev. F. C. EWER, of New York, which will be followed with the singing by all the Alumni of an Ode composed by Mrs. MARIA L. OWEN, of Springfield, Mass.

FIFTHLY.—At 6 P. M., a supper will be served for the Alumni, at the tent, under the direction of a sub-committee of ladies and gentlemen, and

SIXTHLY.—The Executive Committee will cause the tables to be removed, leaving a smooth planed floor for those who wish to close the festivities of the day with a grand Ball.

The Committee are instructed to procure a Brass Band, which will be under their direction throughout the day, and which will discourse some of their choice selections of music during the night, for the benefit of such as choose to participate in the dancing.

On the whole, we have every reason to believe that it will be a very attractive occasion, and that our "off-island friends" will be fully repaid for any reasonable sacrifice which they may make to be present with us.

Having no data by which we can determine how many to expect from abroad, we cannot estimate the cost to each, but we think it safe to conclude, that not less than two dollars will be required of each member, and that we may proportion the expenditures in accordance with our receipts, we have opened a Cash Book, and are prepared to give credit to parties remitting any amount, leaving it optional with them to contribute one or two dollars, as may seem best in their judgment, or even more, if they are so inclined.

Those intending to be present, will confer a great favor by informing us immediately, and sending remittance, if so disposed, directing to "Executive Committee, High School Alumni, Nantucket, Mass.," and we will send receipt by return of mail.

JOSEPH S. BARNEY,  
HENRY D. ROBINSON,  
A. WILSON STARBUCK, } Executive Com.

### COTTAGE CITY.

By act of the Massachusetts Legislature, Feb. 17, 1880, the town of Edgartown was divided, and a new municipality was incorporated, under the name of Cottage City. This includes Wesleyan Grove, or the Methodist Camp-ground, Oak Bluffs, Vineyard Highlands, or the Baptist Camp-ground, Eastville, and Lagoon Heights; or, we may say, it takes in the whole of East Chop, having the Sound on the east, Vineyard Haven Harbor and Lagoon Pond on the west, and extending from East Chop Light south about three miles, nearly to the head of Lagoon Pond, and to the middle of the bridge over Sengekontacket Pond on the east side. The starting point, the original germ from which has developed this wonderful growth,

—the most unique and by all considerations one of the most attractive places of seaside resort in the whole country,—was the Methodist Camp-Meeting, first held here in 1835. Eastville was the landing-place; Camp-Meeting Grove was the centre of attraction. In 1867 Oak Bluffs, and soon after Vineyard Highlands, were added. Not only is it a summer resort, but the climate is so mild and Florida-like in winter that more and more are making it their abode through that season also. It has connection by steamers with Wood's Holl and New Bedford on the north, and Nantucket on the east; and, as it joins Vineyard Haven, whose harbor is constantly crowded with vessels from every clime, it is closely connected, as we may say, with all the world. The Eastville landing is still maintained, and a short distance south of it is the New York landing, used by steamers running between Portland and New York. The main landings now at Cottage City, however, are the Oak Bluffs wharf and the Highlands wharf, both on the east side. The light-house is an object of interest. The town is largely covered with groves of oak. Lake Anthony and Meadow Pond, separated only by a broad street, are beautiful sheets of fresh water in the midst of the city.

A weekly newspaper, the Cottage City Star, established in 1879, Howes Norris, Esq., present editor and publisher, is a viva-

cious and entertaining paper, giving all the items of interest from the Camp-ground, Oak Bluffs, the Highlands, the island as a whole, and the outside world.

There is a well-equipped fire department. The Board of Health attends to sewerage and drainage, requiring cottages to be provided with large, well-ventilated cess-pools. Broad streets and foot-walks laid in concrete, make driving and walking everywhere pleasant, and flowered borders add to the beauty of the cottages, which are of every variety of style and architecture, from the tent-roofed cot to the elegant modern mansion.

A central point in Cottage City is the Arcade, which is on Circuit Avenue, three or four minutes' walk from the wharf, and at the main entrance from Oak Bluffs to the Camp-ground. It is a large building with a covered passage-way from the avenue to the grounds. In the immediate vicinity are hotels, apothecary shops, dry goods stores, fancy and millinery stores, curiosity shops, bake-houses, markets, etc., etc.

One of the most interesting features of Cottage City is the M. V. S. I. (Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute), which is a sort of universal school of science, and was first established in 1878. For the next three seasons the Institute had no permanent building in which to hold its sessions, and this want had, in 1881, brought about a condition of affairs which rendered some action looking to an establishment of their own necessary. On land donated by the Vineyard Grove Company, a building was erected, located a short distance behind the Highland House, and very convenient to the camp-meeting landing. This structure, which is three stories in height, and is well-adapted for its purpose, was dedicated with appropriate exercises July 20, 1882, and was named AGASSIZ HALL. The annual session of the school continues from July 1st to Sept. 1st. Wm. J. Rolfe, A. M., is President; Alexander Winchell, LL. D., Vice-President; and W. V. Morrison, D. D., Treasurer. In 1882 the Faculty numbered 30, and the students 333, a total of 363. All parts of the country were represented.

A horse railroad, commencing at the Baptist landing, passes round between Lake Anthony and Meadow Pond, and makes the circuit of the Methodist Camp-ground. The Sea View House is at the Oak Bluffs landing, and its lower piazza on the seaward side is made continuous with the wharf.

Just opposite, a few rods to the north, on the bluff and open to the ocean, is the Roller Skating Rink, which cost \$5,000, and meas-



OAK BLUFFS AND CAMP-GROUNDS.

There are bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, base-ball grounds, croquet lawns, and every thing needed for innocent amusements, but no liquor-shops or haunts of vice.

VINEYARD HIGHLANDS.

This division, or section, of Cottage City lies north and west of Wesleyan Grove, embracing the highest part of the city and most



BAPTIST CHAPEL, HIGHLANDS.

of the land constituting East Chop. The Vineyard Grove Co., an organization separate from the Camp-Meeting Association, incorporated in 1870, purchased this tract, about 200 acres, commanding the best views possible of Oak Bluffs, Vineyard Haven and harbor, the two sounds, Vineyard and Nantucket, the Elizabeth Isles, Wood's Holl, Falmouth Heights, and other places along the main land toward Cape Cod. The fact that

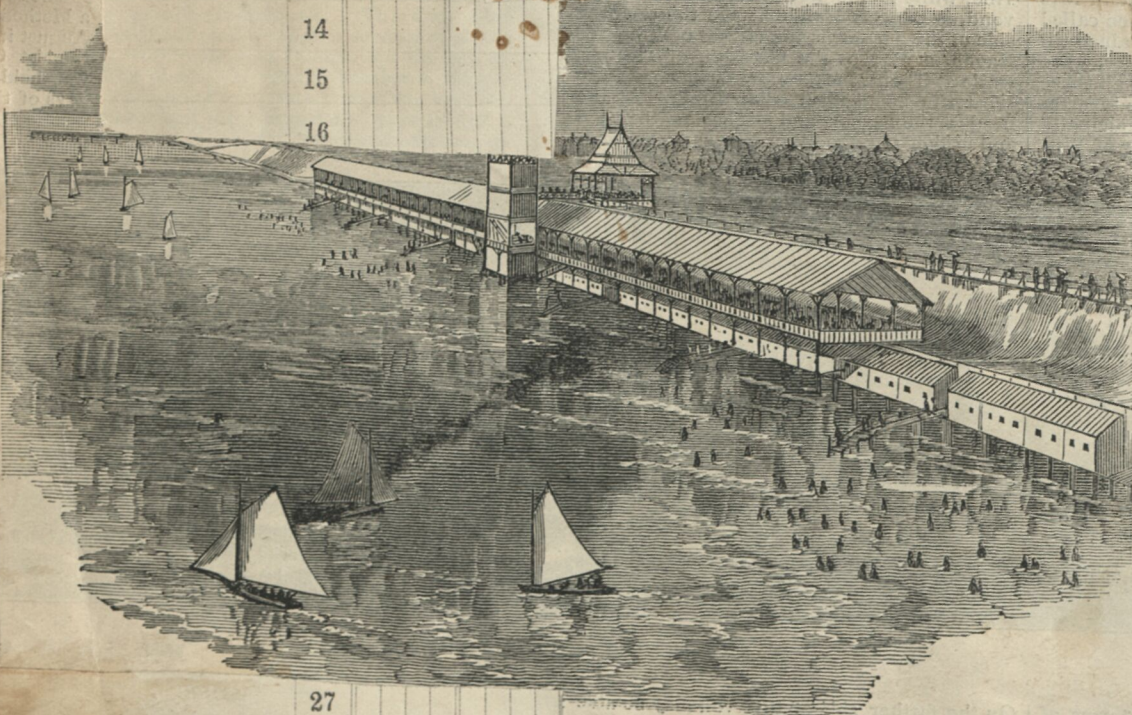
In laying out this tract the company reserved a large grove for preaching and other religious services, when they should be called for. It was at one time thought that possibly the Methodist camp-meeting might be removed to the Highlands. This project,

however, was wisely relinquished. In 1869, lots were sold to the value of \$12,000, a wharf was commenced, and a road and bridge projected across Meadow Pond to Wesleyan Grove and Oak Bluffs. These being completed, that portion north of the bridge was called Lake Anthony, the other part retaining the old name. Soon the large hotel known as the Highland House was built in close connection with the new wharf, answering to the Sea View House at the Oak Bluffs wharf. Bathing-houses were soon added, a plank walk was constructed along the beach, and a line of horse-cars established, running from the Highlands wharf to the camp-grounds in Wesleyan Grove.

In 1875 the Vineyard Grove Company sold their interest in the property constituting the Highlands to a new company, the Baptist Vineyard Association. The design of the Baptists was, among other things, to establish a camp-meeting particularly their own. This association was legally incorporated in January, 1876. Their first religious meetings had been held in 1875, and in their circular announcing their second annual gathering to commence Aug. 12 and end Aug. 20, 1876, they said "the design of these meetings is to promote fraternal

love and more intimate acquaintance among the members of the denomination, to discuss plans and methods of christian work, to cultivate a deeper spiritual tone and greater earnestness, to inspire fresh zeal, and in all proper ways to help each other by counsel and suggestion, that from a week of healthful recreation, we may each return to his own field better fitted for the work assigned him in his Master's vineyard."

The Baptist grounds, when improved as those of Oak Bluffs have been, will be, if possible, still more beautiful. In the midst of the grove, two or three minutes' walk from the wharf, is the large, circular Baptist Tabernacle, dedicated in 1878, and surrounding it are a large number of tasteful cottages.



COTTAGE CITY.



Known as "THE LOAF," situated at the end of Coffin's Beach, commanding a fine view of Ipswich Bay, Annisquam and Essex Rivers. The Beach is the finest in New England, having a smooth, hard surface well adapted for riding. This is just the spot for the erection of a Summer Hotel, combining all the attractions. There are fifteen acres of land in connection. To the right parties this piece of property is a bonanza. Apply immediately to **SEYMOUR T. TRUBBELL, West Gloucester,** near the premises.

**SOLOMON T. TRUMBULL**, West Gloucester, near the premises.

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MEMORANDUM.

#### Mrs. Martha W. Jenks.

Martha Washington Jenks, whose mortal life closed last Sunday, at the venerable age of nearly eighty-six years, in South Boston, was one of those exceptional lives whose personal worth and marked characteristics are less known to the general public than they seem to those within the sphere of their acquaintances entitled to be. Mrs. Jenks was born at Nantucket April 21, 1801, where a large portion of her life was passed. The strong attachment to this famous island and interest in its affairs which are observed in those born and bred there were particularly exhibited by her to the last. She was by birth a member of the historic and well-known Coffin family of Nantucket, and of Quaker parentage. It was easy to discern in the simplicity of manners and tastes, in the cheerful equanimity and unobtrusiveness, in the calmness and equity of judgment, and in the high moral standard of action and strong religious feeling which were so distinctive of her character, the influence of her Quaker training. These traits, combined with originality and mental vigor of no ordinary degree, a ready wit and dry humor which did not forsake her amid the feebleness of old age, and the prolonged illness of her closing years, rendered her companionship always genial and entertaining. Mrs. Jenks was married Jan. 1, 1823, to Samuel Haynes Jenks, who was for many years the editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, a paper which became a widely known and influential organ of the Whig party. Mr. Jenks was an able editor and public-spirited citizen, and the memory of his efficient labors in behalf of the schools of the town and its improvement survives to the present day. In all of these efforts his capable and devoted wife lent her hearty and helpful cooperation, united with the important aid which she steadily rendered in the conduct of the Inquirer and in the editorial work of other papers with which Mr. Jenks was later connected in Nantucket, Boston and New York. She also contributed a number of sketches and articles to magazines and newspapers, some of which attracted special attention, and published poems of acknowledged merit. The family moved to South Boston in 1846, which became Mrs. Jenks's future residence and where her husband's death occurred in 1863. Mrs. Jenks was a tireless and omnivorous reader, and was noted even in early life for her large acquaintance with literature, history and poetry possessing the leading attractions. She loved to cherish natural objects of beauty and delicacy, and to store in her mind corresponding sentiments and expressions of poetry. Her memory was remarkable, and she frequently astonished her friends by the readiness with which she could repeat at length famous English poems even in her latest years. With her Quaker-like simplicity, she had a great love of pictures and art, and amid many engrossing cares and duties pursued to advanced age studies in this direction. Though never favored with affluence, her home was always a hospitable one, and never so limited but that there was room for any unfortunate who made a special appeal for her shelter and sympathy. Of those now grown to man's and woman's estate, there are not a few who could bear grateful testimony to such service bestowed in a time of need—a service given, not unfrequently, at the cost of much sacrifice and inconvenience. The religious sympathies of Mrs. Jenks were with the Episcopal Church, of which she was a member, and whose practical activities and charities largely absorbed her interest and energies during her residence both at Nantucket and South Boston; but her spirit was too catholic and tolerant to be bound by any communion. She rejoiced in the things which were lovely and of good report, wherever manifested. Mrs. Jenks was the mother of eight children, three of whom survive her—Miss Martha C. Jenks, Mrs. Lucy C. Bartlett, who was for twenty years a teacher in the schools of South Boston, and Francis H. Jenks of the editorial staff of the Boston Transcript. She was the last surviving member of her father's family. Those who knew Mrs. Jenks will long keep a green spot in their memory for her. Her obsequies occurred yesterday in St. Matthew's Church, South Boston, and were largely attended. The influence and remembrance of such a life leaves in the world—

"A sweetness that survives its living days,  
As odorous scents outlast the censor's blaze."  
D. H. C.

The New Bedford Mercury says that the large painting by W. Ferdinand Macy, "On the Edge of the Marsh," that attracted so much attention during the holidays was sold last week. The marine picture by the same artist has also been recently sold. We congratulate Mr. Macy upon his success.

### Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

#### OBITUARY.

**MACY.**—A telegram announced the death of Isaac Macy, Esq., in New York last Saturday night, to his relatives and friends here. Mr. Macy was born in Nantucket, and in early life was engaged in the shipping business and oil manufacture, being the senior member of the firm of Isaac and Philip Macy. He was for a term of years an active member of the local school board, and the writer will not forget the kind word of encouragement he gave him when seeking admission to one of the grammar schools, which established a confidence in the young pupil that won him success. Since the death of his wife, Mr. Macy has spent much of his time in New York with his children, occupying his house here only a few months each year. He was a gentleman who was highly respected in the community and by a large circle of acquaintances. His remains were brought here Wednesday for interment, funeral services being held next day.

**SHEFFIELD.**—Another of the regular summer residents of 'Sconset will be missed the coming season from the little cottage on Broadway, which bears the name "Nauticon Lodge." There each succeeding season for many years has Mrs. Ann Sheffield passed her time with her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Davis. But death stepped in last Wednesday and removed our venerable friend from earthly scenes, just as she was preparing to enjoy another sojourn in her summer home. Mrs. Sheffield was one of nature's noblewomen, not a prominent public figure, but in her quiet, unassuming way lending cheer and pleasure to all about her. Although advanced in years, she was yet young in spirit, and her loss will be felt not only by her adult friends, but by a host of young people, for whom she had always a kind word. Her decease was sudden, and resulted from pneumonia. For a period of about thirty years she has resided with her son-in-law, Mr. Charles H. Davis. Her remains were brought here for interment. Funeral services were held yesterday at the residence of Mr. J. S. Barney. We tender our sincere sympathies to the bereaved family.

**BROOKS.**—Hon. Horatio G. Brooks, president of the Dunkirk Locomotive Works, of Dunkirk, N. Y., died at his home in that city last Wednesday, of apoplexy. Major Brooks, as he was familiarly known, had worked himself up to the head of an unusually large and prosperous enterprise from the lower steps of railroad service. He was twice elected mayor of his city, and was strong in political life in that section. Mr. Brooks was of a broad and liberal nature, and always won friends wherever he went. He owned Madequeham cottage in 'Sconset, and was intending to occupy it this season with his family. The many friends he

won among the permanent and summer residents of that village will sincerely mourn his loss. Mr. Brooks possessed a large fortune, and there are many who will miss the charity of his liberal hand.

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

#### CHURCH WEDDING.

GREENPOINT, N. Y., June 9, 1887.

**MESSRS. EDITORS:**—At the church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York, Mr. Frederick Denham found in marriage last week the long-sought complement of his soul, in the person of Miss Mary E. Coffin. Miss Coffin, it will be remembered, is the daughter of Mr. Charles Edward Coffin, who for many years carried on the dry goods business in Nantucket, but who moved away with his family some twenty years ago, and has since made New York his home. Mr. Denham is a resident of New Bedford, where his family is well known in both social and religious circles. The ceremony was performed by the pastor of the church, Rev. T. McKee Brown. The bride, carrying a bridal bouquet, and attired in a white faille Francaise silk, tulle veil and orange blossoms, was led to the altar, and given away by her father. The ushers were Messrs. Frank M. and Albert S. Coffin, Randolph Ewer, William Bond and Edward Williams, while Miss Abbie Lewis, a little miss of eleven years, acting as maid of honor, contributed greatly to the success of the occasion. Previous to the departure of the bridal party for Michigan and the West, a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, "The Charlotte," in West 83d street, where were displayed the many tokens of friendship and respect which their worthy qualities well merit. + + +

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

NEW YORK, June 13, 1887.

**MESSRS. EDITORS:**—It makes no great difference, perhaps, but, inasmuch as documents are generally addressed to those for whom they are intended—to the persons whom it is desired to reach—will you not suggest to Mr. Sandsbury, special police officer and agent for that most excellent association "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, &c.," that he address his warning against the killing of harbor birds and the robbing of bird-nests on Nantucket territory, to "Cockneys, Cads, and Small Boys," instead of "To Sportsmen and Others." Sportsmen do not gun for gulls or other harmless and non-edible birds, nor is birds-nesting counted as "sport" by "sportsmen." (Did ever anybody see Si Freeman climbing a tree for a tom-tit's young or eggs?) On the contrary it is the sportsmen that visit the island whose voices have ever been lifted up in most indignant protest against the slaughter of the most harmless and best-behaved of your summer visitors—sea-swallows and birds of like feather—at the hands of the louts and losels, native as well as exotic, who infest your beautiful though somewhat shallow harbor. And to address such unfortunate gentry as "Sportsmen" is as grave an error in nomenclature as it were to hold up a skunk-cabbage as a bit of trailing arbutus—and expect the public nostril to accept it as such!

Respectfully Yours,  
CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

**WEDDING.**—There was quite a large gathering at the meeting-house of the Orthodox Friends, Fair street, Thursday forenoon, to witness the marriage of John H. Foster, of Centreville, R. I., and Mary Sinkenson, of Newport, R. I. The simple service is remarkably impressive, and was witnessed for the first time by the larger part of those present. As we review the scene, we cannot help the thought of the great change wrought in this society within a comparatively few years. On such an occasion but a brief time since, the Friends' sober garb would have been the prevailing one, while at this time but two women and three men (the only resident members of this meeting) were present, the remaining spectators being of the worldly class. It does not seem probable that many more couples will be joined in wedlock within those sacred walls, with the present members as witnesses, for the five persons are all well advanced in years, and it is not likely that parties from abroad will seek so remote a nook as Nantucket to be published and wedded.

**IDENTITY ESTABLISHED.**—The sunken schooner near Bass rip has been identified as the Cora Etta, of Rockland, Me., of 263 tons burthen, Capt. James Fales, which sailed from Rockland, Me., for New York with a cargo of lime March 31st, and was last heard of between Boone island and Cape Ann. Capt. A. P. Ginn, of Rockland, whose vessel is now unloading at New York was sent here by Brown & Keene, 5 Quincey slip, New York, who were also agents for the Cora Etta, to see if he could identify the sunken craft. He arrived Wednesday, and Thursday morning was driven over to Quidnet, where a crew was secured to man the life-boat, and he was soon at the wreck. A wire jib-stay, the only piece of wire rigging on the vessel, certain new pieces of iron-work on the masts, and the fact that she had a new mizzen-topsail, were proof sufficient. The Cora Etta's crew comprised Capt. Fales, Henry French, mate, and Waldo Harrington, all of Rockland, and three German sailors. The three first-named have families.

# NANTUCKET SOROSIS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On Monday, June 28th, Sorosis was invited to meet with Mrs. Benjamin Sharp, at her new cottage at Siasconset. Pleasant weather always lends inspiration to an out-of-town excursion, and this was one of the perfect days. So on the 10 o'clock train the happy band sped their way across the plain, by the placid sea, and were soon welcomed by the kindly hostess within the cozy dwelling. After the dinner had been enjoyed, the company were treated to the mental feast. The president, Miss Anna Gardner, read the following dedicatory poem:

By invitation of our friend beloved  
To her delightful summer residence  
(So aptly named Meerheim, or Ocean home),  
Meet its members and its friends.

That we dedicate to-day,  
Cottage by the sounding sea,  
Fitted new and altered, yet retains  
Harming to a modern guest,  
Natural quaintness of the old.  
A friend, congratulations warm  
Lightly it has assumed,  
Unsummate grace in each detail  
Of curtains, carpets, rugs,  
Brought in minor shades, subdued,  
With a touch of color bright  
Wall and ample bracket seen.  
Furnishments on every hand appear—  
Here, German pottery, in style so quaint;  
There, outstretched fans with picturesque effect.  
Look at that souvenir from a young friend  
Whose fingers slight have skillfully wrought  
With scarlet bows and tiny Easter eggs,  
Heart-warmth—for dear remembrance and love.  
The oldest fashion is the newest now;  
The spinning-wheel and milking-stool intact  
To memory recalls grandmother's days  
Of spinning, weaving—every process through—  
Wrought by a woman's patient, skillful hand.  
From the shorn wool, to a man's complete suit.  
And when through looms from the cocoon evolved  
As 'twere by magic, a bright silken dress.

The andiron in continental cap,  
With a long pipe descending to the waist,  
The antique vase, the ancient table, chair,  
Are object lessons—imprints on the mind  
That with the past make the "connecting link."  
On every side the old blends with the new,  
And constitutes a bright, harmonious whole.  
No costliness, no grandeur is required  
To please aesthetic taste—Art's devotee;  
Beauty presides within a lowly cot  
In humble guise, as in a palace grand.

We bless the home which now is newly launched  
Upon the shifting, never stagnant waves  
Of buoyant life, all spanned by rainbow hues.  
Domestic love—parental, filial, all  
The clustering loves of an ideal home  
Supply the basal structure of the State—  
The polished stones whereon to grandly build.

Long may our friends resort in summer time  
To this retreat where Hygeia reigns supreme,  
And hospitality reaches to help  
Augment the sum of human happiness.

Rich is this house in retrospective wealth—  
Wealth of association—for these walls  
Have echoed to the voice of many a guest  
Famed in the annals of our native isle.  
Who, glad and proud, heard plaudits of the world  
Re-echo loudly from this sea-girt shore.  
These rooms are classic. Gifted authors have  
Often gathered here around the social board,  
Where sterling character and wealth of thought  
Excluded pomp and ostentatious show.  
Then, honored friends, the Barneys ruled the feast  
At sweet Rose Cottage—well-remembered place!  
The honeysuckle climbed its lowly roof,  
Twining its tendrils with the roses' bloom,  
And mingling fragrance with the salt sea air.

Sages and poets—men and women, too—  
For wit distinguished and for wisdom rare,  
Have graced these rooms and held high converse  
Here.

See Bradburn's noble form and presence grand,  
As it looms up in memory's distant haze;  
Listen to Lydia Barney's subtle wit,  
So super-exquisite; to Mary Earle's,  
Sharp as a cimeter.

Nantucket in those early days could boast  
A Newton—Walter Folger old.  
Among savans his name was eulogized  
For astronomical knowledge and for skill,  
Reflecting honor on his island home.  
Maria Mitchell still shines as a star.  
Lucretia Mott a kind of Mecca made  
Her native place. She was a peerless guest.  
Here Mrs. Hanaford stepped in and out  
With charming manners, interesting friends,  
Young was she then—not Rev. as now—  
But good as she was fair.

Were walls but phonographs, these would give  
Back

Familiar discourse of exalted minds.  
Great minds of every type—philanthropists  
And leaders of reform—often met here.  
Garrison, Parker, and a host beside,  
Who, in abandon of their stern life-work,  
In full, magnetic social sympathy,  
Freely indulged the cheery laugh and joke,  
Making the welkin ring with joyous mirth.

Back on the stream of time the mind reverts  
To 'Sconset's ancient legendary days—  
To days when Peace built here her sacred shrine,  
And, undisturbed, reigned o'er the little group  
Of lowly cots nestled upon the bank,  
Guiltless of paint or style, when simple folk  
From Uncle Aldridge's to Pitman's farm,  
Contented lived, like a community,  
Each helping each, as in a household band.

Shadows of memory! Phantoms of the past!  
With what wide-eyed amazement and surprise  
Would men of other days behold this scene—  
This magic change the hand of Time has wrought.  
Their fishing-huts replaced by dwellings grand,  
By ornate cottages and costly grounds.

Dear were their humble cots in days of yore!  
Fond memory lingers in their cosy rooms  
Made fragrant with the honeysuckle brought  
From Bloomingdale's dense swamps, load after  
load.

To be filled in between the open jam  
Of the great fire-place, on the brick-laid hearth.  
Such were the decorations of that day,  
Supplied by Nature, modern bric-a-brac  
Had not displaced those simple ornaments;  
For these ingenuous, simple-hearted folk,  
So wedded to the primitive—the old—  
To bow to Progress as a reigning Queen.

Even though her praise be sung in clarion notes,  
Is not an easy or a pleasant thing.  
The screeching engine and the rolling car,  
The telegraph and telephone to them  
Are innovations reckless of their past—  
Ruthless invaders of content and peace.  
Science stepped in, and with her sister, Art,  
Assumed to trespass on time-honored cult,  
Their antiquated customs to deride,  
To scout at "Sconset laws" by them revered,  
Fixed as the Medes and Persians of the past.

Who now remembers Franklin Folger old,  
Who wandered musing up and down the banks,  
Along these grassy lanes by the old pump?  
A kind of hermit, to himself absolved—  
A character original, unique.  
A famous genealogist was he.  
Who from the branches of each parent tree  
Could trace the root, and tell from whence it  
sprang.

"Franklin" was sought by all "off-island" guests  
Who hither came to rest or recreate.  
Wealth for a Dickens' pen were his odd ways,  
A specimen to the biologist  
All new.  
So much a part of 'Sconset was he then,  
That without him it would have vapid seemed,  
Like play of Hamlet, Hamlet's part left out.

What more delightful outing can be found  
Than is the drive along our open moors  
To 'Sconset's wave-washed, undulating bank?  
No tropic-clime, no land beneath the sun,  
Though Flora reign supreme, can more than  
match

The infinite variety of flowers  
Blooming in beauty all along our plains.  
The trailing arbutus, the violet blue,  
The coy anemone and sweet swamp rose,  
The buttercup and dandelion bright,  
With all their sisterhood, as months advance,  
Impart sweet fragrance to the summer air,  
And, nodding, seem to greet the passer-by  
With a fond welcome, a caressing smile.

And then to stand upon the shelving bank  
And watch old ocean in its varied mood—  
Unparalleled in grandeur is the scene,  
So calm, so broad, so beautifully blue  
When Nature sleeps in quiet and repose;  
Or when, storm-tossed, its wild refrain deep-toned,  
And foaming waves, are terrible and grand,  
The raging billows dash toward the shore  
Like a wild army in a desperate strife.

With a red letter we will mark the day  
Which finds us here to dedicate anew  
This unpretentious, cheery little home.

Accept, dear friend, these tributary lines,  
Which, simple in themselves, may yet avail  
Our earnest love and friendship to express,  
With hope to greet our friends for many years  
At this delightful sea-side residence.

Mrs. Catharine Starbuck read a chapter  
of Chronicles, giving the origin of this  
society, in her own inimitable style,  
which was exceedingly amusing, and called  
forth much merriment and applause.  
Mrs. Benjamin Sharp read a little poem,  
"My Creed," written by that sweet singer  
Alice Carey. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crosby  
read a satirical piece in verse, called "A  
Woman's Strike," very apropos to the  
present time. Mrs. Helen B. Worth read  
a poem written by a former townsman,  
giving a sketch of the old-time people  
and customs of that quaint village, with  
particular details of the home of the  
antiquarian B. Franklin Folger, and set-  
ting forth in graphic manner his profi-  
ciency in making the old-fashioned fish  
chowder. Mr. S. H. Mann read the fol-  
lowing toast:

Woman—the larger and better half of the human  
race; she who devotes herself to the happiness  
and welfare of others; the helper of those in sickness  
and distress, and whose intelligence is equal to any,  
has suffered too long from injustice and wrong.  
May the time soon come when all rights claimed by  
her brother shall be secured to her. Why should  
not my mother, my sister, my wife, my daughter,  
enjoy all the rights I claim for myself? Equal and  
exact justice answers, "They should."

Mrs. Sarah S. Swain responded, and  
fearing that by giving her own estimate  
of woman, which is very high, we might  
be considered a mutual admiration socie-  
ty, read a poem by John Ledyard, "The  
Praise of Women," which she thought  
would be received with better grace.  
Mrs. C. A. J. Mann read a poem by Eliza-  
beth Barrett Browning, bearing upon the  
same subject. Miss Mabel S. Sharp read  
a poem entitled "Sea Weeds," written by  
Miss Anna Gardner, and very appropriate  
to the entertainment. Mrs. C. A. J.  
Mann read the following contribution,  
written by Mrs. Sarah Temple, a member  
of Sorosis, who was not able to attend  
the meeting:

"MARRIED, on the 17th Nov., 1885, by Mr. Hazen,  
assisted by Rev. Daniel Round, Mr. Con T. Nent to  
Miss Nan Tucket. For several years previous to  
the above announcement, various rumors were  
afloat concerning the intentions of Mr. Nent to-  
ward Miss Tucket. Nan was 'willin'', but Mr.  
Nent's guardian, Uncle Sam, objected. He did not  
wish to give his consent in a hurry; he must look  
into the matter a little more closely. Miss Tucket  
was rather a small, obscure lady, had spent all her  
life at sea, &c., &c. But Nan's friends rallied  
around her, and finally succeeded in convincing  
Uncle Sam that the advantage of the union would  
be mutual. So his consent was obtained, and the  
engagement publicly announced in November.  
After giving the bride *enle* ample time to prepare  
her trousseau, a very quiet wedding took place.  
Prosperity to them both, their sons and daughters,  
and may their lines ever fall in pleasant places."

Mrs. Rebecca A. Morse gave us a very  
pleasant talk about the work New York  
Sorosis is doing. One of the prominent  
and valued members of that society she  
said, is Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller, who  
writes so delightfully for the *Atlantic*,

Harper's, &c., generally upon some branch  
of natural history, but more particularly  
about the feathered tribe; and has labored  
for the preservation of the birds, protest-  
ed against applying this valuable ele-  
ment of beauty and usefulness for orna-  
mentation, and has influenced very  
largely other women against this inhu-  
man practice. Mrs. Miller is a daughter of  
Mr. S. H. Mann, a member of Nantucket  
Sorosis. Professor Moses Morse made  
some very witty remarks; but as wit,  
without the occasion and manner, can-  
not easily be conveyed on paper, we shall  
not be able to give his words. Dr. Sharp  
gave with great effect an instance of the  
leaving out of a comma in a sentence,  
thus giving an opposite meaning to what  
was intended:

"Woman without her man would be a savage."  
Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck read admir-  
ably a humorous piece, "The Music  
Stool," which elicited great applause.  
Mrs. Linda S. Barney made a presenta-  
tion to the hostess in a very happy man-  
ner, the nature of which will be seen by  
the accompanying lines:

This work of art, wrought for her sake,  
To Mrs. Sharp I reach,  
And timidly attempt to make  
A presentation speech.  
It is not well in suds to lave  
The rings on fingers found;  
Her hands so lily-white 'twill save,  
While whirling round and round.  
No lace-work can, or applique  
In usefulness compare  
With this dish-mop, so deftly made  
And finished off with care.  
Sorosis would the world inform  
And lead all men to see  
Dish-washing is attended to,  
As well as poetry.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crosby concluded the  
exercises by a toast: "A triple health to  
mother, son, and daughter."

It was a very auspicious dedication of  
the "Ocean Home," and we trust there will  
be many subsequent and festive occasions  
gathered within its hospitable walls.

SARAH S. SWAIN, Secretary.

## Suffrage Convention

under the auspices of the  
Massachusetts Suffrage Association.

—AT—

## Athenaeum Hall,

Evening of January 19, and afternoon and even-  
ing of January 20, 1885.

The convention will be addressed by  
HENRY B. BLACKWELL, Esq., of Boston;  
REV. ANNIE M. SHAW, of East Dennis;  
MISS CORA SCOTT POND, of Boston;  
MRS. A. AT CLAFLIN, of Boston.

## MARRIAGES.

In this town, 1st inst., at the residence of the  
bride's mother, on Pearl street, by Rev. Frank  
Bowler, Mr. George T. Carter, of Boston, and Miss  
Minnie Hathaway, of this town.

## DEATHS.

In this town, 3d inst., Elizabeth, wife of Charles  
McCleave aged 64 years, 6 months.  
In this town, 3d inst., Owen C. Spooner, aged 79  
years, 5 months, 23 days.  
In this town, 5th inst., Joseph Mitchell 2d, aged  
75 years, 6 months.  
In this town 5th inst., Love, widow of Harvey  
Smith, aged 85 years, 2 months, 23 days.

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pleasant talk about the work New York  
Sorosis is doing. One of the prominent  
and valued members of that society she  
said, is Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller, who  
writes so delightfully for the *Atlantic*,

## MISS PARLOA'S PITCHERS.

BIG JUGS AND LITTLE JUGS FROM ALL QUARTERS  
OF THE GLOBE.

"I have made a collection of pitchers" said  
Miss Parloa incidentally in her lecture last week.  
"Pitchers and teapots have more character than any  
other dishes. After the lecture come into the back par-  
lor and see my seventy-five little pitchers if you would  
like to see what a variety of expression may be given to  
a pitcher."

This back parlor is fitted up as a dining-room.  
On a number of bric-a-brac shelves set against a back-  
ground of dark-red paper to throw into relief their  
varied colors were the pitchers. Some hung in rows;  
others stood on the shelves. There were round pitchers  
like fat Chinese mandarins, long slim pitchers, eccentric  
pitchers which were of no use except for show, and  
practical, wide mouthed, common-place pitchers. There  
were some in antique shape like the pitcher in the fami-  
liar picture of "Rebecca at the Well"; and Queen Anne  
pitchers, which might have been copied from the one  
which furnished cream to those cups of fragrant bohea,  
which Richardson and his spinster friends drank to the  
success of "Clarissa Hallone."

Miss Parloa began at once to talk about her pots.  
"This brown Wedgewood, with yellow flowers on it, is  
lovely—look at the golden daffodils. See this relief of  
the jolly Dutchman smoking his pipe and drinking his  
beer—the picture of comfort. Here is an old silver  
pitcher for cream and here is one of old fashioned stone-

ware, made near Boston and called 'Corryhill' after the  
manufacturer's place." "This pitcher," she continued,  
sizing one covered with strange red excrescences, "this  
one is a devil-fish pitcher; its attraction is its ugliness.  
That square bit of old-fashioned blue basket stoneware  
is endeared to me because of its homeliness—it is such  
a comfortable old shoe of a pitcher!" "This is Japan-  
ese," she said, turning to a piece of dark blue porcelain  
ornamented in gold with flowers and strange insects.  
"And this hexagonal pitcher with its cream-white  
ground painted with blue myrtle is a Minton. Notice its  
antique shape and wide base. A little maid who washed  
dishes for me never ceased to admire 'the sit of it.' I  
buy pitchers every where I go and they are given to me  
by friends who know my fancy. There are two twin  
pitchers in barrel shape on the shelf; one was bought in  
New-York, the other in Detroit. That bright little bit of  
stoneware in the corner was given to me by a Yale gradu-  
ate; it was used last year on the table of one of the  
University clubs. Here is a bit of Mexican stoneware  
decorated with silver and colors; it holds only two thim-  
bfuls. This is a piece of Huguenot china in dark blue  
and gold; and this creamy white pitcher is an Irish por-  
celain, an exquisite variety of ware recently successfully  
copied in this country. Those dainty pieces of Royal  
Worcester on the buffet were given to me at Louisville  
and this little majolica representing an ear of green corn  
I used with mush and milk in Paris. You have noticed  
this gigantic old blue pitcher; it is over one hundred  
years old and was sent to me last summer from Nan-  
tucket by a friend who was careful to hunt up its history  
and found it was fully as old as represented."

We heard an old friend of the Hicksite persuasion,  
Deploping the march of this summer invasion;  
In his view the time must be quite out of joint,  
When gentle folks wanted to live on Brant Point.  
"Who'd ha' thought it?" he said, "our beloved old  
meeting house,  
Be transformed into a lodging and eating-house,  
Where worldly folk clothed in apparel so gay,  
Come together to idle the bright hours away,  
While the odors of roast-beef, tobacco and wine,  
Taint the walls that once echoed the Spirit Divine!  
O shades of George Fox and Elias Hicks, too,  
Must our own sober ideas give way to the new?"

SOROSIS.—The regular monthly meet-  
ing of Sorosis was held with Mrs.  
Catharine Starbuck Monday afternoon.  
Goethe was the author to be considered,  
and there was a general participation by  
those present in the reading and dis-  
cussion. An enjoyable and profitable  
meeting was the result.

## SUNSET.

Like some grand, glad surprise, the west took on  
its gold,  
And flushed the chilly east from colors gray and  
cold  
To rosy warmth; swift-flaming banners shot the  
sky  
And crossed its darkling blue in shining fold on  
fold,  
While on the horizon's line bright sea-green  
oceans lie.  
How luminous the scene! The heavens all spread  
with light;  
Even in the south the sombre clouds caught at  
the red,  
And fringed themselves. The west, all vivid and  
all bright,  
Meanwhile, gleamed on with shining inward glory  
fed.  
Slow changed the view, like some imagined fire-  
place tiled  
With sard. Intense and still low-burned the  
steady fire,  
The clouds above, now lurid-turned, are careful  
piled,  
Like back-logs, and the scattering flame lifts  
chilled hearts higher.  
October 6, 1886. L. S. B.



AB.	
WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.
Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.

OBITUARY.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas M. Gardner died at his home, corner of Main and Orange streets, early Friday morning last, at the age of 66 years. He had been a sufferer for many months, but it was not thought that the end was so near, and he passed away so quietly that those in the room with him were not aware of the change until a moment afterwards, when his countenance indicated it. Capt. Gardner as he was called was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him, and possessed many genial qualities. His early life was spent in the whaling service, in which he rose through the various grades, commanding successively ships Zephyr, of New Bedford, and Philippe Delanoye, of Fairhaven.

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion he entered the naval service of the Union as a volunteer, commissioned an acting master. He served with bravery and distinction, and followed up in regular line of promotion until he received rank as a lieutenant-commander in 1877. He participated in numerous important naval engagements on the James river and before Mobile, being under fire on twenty-seven occasions. A few years since, his physical infirmities having disqualified him for active service he was placed on the retired list, and has since resided here surrounded by home comforts and friends. He was twice married, and leaves a widow, who has the sympathies of the community in her affliction. His funeral occurred on Monday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. L. S. Baker (Congregational) and Rev. Mr. Roys (Unitarian). The deceased was arrayed in full naval uniform and the bell on the Unitarian church was tolled during the passage of the funeral procession to Prospect Hill cemetery. The flag over the Pacific Club room was also displayed at half-mast during the day.

The death of Captain George Crocker on Sunday at the age of 85 years, removes another of the colony of old Nantucket settlers who removed to Auburn many years ago from the sea-girt isle off the Massachusetts coast. It is said that at one time there were thirty-five old Nantucket families living in this vicinity. Now, but two of the octogenarians remain—Mrs. Rebecca Cottle, widow of Captian Shubael Cottle, who was 88 last month, and Mrs. Delia Coffin, widow of Captain Joshua Coffin, who will be 88 next month. All have children living here who were also born in Nantucket. When they lived on the island, whaling was in the zenith of its success and Nantucket was one of the principal whaling ports of the east. It was while in command of whale-ships that the title of captain was obtained by this intrepid trio, Captain Crocker for many years owned the large farm in Sennett, where he died, until it was purchased by his son-in-law, Frank W. Payne. For many years he was an elder of the First Presbyterian church of this city. Captain Crocker was thrice married and leaves several children.—Auburn Daily Advertiser, January 25.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

The funeral of Mrs. Henrietta, wife of Mr. Geo. H. Swain, took place yesterday afternoon from her late residence, 31 Richards street, Fair Haven. Rev. Mr. Cunningham officiated. She was a very estimable lady. She leaves a son, Dr. Swain, oculist and aurist of this city who lately returned from a course of study in Germany and a daughter who was recently married to Rev. Mr. Sims, of Norwalk, at the Fair Haven M. E. church. Dr. Swain took a high stand at the High school this city and graduated at Yale. The interment of Mrs. Swain is at Nantucket, Mass. *New Haven Courier, Dec. 5-1887.*

To the Friends of the Nantucket Athenaeum.

At the ANNUAL MEETING of the PROPRIETORS OF THE NANTUCKET ATHENEUM, it was unanimously voted to hold a FAIR in the month of August, 1870, to continue three days, for the purpose of raising funds for this, the only permanent literary institution of our Island.

Our building needs extensive repairs, and the library is sadly in want of a supply of modern publications. The thirst for knowledge on the part of our people is unabated, and we desire particularly to see every youthful mind in our midst supplied with the means of growth.

The FAIR will be held on the 9th, 10th and 11th of AUGUST NEXT. Our friends here are already at work. We mean that it shall surpass anything of the kind ever held here. The evening entertainments will be of a varied character, and will be such as will amuse, interest and instruct. The museum will receive large additions, and will be made a place of great interest. Articles of needle work in great abundance, objects of vertu, utensils of practical importance, and refreshments of rare excellence, will constantly be exposed for sale.

We ask the aid of our friends, wherever they may be. Contributions of money, dry goods, fancy articles, shells, confectionery, stationery, groceries, in fact anything that will sell, will be thankfully received. Many things will be needed at once, as the work of preparation has already commenced. Goods of a perishable nature, will, of course, not be desired until near the time of the Fair; but that our arrangements may be properly made, we solicit now, promises to furnish such articles whenever the committee may call for them. We seek nothing for ourselves, but in view of the great good accomplished in the past, we ask for aid in our efforts to sustain an institution which is calculated to be of immense importance in the development of those intellectual and moral faculties for whose cultivation Nantucket has always been pre-eminent.

Contributions may be forwarded and communications addressed to either of the Committee.

ALEXANDER MACY, Jr., Secretary.

ALFRED MACY, President.

TIMOTHY W. CALDER, Treasurer.

ANDREW WHITNEY,

Mrs. SARAH M. HALLETT,  
" JOSEPH B. MACY,  
" TIMOTHY W. CALDER,  
" JAMES WYER,  
" CHARLES H. STARBUCK,  
" E. H. ALLEY,  
" FRANKLIN NICKERSON,  
" JAMES H. GIBBS,  
" JOHN W. MACY,  
" SAMUEL B. SWAIN,  
Miss HELEN A. GARDNER,  
" MARY P. SWAIN,  
" JANE COFFIN,  
" SARAH F. BARNARD,  
" MARTHA F. COLEMAN,  
" SUSAN COFFIN,  
" PHEBE C. EDWARDS,  
" MARY E. COFFIN,  
" ANNIE B. MITCHELL.



*Minor - July 27-1929*  
*Lucretia M. Lusk was 1853*  
*Only 3 other women had been*  
*ordained as preachers in*  
*the world, when in 1868*  
*Mrs. Lusk was ordained*  
*as the "First woman*  
*minister in N.E."*  
*and the 14th in the world.*  
*She was 38 yrs. old.*  
*1868 she accepted a call*  
*to preach in the 1st*  
*Unitarian Church at*  
*Hingham, Mass.*  
*She was living in Reading.*

*1868*  
*Our Motherland President*  
*Lizzie - 1867.*  
*1870-71 - 3 book*  
*Biographies Mrs. Dickens*  
*1877. Women of the Century*  
*Sometimes listed as*  
*Daughters of America*  
*60,000 copies*  
*Printed by Julia M. Moore*  
*Mary C. Lawrence*  
*Edw. Cady Stanton*  
*Anne M. Willard*  
*Susan B. Anthony*

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

## NANTUCKET SOROSIS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On Monday, June 28th, Sorosis was invited to meet with Mrs. Benjamin Sharp, at her new cottage at Siasconset. Pleasant weather always lends inspiration to an out-of-town excursion, and this was one of the perfect days. So on the 10 o'clock train the happy band sped their way across the plain, by the placid sea, and were soon welcomed by the kindly hostess within the cozy dwelling. After the dinner had been enjoyed, the company were treated to the mental feast. The president, Miss Anna Gardner, read the following dedicatory poem:

By invitation of our friend beloved  
To her delightful summer residence  
(So aptly named Meerheim, or Ocean home),  
To meet its members and its friends.

That we dedicate to-day,  
Cottage by the sounding sea,  
Fashioned new and altered, yet retains  
Harming to a modern guest,  
Natural quaintness of the old.  
A friend, congratulations warm  
To its new life, it has assumed;  
Conspicuous grace in each detail  
Of curtains, carpets, rugs,  
Brought in minor shades, subdued,  
With a touch of color bright  
To wall and ample bracket seen.  
Furnishments on every hand appear—  
Here, German pottery, in style so quaint;  
There, outstretched fans with picturesque effect.  
Look at that souvenir from a young friend  
Whose fingers slight have skillfully wrought  
With scarlet bows and tiny Easter eggs,  
Heart-warmth—for dear remembrance and love.  
The oldest fashion is the newest now;  
The spinning-wheel and milking-stool intact  
To memory recalls grandmother's days  
Of spinning, weaving—every process through—  
Wrought by a woman's patient, skillful hand  
From the shorn wool, to a man's complete suit.  
And when through looms from the cocoon evolved  
As 'twere by magic, a bright silken dress.

The andiron in continental cap,  
With a long pipe descending to the waist,  
The antique vase, the ancient table, chair,  
Are object lessons—imprints on the mind  
That with the past make the "connecting link."  
On every side the old blends with the new,  
And constitutes a bright, harmonious whole.  
No ostentatious, no grandeur is required  
To please aesthetic taste—Art's devotee;  
Beauty presides within a lowly cot  
In humble guise, as in a palace grand.

We bless the home which now is newly launched  
Upon the shifting, never stagnant waves  
Of buoyant life, all spanned by rainbow hues.  
Domestic love—parental, filial, all  
The clustering loves of an ideal home  
Supply the basal structure of the State—  
The polished stones whereon to grandly build.  
Long may our friends resort in summer time  
To this retreat where Hygieia reigns supreme,  
And hospitality reaches to help  
Augment the sum of human happiness.

Rich is this house in retrospective wealth—  
Wealth of association—for these walls  
Have echoed the voice of many a guest  
Famed in the annals of our native isle.  
Who, glad and proud, heard plaudits of the world  
Re-echo loudly from this sea-girt shore.  
These rooms are classic. Gifted authors have  
Or gathered here around the social board,  
Where sterling character and wealth of thought  
Excluded pomp and ostentatious show.  
Then, honored friends, the Barneys ruled the feast  
At sweet Rose Cottage—well-remembered place!  
The honeysuckle climbed its lowly roof,  
Twining its tendrils with the roses' bloom,  
And mingling fragrance with the salt sea air.

Sages and poets—men and women, too—  
For wit distinguished and for wisdom rare,  
Have graced these rooms and held high converse  
Here.  
See Bradburn's noble form and presence grand,  
As it looms up in memory's distant haze;  
Listen to Lydia Barney's subtle wit,  
So super-exquisite; to Mary Earle's,  
Sharp as a cimeter.

Nantucket in those early days could boast  
A Newton—Walter Folger old.  
Among savans his name was eulogized  
For astronomical knowledge and for skill,  
Reflecting honor on his island home.  
Maria Mitchell still shines as a star.  
Lucretia Mott a kind of Mecca made  
Her native place. She was a peerless guest.  
Here Mrs. Hanaford stepped in and out  
With charming manners, interesting friends,  
Young was she then—not Rev. as now—  
But good as she was fair.

Were walls but phonographs, these would give  
Back  
Familiar discourse of exalted minds.  
Great minds of every type—philanthropists  
And leaders of reform—often met here.  
Garrison, Parker, and a host beside,  
Who, in abandon of their stern life-work,  
In full, magnetic social sympathy,  
Freely indulged the cheery laugh and joke,  
Making the welkin ring with joyous mirth.

Back on the stream of time the mind reverts  
To "Sconset's" ancient legendary days—  
To days when Peace built here her sacred shrine,  
And, undisturbed, reigned o'er the little group  
Of lowly cots nestled upon the bank,  
Guiltless of paint or style, when simple folk  
From Uncle Aldridge's to Pitman's farm,  
Contented lived, like a community,  
Each helping each, as in a household band.

Shadows of memory! Phantoms of the past!  
With what wide-eyed amazement and surprise  
Would men of other days behold this scene—  
This magic change the hand of Time has wrought.  
Their fishing-huts replaced by dwellings grand,  
By ornate cottages and costly grounds.

Dear were their humble cots in days of yore!  
Fond memory lingers in their cosy rooms  
Made fragrant with the honeysuckle brought  
From Bloomingdale's dense swamps, load after  
load.

To be filled in between the open jam  
Of the great fire-place, on the brick-laid hearth.  
Such were the decorations of that day,  
Supplied by Nature, modern brie-a-brac  
Had not displaced those simple ornaments;  
For these ingenious, simple-hearted folk,  
So wedded to the primitive—the old—  
To bow to Progress as a reigning Queen.

Even though her praise be sung in clarion notes,  
Is not an easy or a pleasant thing.  
The screeching engine and the rolling car,  
The telegraph and telephone to them  
Are innovations reckless of their past—  
Ruthless invaders of content and peace.  
Science stepped in, and with her sister, Art,  
Assumed to trespass on time-honored cult,  
Their antiquated customs to deride,  
To scout at "Sconset laws" by them revered,  
Fixed as the Medes and Persians of the past.

Who now remembers Franklin Folger old,  
Who wandered musing up and down the banks,  
Along these grassy lanes by the old pump?  
A kind of hermit, to himself absolved—  
A character original, unique.  
A famous genealogist was he,  
Who from the branches of each parent tree  
Could trace the root, and tell from whence it  
sprang.

"Franklin" was sought by all "off-island" guests  
Who hither came to rest or recreate.  
Wealth for a Dickens' pen were his odd ways,  
A specimen to the biologist  
All new.

So much a part of 'Sconset' was he then,  
That without him it would have vapid seemed,  
Like play of Hamlet, Hamlet's part left out.

What more delightful outing can be found  
Than is the drive along our open moors  
To 'Sconset's' wave-washed, undulating bank?  
No tropic-clime, no land beneath the sun,  
Though Florida reign supreme, can more than  
match

The infinite variety of flowers  
Blooming in beauty all along our plains.  
The trailing arbutus, the violet blue,  
The coy anemone and sweet swamp rose,  
The buttercup and dandelion bright,  
With all their sisterhood, as months advance,  
Impart sweet fragrance to the summer air,  
And, nodding, seem to greet the passer-by  
With a fond welcome, a caressing smile.

And then to stand upon the shelving bank  
And watch old ocean in its varied mood—  
Unparalleled in grandeur is the scene,  
So calm, so broad, so beautifully blue  
When Nature sleeps in quiet repose;  
Or when, storm-tossed, its wild refrain deep-toned,  
And foaming waves, are terrible and grand,  
The raging billows dash toward the shore  
Like a wild army in a desperate strife.

With a red letter we will mark the day  
Which finds us here to dedicate anew  
This unpretentious, cheery little home.

Accept, dear friend, these tributary lines,  
Which, simple in themselves, may yet avail  
Our earnest love and friendship to express,  
With hope to greet our friends for many years  
At this delightful sea-side residence.

Mrs. Catharine Starbuck read a chapter  
of Chronicles, giving the origin of this  
society, in her own inimitable style,  
which was exceedingly amusing, and called  
forth much merriment and applause.

Mrs. Benjamin Sharp read a little poem,  
"My Creed," written by that sweet singer  
Alice Carey. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crosby  
read a satirical piece in verse, called "A  
Woman's Strike," very apropos to the  
present time. Mrs. Helen B. Worth read  
a poem written by a former townsman,

giving a sketch of the old-time people  
and customs of that quaint village, with  
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antiquarian B. Franklin Folger, and set-  
ting forth in graphic manner his pro-  
ficiency in making the old-fashioned fish  
chowder. Mr. S. H. Mann read the fol-  
lowing toast:

Woman—the larger and better half of the human  
race; she who devotes herself to the happiness  
and welfare of others; the helper of those in sickness  
and distress, and whose intelligence is equal to any,  
has suffered too long from injustice and wrong.  
May the time soon come when all rights claimed by  
her brother shall be secured to her. Why should  
not my mother, my sister, my wife, my daughter,  
enjoy all the rights I claim for myself? Equal and  
exact justice answers, "They should."

Mrs. Sarah S. Swain responded, and  
fearing that by giving her own estimate  
of woman, which is very high, we might  
be considered a mutual admiration soci-  
ety, read a poem by John Ledyard, "The  
Praise of Women," which she thought  
would be received with better grace.

Mrs. C. A. J. Mann read a poem by Eliza-  
beth Barrett Browning, bearing upon the  
same subject. Miss Mabel S. Sharp read  
a poem entitled "Sea Weeds," written by  
Miss Anna Gardner, and very appropriate  
to the entertainment. Mrs. C. A. J.  
Mann read the following contribution,  
written by Mrs. Sarah Temple, a member  
of Sorosis, who was not able to attend  
the meeting:

"MARRIED, on the 17th Nov., 1885, by Mr. Hazen,  
assisted by Rev. Daniel Round, Mr. Con T. Nent to  
Miss Nan Tucket. For several years previous to  
the above announcement, various rumors were  
afloat concerning the intentions of Mr. Nent to-  
ward Miss Tucket. Nan was 'willin'; but Mr.  
Nent's guardian, Uncle Sam, objected. He did not  
wish to give his consent in a hurry; he must look  
into the matter a little more closely. Miss Tucket  
was rather a small, obscure lady, had spent all her  
life at sea, &c., &c. But Nan's friends rallied  
around her, and finally succeeded in convincing  
Uncle Sam that the advantage of the union would  
be mutual. So his consent was obtained, and the  
engagement publicly announced in November.  
After giving the bride elect ample time to prepare  
her trousseau, a very quiet wedding took place.  
Prosperity to them both, their sons and daughters,  
and may their lines ever fall in pleasant places."

Mrs. Rebecca A. Morse gave us a very  
pleasant talk about the work New York  
Sorosis is doing. One of the prominent  
and valued members of that society she  
said, is Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller, who  
writes so delightfully for the *Atlantic*,

Harper's, &c., generally upon some branch  
of natural history, but more particularly  
about the feathered tribe; and has labored  
for the preservation of the birds, protest-  
ed against applying this valuable ele-  
ment of beauty and usefulness for or-  
namentation, and has influenced very  
largely other women against this inhu-  
man practice. Mrs. Miller is a daughter of  
Mr. S. H. Mann, a member of Nantucket  
Sorosis. Professor Moses Morse made  
some very witty remarks; but as wit,  
without the occasion and manner, can-  
not easily be conveyed on paper, we shall  
not be able to give his words. Dr. Sharp  
gave with great effect an instance of the  
leaving out of a comma in a sentence,  
thus giving an opposite meaning to what  
was intended:

"Woman without her man would be a savage."  
Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck read admir-  
ably a humorous piece, "The Music  
Stool," which elicited great applause.  
Mrs. Linda S. Barney made a presenta-  
tion to the hostess in a very happy man-  
ner, the nature of which will be seen by  
the accompanying lines:

This work of art, wrought for her sake,  
To Mrs. Sharp I reach,  
And timidly attempt to make  
A presentation speech.  
It is not well in suds to lave  
The rings on fingers found;  
Her hands so lily-white 'twill save,  
While whirling round and round.  
No lace-work can, or applique  
In usefulness compare  
With this dish-mop, so deftly made  
And finished off with care.

Sorosis would the world inform  
And lead all men to see  
Dish-washing is attended to,  
As well as poetry.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crosby concluded the  
exercises by a toast: "A triple health to  
mother, son, and daughter."

It was a very auspicious dedication of  
the "Ocean Home," and we trust there will  
be many subsequent and festive occasions  
gathered within its hospitable walls.

SARAH S. SWAIN, Secretary.

## Suffrage Convention

under the auspices of the

Massachusetts Suffrage Association.

—AT—

## Atheneum Hall,

Evening of January 19, and afternoon and even-  
ing of January 20, 1885.

The convention will be addressed by  
HENRY B. BLACKWELL, Esq., of Boston;  
REV. ANNIE M. SHAW, of East Dennis;  
MISS CORA SCOTT POND, of Boston;  
MRS. A. ATCLAFIN, of Boston.

## MARRIAGES.

In this town, 1st inst., at the residence of the  
bride's mother, on Pearl street, by Rev. Frank  
Bowler, Mr. George T. Carter, of Boston, and Miss  
Minnie Hathaway, of this town.

## DEATHS.

In this town, 3d inst., Elizabeth, wife of Charles  
McCleave, aged 64 years, 6 months.  
In this town, 3d inst., Owen C. Spooner, aged 79  
years, 5 months, 26 days.  
In this town, 5th inst., Joseph Mitchell, 2d, aged  
75 years, 6 months.  
In this town 5th inst., Love, widow of Harvey  
Smith, aged 85 years, 2 months, 23 days.

## Jan. DEATHS. 1887

In this town, 24th inst., Mary F., wife of James  
Austin, aged 74 years, 6 months, 17 days. Funeral  
at 3 o'clock on the 27th. [Hudson, N. Y. papers  
please copy.]  
In this town, 24th inst., Capt. Isaac Gardner,  
aged 87 years, 4 months.  
In Sherwood, Cayuga county, N. Y., 5th inst.,  
at her residence, Elizabeth Otis, formerly of Nan-  
tucket, in the 63d year of her age; 21st, her hus-  
band, Samuel D. Otis, in his 67th year.  
In Fairhaven, 22d inst., Eliza, widow of the late  
Dr. Nathaniel Kuggles, aged 79 years, 11 months.  
In Charlestown, Portage Co., O., 17th inst.,  
Lydia, widow of Capt. William Wyer, aged 86  
years.

## MISS PARLOA'S PITCHERS.

BIG JUGS AND LITTLE JUGS FROM ALL QUARTERS  
OF THE GLOBE.

"I have made a collection of pitchers" said  
Miss Parloa incidentally in her lecture last week.  
"Pitchers and teapots have more character than any  
other dishes. After the lecture come into the back par-  
lor and see my seventy-five little pitchers if you would  
like to see what a variety of expression may be given to  
a pitcher."

This back parlor is fitted up as a dining-room.  
On a number of brie-a-brac shelves set against a back-  
ground of dark-red paper to throw into relief their  
varied colors were the pitchers. Some hung in rows;  
others stood on the shelves. There were round pitchers  
like fat Chinese mandarins, long slim pitchers, eccentric  
pitchers which were of no use except for show, and  
practical, wide-mouthed, common-place pitchers. There  
were some in antique shape like the pitcher in the fami-  
liar picture of "Rebecca at the Well"; and Queen Anne  
pitchers, which might have been copied from the one  
which furnished cream to those cups of fragrant bolida,  
which Richardson and his spinster friends drank to the  
success of "Clarissa Hallowell."

Miss Parloa began at once to talk about her pets.  
"This brown Wedgewood, with yellow flowers on it, is  
lovely—look at the golden daffodils. See this relief of  
the jolly Dutchman smoking his pipe and drinking his  
beer—the picture of comfort. Here is an old silver  
pitcher for cream and here is one of old fashioned stone-

ware, made near Boston and called 'Corryhill' after the  
manufacturer's place." "This pitcher," she continued,  
sleazing one covered with strange red excrescences, "this  
one is a devil-fish pitcher; its attraction is its ugliness.  
That square bit of old-fashioned blue basket stoneware  
is endeared to me because of its homeliness;—it is such  
a comfortable old shoe of a pitcher!" "This is Japan-  
ese," she said, turning to a piece of dark blue porcelain  
ornamented in gold with flowers and strange insects.  
"And this hexagonal pitcher with its cream-white  
ground painted with blue myrtle is a Minton. Notice its  
antique shape and wide base. A little maid who washed  
dishes for me never ceased to admire 'the sit of it.' I  
buy pitchers every where I go and they are given to me  
by friends who know my fancy. There are two twin  
pitchers in barrel shape on the shelf; one was bought in  
New-York, the other in Detroit. That bright little bit of  
stoneware in the corner was given to me by a Yale gradu-  
ate; it was used last year on the table of one of the  
University clubs. Here is a bit of Mexican stoneware  
decorated with silver and colors; it holds only two thin-  
bleafs. This is a piece of Huguenot china in dark blue  
and gold; and this creamy white pitcher is an Irish por-  
celain, an exquisite variety of ware recently successfully  
copied in this country. Those dainty pieces of Royal  
Worcester on the buffet were given to me at Louisville  
and this little majolica representing an ear of green corn  
I used with mush and milk in Paris. You have noticed  
this gigantic old blue pitcher; it is over one hundred  
years old and was sent to me last summer from Nan-  
tucket by a friend who was careful to hunt up its history  
and found it was fully as old as represented."

We heard an old friend of the Hicksite persuasion,  
Deploing the march of this summer invasion;  
In his view the time must be quite out of joint,  
When gentle folks wanted to live on Brant Point.  
"Who'd ha' thought it?" he said, "our beloved old  
meeting house,  
Be transformed into a lodging and eating-house,  
Where worldly folk clothed in apparel so gay,  
Come together to idle the bright hours away,  
While the odors of roast-beef, tobacco and wine,  
Taint the walls that once echoed the Spirit Divine!  
O shades of George Fox and Elias Hicks, too,  
Must our own sober ideas give way to the new?"

SOROSIS.—The regular monthly meet-  
ing of Sorosis was held with Mrs.  
Catharine Starbuck Monday afternoon.  
Goethe was the author to be considered,  
and there was a general participation by  
those present in the reading and dis-  
cussion. An enjoyable and profitable  
meeting was the result.

## SUNSET.

Like some grand, glad surprise, the west took on  
its gold,  
And flushed the chilly east from colors gray and  
cold  
To rosy warmth; swift-flaming banners shot the  
sky  
And crossed its darkling blue in shining fold on  
fold,  
While on the horizon's line bright sea-green  
oceans lie.  
How luminous the scene! The heavens all spread  
with light;  
E'en in the south the sombre clouds caught at  
the red,  
And fringed themselves. The west, all vivid and  
all bright,  
Meanwhile, gleamed on with shining inward glory  
fed.  
Slow changed the view, like some imagined fire-  
place tiled  
With sard. Intense and still low-burned the  
steady fire,  
The clouds above, now lurid-turned, are careful  
piled,  
Like back-logs, and the scattering flame lifts  
chilled hearts higher.  
October 6, 1886.

L. S. B.



AB-

WITH  
LEAVE.

WITHOUT  
LEAVE.

Commissioned Officers.  
Enlisted Men.

Commissioned Officers.  
Enlisted Men.

# To the Friends of the Nantucket Athenaeum.

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1887.

## OBITUARY.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas M. Gardner died at his home, corner of Main and Orange streets, early Friday morning last, at the age of 66 years. He had been a sufferer for many months, but it was not thought that the end was so near, and he passed away so quietly that those in the room with him were not aware of the change until a moment afterwards.

indicated it. Capt. Gardner was a man high-ly known, and his qualities. His the whaling ser-vice through the vari-ous successively Bedford, and Phil-haven.

out of the Rebellion service of the Union. He was commissioned an acting with bravery and was placed on regular rank when he received rank under in 1877. He was an important naval officer, and he was placed on the list of the com-missioned since he resided here in comfort and friends. He was a widower, and leaves a wife and three children. His funeral occurred on the 1st inst., the services being performed by Rev. L. S. Baker. The Rev. Mr. Roys read the service, and the bell on the tower tolled during the procession to Prospect Street. The flag over the house was also displayed at the funeral.

in George Crocker, of 85 years, re-located in the colony of old Nantucket, moved to Auburn, the sea-girt isle off Cape Cod. It is said that there are thirty-five old people living in this vicinity. Octogenarians re-portedly are not scarce. Cottle, widow of George, who was 88 last year, died. A Coffin, widow of George, who will be 88 next year, is also living. The children living in Nantucket. The island, whale-ry, and its success and of the principal business. It was while he was in the ships that the title was given to him by this intrepid captain for many years in Sennett, where he was purchased by his wife, V. Payne, for \$10,000. For many years he was the elder of the First Church in this city. Captain Cottle was married and had three children. — Auburn Daily Journal.

## Estimable Lady.

Mrs. Henrietta, wife of Mr. Sims, died at her residence, 31 Richmond Street, on the 1st inst. Rev. Mr. Cunningham was a very estimable friend of the deceased, and Dr. Swain, oculist, who lately returned from Germany and a

daughter who was recently married to Rev. Mr. Sims, of Norwalk, at the Fair Haven M. E. church. Dr. Swain took a high stand at the High school this city and graduated at Yale. The interment of Mrs. Swain is at Nantucket, Mass. New Haven Courier, Jan. 5-1887.

Memor - July 27-1929

Lucretia Peabody - 1853

Only 3 other women had been ordained as preachers in the world, when in 1868 Mrs. Peabody was ordained as the "First woman minister in N.E." and the 1st in the world.

She was 38 yrs. old. In 1868 she accepted a call to preach in the 1st Universalist Church at Hingham, Mass. She was living in Reading.

1. Our Martyred President Lincoln - 1867.

1870-71 - 3 books

Biographies of Mrs. Peabody

1877. Women of the Century

Some of the best as Daughters of America

Friends were - Julia W. Howe, Mary C. Kimball, Eliz. Cady Stanton, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony

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For the Inquirer and Mirror.

### NANTUCKET SOROSIS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On Monday, June 28th, Sorosis was invited to meet with Mrs. Benjamin Sharp, at her new cottage at Siasconset. Pleasant weather always lends inspiration to an out-of-town excursion, and this was one of the perfect days. So on the 10 o'clock train the happy band sped their way across the plain, by the placid sea, and were soon welcomed by the kindly hostess within

the cozy dwell-  
been enjoyed,  
to the mental  
Anna Gardner  
catory poem:

By invitation of  
To her delight  
So aptly named  
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ere, German pot  
There, outstretch  
Look at that son  
Whose fingers slig  
With scarlet bows  
Heart warmth—f  
The oldest fashion  
To spinning whe  
To memory recall  
Of spinning, weav  
Wrought by a won  
From the shorn w  
And when througl  
As 'twere by magi

The andiron in co  
With a long pipe  
The antique vase,  
Are object lessons  
That with the pas  
On ev'ry side the  
And constitutes a  
No costliness, no  
To please aesthetic  
Beauty presides w  
In humble guise,  
We bless the home  
Upon the shifting  
Of buoyant life, at  
Domestic love—pa  
The clust'ring lov  
Supply the basal st  
The polished ston

Long may our frie  
To this retreat wh  
And hospitality re  
Augment the sum  
Rich is this house  
Wealth of associat  
Have echoed to th  
Famed in the ann  
Who, glad and pro  
Re-echo loudly fro  
These rooms are cl  
Of gathered here  
Where sterling cha  
Excluded pomp an  
Then, honored frie  
At sweet Rose Cot  
The honeysuckle c  
Twining its tendr  
And mingling frag

Sages and poets—n  
For wit distinguish  
Have graced these  
here.  
See Bradburn's no  
As it looms up in  
Listen to Lydia Ba  
So super-exquisite  
Sharp as a cimeter

Nantucket in those  
A Newton—Walter  
Among savans his  
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Reflecting honor of  
Maria Mitchell stil  
Lucretia Mott a ki  
Her native place.

Here Mrs. Hanafor  
With charming ma  
Young was she the  
But good as she wa  
Were walls but p  
back  
Familiar discourse  
Great minds of ev  
And leaders of ref  
Garrison, Parker, a  
Who, in abandon o  
In full, magnetic s  
Freely indulged th  
Making the welkin

Back on the stream  
To 'Sconset's anc  
To days when Peac  
And, undisturbed,  
Of lowly cots nestl  
Guiltless of paint  
From Uncle Aldrid  
Contented lived, li  
Each helping each

Shadows of memor  
With what wide-ey  
Would men of othe  
This magic change  
Their fishing-but  
By ornate cottages and costly grounds.

Dear were their humble cots in days of yore!  
Fond mem'ry lingers in their cosy rooms  
Made fragrant with the honeysuckle brought  
From Bloomingdale's dense swamps, load after  
load.

To be filled in between the open jam  
Of the great fire-place, on the brick-laid hearth.  
Such were the decorations of that day,  
Supplied by Nature; modern bric-a-brac  
Had not displaced those simple ornaments;  
For these ingenious, simple-hearted folk,  
So wedded to the primitive—the old—  
To bow to Progress as a reigning Queen.

be mutual. So his consent was obtained, and the  
engagement publicly announced in November.  
After giving the bride elect ample time to prepare  
her trousseau, a very quiet wedding took place.  
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Sorosis. Professor Moses Morse made  
some very witty remarks: but as wit

E'en though her praise be sung in clarion notes,  
Is not an easy or a pleasant thing.  
The screeching engine and the rolling car,  
The telegraph and telephone to them  
Are innovations reckless of their past—  
Ruthless invaders of content and peace.  
Science stepped in, and with her sister, Art,  
Assumed to trespass on time-honored cult,  
Their antiquated customs to deride,  
To scout at "Sconset laws" by them revered,  
Fixed as the Medes and Persians of the past.

Who now remembers Franklin Folger old,  
Who wandered musing up and down the banks,  
Along these grassy lanes by the old pump?  
A kind of hermit, to himself absolved—  
A character original, unique.  
A famous genealogist was he,  
Who from the branches of each parent tree  
Could trace the root and tell from whence

1st woman minister  
ordained in N. E.  
Universities

8 line 1st minister  
6 " Starbuck  
3 " Mary  
4 " J. Folger Luther Bates  
Dagory Christy  
Mayflower Company  
(Mary Brewster and Phineas Bates  
whose son Jos. and Dorcas  
Folger dau. Peter Folger  
1. Benj. Franklen (Ed. son P. Folger)  
2. Dr. Isaac Coffin  
3. Hon. Walter Folger  
4. Lt. Mary Starbuck?  
5. Lucretia Coffin Mott?  
6. Maria Mitchell

First woman minister  
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First woman to serve as  
chaplain in the Legislature  
in 1870 and 1872 at Conn.

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Commissioned Officers.  
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years.



## To the Friends of the Nantucket Athenaeum.

At the ANNUAL MEETING of the PROPRIETORS OF THE NANTUCKET ATHENEUM, it was unanimously voted to hold a FAIR in the month of August, 1870, to continue three days, for the purpose of raising funds for this, the only permanent literary institution of our Island.

Our building needs extensive repairs, and the library is sadly in want of a supply of modern publications. The thirst for knowledge on the part of our people is unabated, and we desire particularly to see every youthful mind in our midst supplied with the means of growth.

The FAIR will be held on the 9th, 10th and 11th of AUGUST NEXT. Our friends here are already at work. We mean that it shall surpass anything of the kind ever held here. The evening entertainments will be of a varied character, and will be such as will amuse, interest and instruct. The museum will receive large additions, and will be made a place of great interest. Articles of needle work in great abundance, objects of *virtu*, utensils of practical importance, and refreshments of rare excellence, will constantly be exposed for sale.

We ask the aid of our friends, wherever they may be. Contributions of money, dry goods, fancy articles, shells, confectionery, stationery, groceries, in fact anything that will sell, will be thankfully received. Many things will be needed at once, as the work of preparation has already commenced. Goods of a perishable nature, will, of course, not be desired until near the time of the Fair; but that our arrangements may be properly made, we solicit *now*, promises to furnish such articles whenever the committee may call for them. We seek nothing for ourselves, but in view of the great good accomplished in the past, we ask for aid in our efforts to sustain an institution which is calculated to be of immense importance in the development of those intellectual and moral faculties for whose cultivation Nantucket has always been pre-eminent.

Contributions may be forwarded and communications addressed to either of the Committee.

ALEXANDER MACY, Jr., Secretary.

ALFRED MACY, President.

TIMOTHY W. CALDER, Treasurer.

ANDREW WHITNEY,  
FREDERICK C. SANFORD,  
J. B. KING,  
JAMES WYER,  
E. H. ALLEY,  
JOSEPH MITCHELL, 2d,  
WILLIAM H. WAITT,  
JOSEPH MITCHELL,  
CHARLES G. COFFIN,  
JOSEPH B. MACY,  
JAMES H. GIBBS,  
JOHN W. MACY,  
HENRY D. ROBINSON,  
Mrs. ALFRED MACY,  
" GEORGE STARBUCK,  
" J. B. KING,  
" WILLIAM H. CROSBY,  
" S. D. HOSMER,  
" MATTHEW STARBUCK.

Mrs. SARAH M. HALLETT,  
" JOSEPH B. MACY,  
" TIMOTHY W. CALDER,  
" JAMES WYER,  
" CHARLES H. STARBUCK,  
" E. H. ALLEY,  
" FRANKLIN NICKERSON,  
" JAMES H. GIBBS,  
" JOHN W. MACY,  
" SAMUEL B. SWAIN,  
Miss HELEN A. GARDNER,  
" MARY P. SWAIN,  
" JANE COFFIN,  
" SARAH F. BARNARD,  
" MARTHA F. COLEMAN,  
" SUSAN COFFIN,  
" PHEBE C. EDWARDS,  
" MARY E. COFFIN,  
" ANNIE B. MITCHELL.

Nantucket, Mass., Feb. 28th, 1870.



Mr. Frederick F. Parker captured an eel at Hither Creek on Tuesday which weighed four and three-quarters pounds.

### EVENING TRANSCRIPT

MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1888.

THE IMPORTANCE of the marine telegraph connecting Nantucket with the main land, and the value of the signal service station on the island, have been fully shown through the recent cold spells. For nearly two weeks no mail has reached or left the island, but the cable has served to keep up communication with the rest of the world, and it has thus been possible for the officers of the Signal Service to send word when help was needed for ships caught in the ice, or in any distress. At least thirty vessels have been helped out of great perils in the last fortnight by tugs or revenue cutters. Word comes this morning that fifty craft are caught in the ice off the island between Tuckernuck Shoals and Great Point. The island has not been visited with so long-continued and severe cold weather in thirty years.

### OBITUARY.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas M. Gardner died at his home, corner of Main and Orange streets, early Friday morning last, at the age of 66 years. He had been a sufferer for many months, but it was not thought that the end was so near, and he passed away so quietly that those in the room with him were not aware of the change until a moment afterwards, when his countenance indicated it. Capt. Gardner as he was called was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him, and possessed many genial qualities. His early life was spent in the whaling service, in which he rose through the various grades, commanding successively ships Zephyr, of New Bedford, and Philippe Delanoye, of Fairhaven.

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion he entered the naval service of the Union as a volunteer, commissioned an acting master. He served with bravery and distinction, and followed up in regular line of promotion until he received rank as a lieutenant-commander in 1877. He participated in numerous important naval engagements on the James river and before Mobile, being under fire on twenty-seven occasions. A few years since, his physical infirmities having disqualified him for active service he was placed on the retired list, and has since resided here surrounded by home comforts and friends. He was twice married, and leaves a widow, who has the sympathies of the community in her affliction. His funeral occurred on Monday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. L. S. Baker (Congregational) and Rev. Mr. Roys (Unitarian). The deceased was arrayed in full naval uniform and the bell on the Unitarian church was tolled during the passage of the funeral procession to Prospect Hill cemetery. The flag over the Pacific Club room was also displayed at half-mast during the day.

The death of Captain George Crocker on Sunday at the age of 85 years, removes another of the colony of old Nantucket settlers who removed to Auburn many years ago from the sea-girt isle off the Massachusetts coast. It is said that at one time there were thirty-five old Nantucket families living in this vicinity. Now, but two of the octogenarians remain—Mrs. Rebecca Cottle, widow of Captain Shubael Cottle, who was 88 last month, and Mrs. Delia Coffin, widow of Captain Joshua Coffin, who will be 88 next month. All have children living here who were also born in Nantucket. When they lived on the island, whale-fishing was in the zenith of its success and Nantucket was one of the principal whaling ports of the east. It was while in command of whale-ships that the title of captain was obtained by this intrepid trio, Captain Crocker for many years owned the large farm in Sennett, where he died, until it was purchased by his son-in-law, Frank W. Payne. For many years he was an elder of the First Presbyterian church of this city. Captain Crocker was thrice married and leaves several children.—Auburn Daily Advertiser, January 25.

### Death of an Estimable Lady.

The funeral of Mrs. Henrietta, wife of Mr. Geo. H. Swain, took place yesterday afternoon from her late residence, 31 Richards street, Fair Haven. Rev. Mr. Cunningham officiated. She was a very estimable lady. She leaves a son, Dr. Swain, oculist and aurist of this city who lately returned from a course of study in Germany and a daughter who was recently married to Rev. Mr. Sims, of Norwalk, at the Fair Haven M. E. church. Dr. Swain took a high stand at the High school this city and graduated at Yale. The interment of Mrs. Swain is at Nantucket, Mass. *New Haven Courier* Jan. 5-1887.

# The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1887.

The Boston Sunday Record, under its head of "Political Note Book," says:

"The house seems always ready for a laugh. It keenly appreciates humor, and looks for it when John Hallett of Nantucket rises to speak. As the portly representative stalked to the front, unrolled the mysterious map hanging near the speaker's desk, and proceeded to demonstrate why Muskeget should be annexed to Nantucket, the house fairly roared with laughter. And when he pathetically pictured the "prodigal son" anxious to return to the parent isle, and graphically shouted, "Let her come!" the house was convulsed.

The whole scene, the portly musician and fisherman, the faithful Nantucket representative, his loud and rasping voice, his humorous hits and allusions and his perfectly sober face were enough to upset the most dignified.

Oliver E. Linton, the white-haired, bashful member from Cottage City, at the last election received a few votes from the fishermen of the islands in dispute and protested against the outrage of annexation. Poor Linton! He sits in the corner on the speaker's left, and almost behind him. He arose in his seat and moved his lips for some moments before the speaker realized that he had begun his speech. The contrast between this soft-voiced member and Capt. Hallett was too much for the house, and added fuel to the uproar.

Linton, by the way, was for 20 years a teacher of writing in Comer's Business College in Boston. He stuck to his desk until his health completely gave way, when he moved away to breathe the salt air of the sea-shore. He is a quiet, bashful, unassuming old man, and much beloved by his constituents.

**ANNEXATION TO NANTUCKET.**—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Thursday last, Mr. Hallett of Nantucket made a humorous speech in support of the bill to annex Muskeget and Gravelly Islands to Nantucket. After brief opposition, headed by Mr. Linton of Cottage City, the bill was ordered to a third reading by an almost unanimous vote. The grounds of opposition were stated by Mr. Linton thus: It has been argued that, inasmuch as these islands are within the tide waters of Nantucket, the right of jurisdiction over them should also be exercised by that county. This position cannot be maintained and has no argument in its support. It is true, the Harbor and Land Commissioners included these islands within the tide waters of Nantucket, but they neither had nor claimed to have any authority over land jurisdiction; on the contrary, they were careful to disclaim any such authority. If the consideration just referred to is sought to be maintained against the ruling of the Harbor and Land Commissioners, we are met with the fact that other islands similarly situated are no longer under their original jurisdiction. The island of Mashpee in Buzzard's Bay belongs to Sandwich; the Commissioners included it in the waters of Wareham. Billingsgate Island belongs to Eastham; this island was included in the waters of Wellfleet. Great Misery Island in Salem Harbor belongs to the city of Salem; this island was included in the waters of Beverly. If the bill now before the House is to receive any support on the ground that Muskeget and Gravelly Islands are included in the tide waters of Nantucket, it follows that Salem must relinquish Great Misery Island, Eastham must lose Billingsgate and Sandwich must give up the island of Mashpee. [The bill has since passed to be engrossed.]

**Editor of the Journal.**—It appears that a new and novel feature was introduced at the Town Hall at the late election. The idea was possibly conceived in the fertile brain of some notorious blackleg. On counting the votes there appeared some very objectionable names for School Committee. I was informed that it was done to shame the very respectable body of lady voters from the hall. It reminds me of an anecdote I saw in one of our local papers where a gathering of Woman Suffragists were put to shame by similar conduct on the part of apologies for men. I think they had been previously ridiculed when a large gaunt colored woman appeared before them and took a place near or upon the platform. Some consternation was felt among them lest their cause should be identified with that class of society and I think there was heard the cry of "nigger," when the lady in question, none other than Sojourner Truth, arose giving them scorn for scorn with compound interest. They were utterly annihilated and to use the words of one of these good ladies, "she fairly took us up in her great strong arms and carried us over to victory."

The day may be not far distant when woman's vote will be respected and solicited. Every reform has been ridiculed and has finally triumphed. It is the fear of woman's influence that causes all the trouble. A regiment of five hundred strong is not easily ignored. I sincerely hope the temperance people and the clergy will persevere in the good work begun and use all their influence toward the election of temperance people to fill every office.

The man of fine form and feature and who has a way to please the multitude generally has a long train of admirers but in times that try men's souls all this is overlooked and the good man is brought to the front. To all who possess the spirit of reform, I would say:

Art thou faithful, then oppose  
Sin and wrong with all thy might.  
Care not how the tempest blows,  
Only care to win the fight.

**ALARM OF FIRE.**—Never did the male population of Nantucket turn out en masse with greater alacrity than on Monday afternoon last in response to the alarming cry of "fire!" The announcement made was "up Main street" and thither engines, hose carts and pedestrians hastened with all possible speed. The cause of the alarm proved to be the burning of a henry belonging to Messrs. R. B. Hussey and M. F. Freeborn, at the rear of the latter's residence on Milk street, and was probably occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp which supplied the heat for a patent incubator then in operation. The fire was confined to the interior of the building and extinguished by neighbors before the arrival of the fire department. The bells were not rung, but Alarmist Hull did good service notifying the inhabitants by aid of his fish horn. Had the fire occurred in the night the result can only be anticipated as a high wind was blowing directly toward the most thickly settled part of the town. Besides the eggs destroyed a number of fancy-breed fowl were suffocated by the smoke, swelling the amount of the loss to about \$50.

**MORAL.**—Don't hasten to get rich too fast. Though a rifle slower, the old fashioned way of hatching chicks is the safest, for the hen never bursts or ignites.

**OBITUARY.**  
Mrs. Martha W. Jenks, who died in South Boston on the 20th ult., was born in Nantucket, April 21, 1801, and in 1823 married Samuel H. Jenks, many years editor of the Nantucket Inquirer. Mrs. Jenks aided her husband greatly in his newspaper work and also contributed to magazines sketches and poems of acknowledged merit. She leaves three children, Francis H. Jenks of the Boston Transcript, Miss Martha C. Jenks and Mrs. Lucy C. Bartlett.

**OLD NED.**—Rev. J. E. Swallow of Somerville recently lost his horse. "Old Ned" had quite a history. Born on the island of Nantucket, July 24, 1850, he has never changed owners since that time, and 20 miles would more than cover the distance which he has ever been driven by any than members of his own family. Mr. Swallow has twice refused an offer of \$500 for him. He never was sick a day in his life, and for 30 years has shared all the varied experiences incident to a minister's life. His remains rest peacefully nearly opposite "Fort Grindle."—*Mr. Desert Herald.*

**STILL ON THE ALERT.**—Our readers will remember that we chronicled the fact a few weeks since of a midnight drive to Surf-side by certain enterprising wreckers attracted thither by, what proved to be an ignis fatuus. One night last week the watchman in the tower discovering a strange light at the south side of the island, and notifying the same parties, they again set out post haste for Surf-side, only to find on their arrival that the cause of alarm had been a bunch of burning beach grass accidentally ignited by a patrolman in lighting his pipe and speedily extinguished.

JUNE 1, 1886.

## Company ( )

Colonel

IN ARREST OR CONFINEMENT.	HORSES.	ON DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.


AB.

Commissioned Officers.  
Enlisted Men.  
Commissioned Officers.  
Enlisted Men.

Death of Austin Baldwin.  
Mr. Austin Baldwin, the well-known steamship agent, died at his home, No. 162 West Twenty-second street, yesterday morning. He was born in 1807. He was educated in this city for the legal profession, but gave up study to embark in other business. He was one of the originators of the old Whig party and an enthusiastic advocate of its principles, enjoying the friendship of both Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. In 1836 he removed to Middletown, Conn., but still retained his active interest in politics. He was Speaker of the Connecticut Legislature for one term and held office under Gov. Harrison and was twice nominated Governor of the State.  
Mr. Baldwin returned to this city in 1857, where he remained up to the time of his death. For many years past he was agent of the State line of steamers and with his brother, Radcliffe Baldwin, operated Baldwin's European Express.

## The Daily Graphic

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THE LATE AUSTIN BALDWIN.  
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.]

**AUSTIN BALDWIN.**  
Mr. Austin Baldwin, head of the shipping firm of Austin Baldwin & Co. of 53 Broadway, died at early hour Friday morning at his residence, 162 West Twenty-fifth street. He was stricken with paralysis on Friday of last week, and from that time until his death, seven days later, he never regained consciousness. Mr. Baldwin was seventy-nine years old, and had been prominently identified with the commercial interests of this city for over fifty years. He was the founder of the Baldwin European Express Company for the conveyance of small parcels across the Atlantic. His firm was also the agents of the State line of Glasgow steamers. Mr. Baldwin was a public spirited citizen, taking great interest in the municipal affairs of this city, and was active twenty-five years ago in movements for reform in local politics. He was as popular as he was well known in business circles. Recently the infirmities of advancing years prevented his active participation in the business of his firm, which has devolved upon his son, his partner in the house. Mr. Baldwin's domestic life was very happy until the death of his wife, on March 27. They had lived together for fifty-four years, and her death was a great blow to him.

1681.

1881.

## Memorial and Re-union.

### GREAT GATHERING

Of the Descendants of Tristram Coffin to take place  
AT NANTUCKET, MASS., IN 1881.

It is proposed to hold a grand re-union of the descendants of Tristram Coffin, (with their wives and husbands,) on the island of Nantucket, to commemorate the Bi-Centennial of the decease of that worthy patriarch, which occurred on the second day of October, 1681. The precise date of the re-union has not yet been definitely fixed, as it may be decided to place the time somewhat earlier, to bring it into the summer season, but due notice will be given after further consultation and correspondence with the many representatives of the Coffin family who are scattered far and wide, and from whom suggestions are expected and hereby invited.

Besides the usual festivities with the feast of body and mind commonly incident to such occasions, it is proposed to lay the corner stone of a Monument to the memory of Tristram Coffin, near the spot where his residence stood two centuries ago, or to found a Coffin Memorial Hall, or in some other appropriate manner to perpetuate the name and memory of the first of his race who settled in America and from whom all American Coffins are descended.

Many prominent members of the Coffin family have already signified their intention of being present at the gathering, and the responses from many quarters indicate a growing enthusiasm on

Journal Office—Nantucket.

## THE NANTUCKET.

The Hotel of the above name, to the cut of which we would call your attention, is just completed, and is newly furnished throughout in a most attractive manner. It is 260 feet in length, and is located on Brant Point, on the Island of Nantucket. This Island is 30 miles in length, 3 to 5 miles in breadth, and is situated about 30 miles from the main land. Little need be said regarding the climate and sanitary conditions of this favored spot, but a few facts may be of interest.

First—It is nearer the Gulf Stream than any other American summer resort. The air is, therefore, very soft, and yet bracing, and moist without being damp. Fogs, such as occur at so many of our summer watering places, being very rare here; and there is none of that disagreeable stickiness so often noticeable in the air of other localities. At times, after heavy storms, the ocean spray is sometimes blown the full breadth of the Island, saturating the air with chloride of sodium, the sulphates of magnesium, calcium and potassium, and other valuable medicinal agents.

Second—Owing to its distance from the coast, the climate is essentially oceanic, and is therefore more equable, and also cooler, than on the main land.

Third—But although the air is cooler, the water is warmer than at other seaside resorts, and the bathing is therefore more enjoyable, and attended with less shock to the nervous system.

Fourth—Owing to its situation, one never experiences that hot, parching summer wind from the centre of the continent; but from whatever quarter the wind blows, it is always a cool, comfortable, sea-breeze.

nights save while summer company is here. This for generations has given in

Strood Park Library. The other is the Life of St. Benedict, and is three hundred years old.

the male population of 'Sconset in the evening to hang their legs over barrels, smoke chew, tobacco fish yarns. We could endure a lot of things no longer. Last night I clubbed together and built a fire to meet in evenings.

90, and consists of one room, lamp, twenty chairs, two bar-bellies, a big table, two small ones, a tin cup, an old gun and a sand box, which our tobacco is expected at least to aim at, dogs. When the club meets pipes are all in full blast the thick enough for a fog on the The club house also answers to office. Anybody who comes Nantucket brings the mail. The papers are spread on the table, and they are for comes and gets the Post-office department runs

unset women don't approve of house. Before it was built the had to stay at home, because no place to go to. Now he's port he stays out till ten or look at night. You see, as a thing, when he'd cleaned up, was only time he didn't smell cod-was olfactorily endurable in the circle. Now he wastes his time on the desert and ultra air of the club house.

is a place, where through combined influence and result of earth and air, you can forget every it may be to live, stop and simply exist. It is a place where things are made and you can live you want to. You get up in the at your breakfast then sit on a of doors, look on the sea and of pleasant waking doze. This is a thing we call mind with fears and anxieties is suspended. Things come and you in a day sort of way. on the beach a few hundred you are blurred into vague outlines by the misty atmosphere. You can't hear them and only you dream thus, think-

ing until roused by a vigorous for a twelve o'clock dinner. as you used to when a boy or teen. Then you go once more bench to dream anew and appreciate of existence to an ana- who when he has swallowed a nothing to do but let himself let his stomach digest that cow. has yet sung of the calm beating healthy digestion, because give themselves so little time There's too much pure intel- stomach. In 'Sconset the place reminds you that union, a copartnership and a between the mind and the here the intellect can rest and has a chance to take a hand of existing.

PRINCE MULFORD.

little poem on the grandson, Harold B. Leedom's last written in the seven- age. It has a ring is truly refreshing:

Harold Sharp, January 1887.

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RISCELLA B. LEEDOM.

—At the Atheneum

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led "Les Postilles et

pistres et Evangiles,"

the year 1492. It is in

numerous spirited

as purchased in Lon-

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Strood Park Library. The other is the

Life of St. Benedict, and is three hun-

dred years old.

[We are permitted to publish the following interesting extract of a letter from Mrs. H. B. Sharp to a lady in town giving a glowing description of her voyage to Europe in the flag ship Westerland.]

May 8, 1887.

My Dear Friend:—

I have not suffered at all from sea-sickness, our voyage has been too gloriously smooth for that. The steamer is 450 feet long and carries 6,000 tons so thee can imagine we must move steadily and more. superb weather could never be imagined, a brilliant sunshine in the day, and a glorious moon at night. When we approach the Gulf stream there is a delicious something in the air that is irresistibly pleasant. The sea on the south side of the ship was flecked with the merry play of shimmering sunlight that never ceased from its wanton transfigurations while further out on the horizon this fantastic checker work blended into a solid surface of gold, leading off as a brilliant pathway to the sun. On the north side there is a striking contrast to this, the colors varying through different shades of soberness. Ah! those first dreamy restful days of the voyage; Not a care to disturb one "ever falling to sleep in a half dream." You sit on deck for hours at a time dozing away in sweet forgetfulness, or else gazing out on the sea and wondering at its aimless and ceaseless activity. Then you guess what your friends in the sunken west are doing, what thoughts hurry in restless haste through their minds. You think of them busied and worried over a thousand things that lash the mind into the same unrelenting rise and fall as you see out there on the bosom of the ocean, but you dream on and take your ease. "Eating the lotus day by day," thus the days pass until night darkens about us. There is the ceaseless splash of the waves against the ship, the regular dull thud of the screw and occasional scream of the whistle. The bell rings out the hour and the watchman at the prow sings out the words "All's well," this was drawled out in long musical tones that seem to come from no definite direction. Another sailor took it up and sent back the answer. "All-I's well-I-I," what a word of comfort and sweetness in that cry; of course one was not fearing disaster, still there was a confidence in those notes that makes one feel how complete his security really is. The cry of all's well is one of the pleasantest recollections of the voyage.

A pathway of soft light leaves out across the troubled waters. In another part of the Heavens the clouds have cleared and there in the distance a broad field of moonlight that looks so hallowed and peaceful amid these restless murky waters. To-morrow we will be approaching land.

The sun shines so tenderly through the moist atmosphere on the English coast. We passed Dover, its fine old castle on the cliffs above, and beyond these cliffs beautiful green hills rolling away to the North. Roads led between these pleasant hedges down to the seaside. Farther in the straits, the chalk cliffs form a continuous wall. Some one points out Shapere Rock; the supposed scene of the well known incident in King Lear, and another the point where Julius Caesar landed. We are there at the mouth of the Scheldt. And here lies the quaint old Dutch city of Flushing. A frowning fortress at the most important part on the walls and several windmills and towers in the background. We move slowly up the river much entertained by the Dutch landscape with its old church spires, its rows of laborious windmills, its endless lines of shapely trees, its meadows with many colored cattle grazing at ease. Far beyond the dykes we occasionally see a sail across the country. The spires of the celebrated cathedral (whose tower in its delicate carvings Napoleon compares to mechin lace) appears in view. The passengers prepare to leave our long pleasant home, the baggage being piled in long rows on the lower deck, and we are being pulled to the wharf. Hasty good byes are said, words of regret spoken. The ship stops, the plank is thrown out, we step ashore and are in Europe.

Mrs. H. B. SHARP.

OF THE  
MANDER.

## The Nantucket Journal.

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S. M. B.

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## OBITUARY.

Mrs. Martha W. Jenks, who died in South Boston on the 20th ult., was born in Nantucket, April 21, 1801, and in 1823 married Samuel H. Jenks, many years editor of the *Nantucket Inquirer*. Mrs. Jenks aided her husband greatly in his newspaper work and also contributed to magazines sketches and poems of acknowledged merit. She leaves three children, Francis H. Jenks of the Boston Transcript, Miss Martha C. Jenks and Mrs. Lucy C. Bartlett.

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subject, while the residents of the island who claim direct descent from Tristram are so numerous as to form a large percentage of the present population.

Preliminary meetings have already been held, and an organization formed under the name of the TRISTRAM COFFIN RE-UNION ASSOCIATION, the constitution of which is here appended, showing its purposes and objects:

## Articles of Association.

This association shall be known as THE TRISTRAM COFFIN RE-UNION ASSOCIATION.

The object shall be the commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Tristram Coffin, (the first of the race who settled in America,) October 2, 1881.

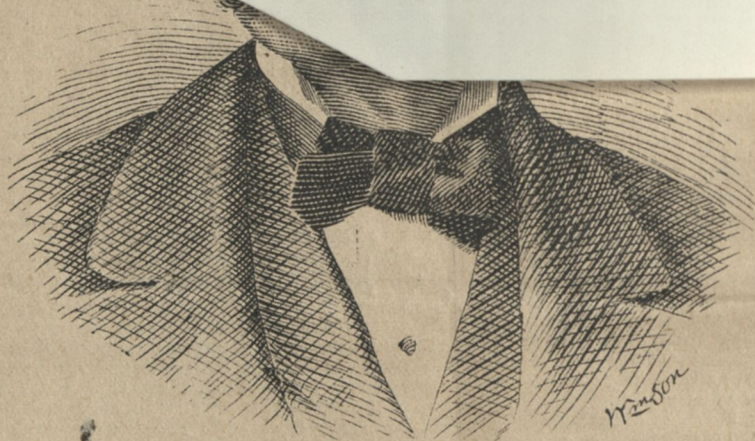
Its officers shall consist of a President, seven Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of thirty, the Vice-Presidents and Executive Board being delegated with power to increase their numbers at any time.

Any person who is a descendant or married to a descendant of Tristram Coffin may become a member of this association by proving the same and paying to the Treasurer an admission fee of fifty cents.

All persons eligible to membership who desire to join the association are requested to forward to the Secretary and Treasurer their full names and post-office address, with any suggestions concerning the proposed re-union.

The Executive Committee will meet at Nantucket on Monday, the 16th day of August, 1880, and continue in session during the whole week to receive suggestions from non-resident members, and determine definitely the time of holding the re-union, and to perfect all other arrangements in detail, that public announcement thereof may be made as soon as possible.

It is not to be expected that the Executive Committee can know the names and addresses of all the numerous descendants of Tristram Coffin, and persons receiving copies of this circular are requested to



THE LATE AUSTIN BALDWIN.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.]

## AUSTIN BALDWIN.

Mr. Austin Baldwin, head of the shipping firm of Austin Baldwin & Co. of 53 Broadway, died at an early hour Friday morning at his residence, 162 West Twenty-fifth street. He was stricken with paralysis on Friday of last week, and from that time until his death, seven days later, he never regained consciousness. Mr. Baldwin was seventy-nine years old, and had been prominently identified with the commercial interests of this city for over fifty years. He was the founder of the Baldwin European Express Company for the conveyance of small

parcels across the Atlantic. His firm was also the agents of the State line of Glasgow steamers. Mr. Baldwin was a public spirited citizen, taking great interest in the municipal affairs of this city, and was active twenty-five years ago in movements for reform in local politics. He was as popular as he was well known in business circles. Recently the infirmities of advancing years prevented his active participation in the business of his firm, which has devolved upon his son, his partner in the house. Mr. Baldwin's domestic life was very happy until the death of his wife, on March 27. They had lived together for fifty-four years, and her death was a great blow to him.

forward a copy to other members of the family, that the notice may become generally circulated.

#### President,

CHARLES G. COFFIN, Nantucket, Mass.

#### Vice-Presidents,

OLIVER C. COFFIN, Nantucket, Mass.  
WILLIAM C. FOLGER, " "  
JAMES B. COFFIN, " "  
ELIZA BARNEY, " "  
ANNA GARDNER, " "  
HERBERT W. COFFIN, Plymouth, "  
ANNA L. COFFIN, Newburyport, "  
EDWARD P. COFFIN, North Fairfield, Me.  
WILLIAM E. COFFIN, Boston, Mass.  
CHARLES CHARLETON COFFIN, " "  
HENRY W. COFFIN, New York, N. Y.

#### Executive Committee,\*

ALLEN COFFIN, Nantucket, Mass.  
WILLIAM H. MACY, " "  
THADDEUS C. DEFRIEZ, " "  
ELIZABETH G. M. BARNEY, " "  
ANNE MITCHELL MACY, " "  
HOWARD A. HANAFORD, " "  
JOHN A. COFFIN, " "  
ARTHUR H. GARDNER, " "  
ROLAND B. HUSSEY, " "  
ALEXANDER MACY, JR., " "  
SAMUEL F. COFFIN, " "  
AMELIA M. COFFIN, " "  
STELLA L. CHASE, " "  
FERDINAND C. EWER, New York, N. Y.  
PHEBE A. HANAFORD, Jersey City, N. J.  
OWEN TRISTRAM COFFIN, Peekskill, N. Y.  
WILLIAM E. COFFIN, Richmond, Ind.  
CHARLES F. BROWN, San Francisco, Cal.  
WILLIAM M. BUNKER, " "  
ALEXANDER STARBUCK, Waltham, Mass.

#### Secretary and Treasurer,

ALLEN COFFIN, Nantucket, Mass.

\*The President and Vice-Presidents are *ex officio* members of the Executive Committee.

## THE NANTUCKET.

The Hotel of the above name, to the cut of which we would call your attention, is just completed, and is newly furnished throughout in a most attractive manner. It is 260 feet in length, and is located on Brant Point, on the Island of Nantucket. This Island is 30 miles in length, 3 to 5 miles in breadth, and is situated about 30 miles from the main land. Little need be said regarding the climate and sanitary conditions of this favored spot, but a few facts may be of interest.

First—It is nearer the Gulf Stream than any other American summer resort. The air is, therefore, very soft, and yet bracing, and moist without being damp. Fogs, such as occur at so many of our summer watering places, being very rare here; and there is none of that disagreeable stickiness so often noticeable in the air of other localities. At times, after heavy storms, the ocean spray is sometimes blown the full breadth of the Island, saturating the air with chloride of sodium, the sulphates of magnesium, calcium and potassium, and other valuable medicinal agents.

Second—Owing to its distance from the coast, the climate is essentially oceanic, and is therefore more equable, and also cooler, than on the main land.

Third—But although the air is cooler, the water is warmer than at other seaside resorts, and the bathing is therefore more enjoyable, and attended with less shock to the nervous system.

Fourth—Owing to its situation, one never experiences that hot, parching summer wind from the centre of the continent; but from whatever quarter the wind blows, it is always a cool, comfortable, sea-breeze.

Strood Park Library. The other is the Life of St. Benedict, and is three hundred years old.

the male population of 'Sconset in the evening to hang their legs over barrels, smoke chew, tobacco or fish yarns. We could endure a lot of things no longer. Last we clucked together and built a fire to meet in evenings.

and consists of one room, a lamp, twenty chairs, two bar-bell table, two small ones, a tin cup, an old gun and a sand box, which our tobacco are expected at least to aim at, dogs. When the club meets pipes are all in full blast the thick enough for a fog on the club house also answers post-office. Anybody who comes Nantucket brings the mail. The id papers are spread on the table, ever they are for comes and gets the Post-office department runs

conset women don't approve of house. Before it was built the had to stay at home, because no place to go to. Now he's port he stays out till ten or clock at night. You see, as a things, when he'd cleaned up, was only time he didn't smell cod-was olfactorily endurable in the circle. Now he wastes his perfume on the desert and ultra air of the club house.

it is a place, where through abined influence and result of earth and air, you can forget misery it may be to live, stop and simply exist. It is a place and are made and you can live you want to. You get up in the eat your breakfast then sit on a of doors, look on the sea and of pleasant waking doze. This uped thing we call mind with es, fears and anxieties is tem/suspended. Things come and you in a dazy sort of way. men on the beach a few hundred in you are blurred into vague tain outlines by the misty at- You can't hear them and only hem. You dream thus, think-

ing until roused by a vigorous for a twelve o'clock dinner. as you used to when a boy or teen. Then you go once more bench to dream anew and appre-luxury of existence to an ana-who when he has swallowed a nothing to do but let himself let his stomach digest that cow. has yet sung of the calm beati-a healthy digestion, because w give themselves so little time There's too much pure intel-out stomach. In 'Sconset the the place reminds you that union, a copartnership and a between the mind and the Here the intellect can rest and in has a chance to take a hand of existing.

PRISCILLA B. LEEDOM.

little poem on the at grandson, Harold P. B. Leedom's last written in the seven-age. It has a ring is truly refreshing:

Harold Sharp, January 1887.

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PRISCILLA B. LEEDOM.

s.—At the Atheneum on exhibition two an-le books, the property ton, Esq., of Boston. titled "Les Postilles et xpistres et Evangiles," he year 1492. It is in h numerous spirited was purchased in Lon-

86, at the sale of the Strood Park Library. The other is the Life of St. Benedict, and is three hundred years old.

[We are permitted to publish the following interesting extract of a letter from Mrs. H. B. Sharp to a lady in town giving a glowing description of her voyage to Europe in the flag ship *Westerland*.]

May 8, 1887.

My Dear Friend:—

I have not suffered at all from sea-sickness, our voyage has been too gloriously smooth for that. The steamer is 450 feet long and carries 6,000 tons so thee can imagine we must move steadily and more. superb weather could never be imagined, a brilliant sunshine in the day, and a glorious moon at night. When we approach the Gulf stream there is a delicious something in the air that is irresistibly pleasant. The sea on the south side of the ship was flecked with the merry play of shimmering sunlight that never ceased from its wanton transfigurations while further out on the horizon this fantastic checker work blended into a solid surface of gold, leading off as a brilliant pathway to the sun. On the north side there is a striking contrast to this, the colors varying through different shades of soberness. Ah! those first dreamy restful days of the voyage; Not a care to disturb one "ever falling to sleep in a half dream." You sit on deck for hours at a time dozing away in sweet forgetfulness, or else gazing out on the sea and wondering at its aimless and ceaseless activity. Then you guess what your friends in the sunken west are doing, what thoughts hurry in restless haste through their minds. You think of them busied and worried over a thousand things that lash the mind into the same unrelenting rise and fall as you see out there on the bosom of the ocean, but you dream on and take your ease. "Eating the lotus day by day," thus the days pass until night darkens about us. There is the ceaseless splash of the waves against the ship, the regular dull thud of the screw and occasional scream of the whistle. The bell rings out the hour and the watchman at the prow sings out the words "All's well," this was drawled out in long musical tones that seem to come from no definite direction. Another sailor took it up and sent back the answer. "All-l-l's well-l-l," what a word of comfort and sweetness in that cry; of course one was not fearing disaster, still there was a confidence in those notes that makes one feel how complete his security really is. The cry of all's well is one of the pleasantest recollections of the voyage.

A pathway of soft light leaves out across the troubled waters. In another part of the Heavens the clouds have cleared and there in the distance a broad field of moonlight that looks so hallowed and peaceful amid these restless murky waters. To-morrow we will be approaching land.

The sun shines so tenderly through the moist atmosphere on the English coast. We passed Dover, its fine old castle on the cliffs above, and beyond these cliffs beautiful green hills rolling away to the North. Roads led between these pleasant hedges down to the seaside. Farther in the straits, the chalk cliffs form a continuous wall. Some one points out Shakespeare's Rock; the supposed scene of the well known incident in King Lear, and another the point where Julius Caesar landed. We are there at the mouth of the Scheldt. And here lies the quaint old Dutch city of Flushing. A frowning fortress at the most important part on the walls and several windmills and towers in the background. We move slowly up the river much entertained by the Dutch landscape with its old church spires, its rows of laborious windmills, its endless lines of shapely trees, its meadows with many colored cattle grazing at ease. Far beyond the dykes we occasionally see a sail across the country. The spires of the celebrated cathedral (whose tower in its delicate carvings Napoleon compares to meebelin lace) appears in view. The passengers prepare to leave our long pleasant home, the baggage being piled in long rows on the lower deck, and we are being pulled to the wharf. Hasty good byes are said, words of regret spoken. The ship stops, the plank is thrown out, we step ashore and are in Europe.

Mrs. H. B. SHARP.

The Boston Sunday Record, under its head of "Political Note Book," says:

"The house seems always ready for a laugh. It keenly appreciates humor, and looks for it when John Hallett of Nantucket rises to speak. As the portly representative stalked to the front, unrolled the mysterious map hanging near the speaker's desk, and proceeded to demonstrate why Muskegat should be annexed to Nantucket, the house fairly roared with laughter. And when he pathetically pictured the "prodigal son" anxious to return to the parent isle, and graphically shouted, "Let her come!" the house was convulsed.

The whole scene, the portly musician and fisherman, the faithful Nantucket representative, his loud and rasping voice, his humorous hits and allusions and his perfectly sober face were enough to upset the most dignified.

Oliver E. Linton, the white-haired, bashful member from Cottage City, at the last election received a few votes from the fishermen of the islands in dispute and protested against the outrage of annexation. Poor Linton! He sits in the corner on the speaker's left, and almost behind him. He arose in his seat and moved his lips for some moments before the speaker realized that he had begun his speech. The contrast between this soft-voiced member and Capt. Mallett was too much for the house, and added fuel to the uproar.

Linton, by the way, was for 20 years a teacher of writing in Comer's Business College in Boston. He stuck to his desk until his health completely gave way, when he moved away to breathe the salt air of the sea-shore. He is a quiet, bashful, unassuming old man, and much beloved by his constituents.

**ANNEXATION TO NANTUCKET.**—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Thursday last, Mr. Hallett of Nantucket made a humorous speech in support of the bill to annex Muskegat and Gravelly Islands to Nantucket. After brief opposition, headed by Mr. Linton of Cottage City, the bill was ordered to a third reading by an almost unanimous vote. The grounds of opposition were stated by Mr. Linton thus: It has been argued that, inasmuch as these islands are within the tide waters of Nantucket, the right of jurisdiction over them should also be exercised by that county. This position cannot be maintained and has no argument in its support. It is true, the Harbor and Land Commissioners included these islands within the tide waters of Nantucket, but they neither had nor claimed to have any authority over land jurisdiction; on the contrary, they were careful to disclaim any such authority. If the consideration just referred to is sought to be maintained against the ruling of the Harbor and Land Commissioners, we are met with the fact that other islands similarly situated are no longer under their original jurisdiction. The island of Mashpee in Buzzard's Bay belongs to Sandwich; the Commissioners included it in the waters of Wareham. Billingsgate Island belongs to Eastham; this island was included in the waters of Wellfleet. Great Misery Island in Salem Harbor belongs to the city of Salem; this island was included in the waters of Beverly. If the bill now before the House is to receive any support on the ground that Muskegat and Gravelly Islands are included in the tide waters of Nantucket, it follows that Salem must relinquish Great Misery Island, Eastham must give up the island of Mashpee, [The bill has since passed to be engrossed.]

Editor of the Journal:—

It appears that a new and novel feature was introduced at the Town Hall at the late election. The idea was possibly conceived in the fertile brain of some notorious blackleg. On counting the votes there appeared some very objectionable names for School Committee. I was informed that it was done to shame the very respectable body of lady voters from the hall. It reminds me of an anecdote I saw in one of our local papers where a gathering of Woman Suffragists were put to shame by similar conduct on the part of apologies for men. I think they had been previously ridiculed when a large gaunt colored woman appeared before them and took a place near or upon the platform. Some consternation was felt among them lest their cause should be identified with that class of society and I think there was heard the cry of "nigger," when the lady in question, none other than Sojourner Truth, arose giving them scorn for scorn with compound interest. They were utterly annihilated and to use the words of one of these good ladies, "she fairly took us up in her great strong arms and carried us over to victory."

The day may be not far distant when woman's vote will be respected and solicited. Every reform has been ridiculed and has finally triumphed. It is the fear of woman's influence that causes all the trouble. A regiment of five hundred strong is not easily ignored. I sincerely hope the temperance people and the clergy will persevere in the good work begun and use all their influence toward the election of temperance people to fill every office.

The man of fine form and feature and who has a way to please the multitude generally has a long train of admirers but in times that try men's souls all this is overlooked and the good man is brought to the front. To all who possess the spirit of reform, I would say:

Art thou faithful, then oppose  
Sin and wrong with all thy might.  
Care not how the tempest blows,  
Only care to win the fight.

**ALARM OF FIRE.**—Never did the male population of Nantucket turn out en masse with greater alacrity than on Monday afternoon last in response to the alarming cry of "fire!" The announcement made was "up Main street" and thither engines, hose carts and pedestrians hastened with all possible speed. The cause of the alarm proved to be the burning of a henry belonging to Messrs. R. B. Hussey and M. F. Freeborn, at the rear of the latter's residence on Milk street, and was probably occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp which supplied the heat for a patent incubator then in operation. The fire was confined to the interior of the building and extinguished by neighbors before the arrival of the fire department. The bells were not rung, but Alarmist Hull did good service notifying the inhabitants by aid of his fish horn. Had the fire occurred in the night the result can only be anticipated as a high wind was blowing directly toward the most thickly settled part of the town. Besides the eggs destroyed a number of fancy-breed fowl were suffocated by the smoke, swelling the amount of the loss to about \$50.

**MORAL.**—Don't hasten to get rich too fast. Though a trifle slower, the old fashioned way of hatching chicks is the safest, for the hen never bursts or ignites.

#### OBITUARY.

Mrs. Martha W. Jenks, who died in South Boston on the 20th ult., was born in Nantucket, April 21, 1801, and in 1823 married Samuel H. Jenks, many years editor of the Nantucket Inquirer. Mrs. Jenks aided her husband greatly in his newspaper work and also contributed to magazines sketches and poems of acknowledged merit. She leaves three children, Francis H. Jenks of the Boston Transcript, Miss Martha C. Jenks and Mrs. Lucy C. Bartlett.

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Captain Charles F. Swain, the author, is a retired shipmaster, and personally knew every character represented in the book. He has been actively engaged in temperance work during the past fifty years; and one of his objects in writing the book was to induce sea-men to give up drinking. Captain Swain is an active member of the I. O. of G. T., is P. C. D. of Kings County, and at present S. D. in the Order.

Read what the Officers of the Grand Lodge say of the Book.

LETTER FROM THE G. W. C. T.

ALBANY, April 16th, 1877.

CHARLES F. SWAIN, Esq.

Dear Brother—I have read your book with much satisfaction. For recreation it is unsurpassed. The fidelity of its characters to the real give the whole story a fascination that is remarkable. The interest it excites in the outset is not only maintained, but increased to the end. It will be a success, as it deserves to be, both for the pleasure it gives and the principles it enforces.

Fraternally yours,  
A. S. DRAPER.

LETTER FROM THE G. W. V. T.

NEWBURGH, OHIO, July 22d, 1877.

Brother Swain—With regard to your book, I would say that in these days of "sensational" novels, with impossible plots and highly seasoned and consequently unhealthy dialogues, such a story as "Captain Waters and Bill, his Bo'son," is a genuine relief; and its perusal can afford only satisfaction. The characters are all so true to life, the incidents so natural, the tone so pure and elevating, the principles inculcated so absolutely correct, that neither young or old readers can fail to be interested and improved. I trust that the book may reach as many climes as captain Waters and his Bo'son visited ere they settled down to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

Fraternally yours,  
JENNIE E. PARKS,  
G. W. V. T.



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H. K. SHACKELFORD,  
*Past Grand Superintendent C. N. T. of Georgia.*

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES.

NEW YORK HERALD OF HEALTH.—"The book tells the story of Captain Waters, for many years a sea captain, and his final retirement to the farm, where he took his bo'son, steward and stewardess, for assistants. Their life as farmers is portrayed in a most interesting manner, and much amusement is afforded by the curious way in which sailors navigate a farm. Some of the descriptions are very humorous indeed, and would offer a fine opportunity for the artist. Of course a story of this kind must have more or less love in it, and there is something fresh and unconventional in this part of the book. We cannot but thank the author for writing so interesting a story."

BROOKLYN UNION AND ARGUS.—"Captain Waters is the ideal of a benevolent and successful merchant captain, but the Bo'son is the great character of the work; a genuine 'old salt,' running over with good nature, and in everything the captain's indispensable helper. In the account of his droll experience in navigating the farm, in most of which his wonderful dog has a share, lies the special charm of the book. Young and old will find it delightful reading."

ZION HERALD, Boston.—“Our old friend, John P. Jewett, first publisher of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, issues a work of fiction, which he is confident will meet with public acceptance. It is called *Captain Waters*, and is a tale of the Ocean and Farm, by Charles F. Swain. It is a well told, wholesome and interesting story, and will be read, especially by the young, with pleasure.”

BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.—"There is a material of interest and entertainment in it for the average reader, and it is adapted to the taste of boys and adults."

vices, did me good in divers ways, and above his grave I wish to make this acknowledgment—for one thing he gave me a fresh hold on life, a better opinion of human nature. I never knew him to do a mean thing; I never heard him utter an unworthy or an ignoble thought—and I say this with a full knowledge that it is much to say. After being in his company I never felt belittled. For I do not remember to have ever heard him say an unkind word of a

Some of our most devout people do not fish on Sunday. They stay at home, wash, shave, put on a clean shirt, go out, talk codfish behind the barn or fish house and get bait ready for Monday morning. There isn't much difference here betwixt a fish-house and a barn. We cure codfish and hay together. Just now we're raking in the codfish crop. The harvesters are on the sea early in the morning twenty dorys strong, one man and two lines to a

No poet has yet sung of the calm beatitudes of a healthy digestion, because people now give themselves so little time to digest. There's too much pure intellect without stomach. In 'Sconset the genius of the place reminds you that there is a union, a copartnership and a wedding between the mind and the stomach. Here the intellect can rest and the stomach has a chance to take a hand in the work of existing.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

For these and other similar reasons, this quaint and beautiful little spot has for the last five years gradually increased in popularity, by a steady and natural growth, until the demand for accommodations has far exceeded the supply.

THE NANTUCKET is situated directly upon the beach, and is the only hotel on the island so placed. It is only 10 minutes walk to the Post Office, which is situated near the centre of the town. The latter may also be reached by public conveyance, or by carriage from The Nantucket Stables. The grand parlor of the Hotel is located on the second floor, and commands a view of the water on all four sides, while in addition, in front, over the piazza, is a spacious balcony, and at the rear, an ample stage for the use of the guests for tableaux, private theatricals, etc. The parlor is unobstructed by posts or columns of any kind, the ceiling being supported by immense trusses spanning the entire width.

THE NANTUCKET has been constructed from plans drawn by Mr. George F. Hammond, of Boston, Architect; who has also designed the cottages which have been erected on Brant Point, near the Hotel. Special attention has always been paid to all arrangements conducive to the comfort and convenience of guests.

From the windows of the Hotel is obtained a most superb view. On the one side stretches Vineyard Sound and the broad Atlantic; on the other, the harbor, dotted with white sails, and the houses of the quaint old town nestling together beyond. It may here be mentioned that *OUT OF OVER ONE HUNDRED SLEEPING-ROOMS IN THE NAN-TUCKET THERE ARE ONLY TWO THAT DO NOT LOOK DIRECTLY OUT ON THE WATER.*

Land has been set aside and ample provision has been made for that deservedly popular game, Lawn Tennis.

Sconset. But the  
nights save white  
here. This for gen

the male population of 'Seonset in the evening to hang their legs over barrels, smoke chew, tobacco or fish yarns. We could endure nothing of things no longer. Last we clubbed together and built a house to meet in evenings.

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fifteen. Then you go once more  
bench to dream anew and appre-  
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and let his stomach digest that cow.

following little poem on the  
her great grandson, Harold  
Mrs. P. B. Leedom's last  
duction written in the seven-  
r of her age. It has a ring  
y which is truly refreshing:

LINE  
*birth of Harold Sharp, January*  
*17th, 1887.*  
 other, an unclothed soul  
 arms is given,  
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MRs. PRISCILLA B. LEEDOM.

OLUMES.—At the Athenæum are on exhibition two valuable books, the property of B. Upton, Esq., of Boston. One, entitled "Les Postilles et des Expistres et Evangiles," dated in the year 1492. It is in French, with numerous spirited woodcuts, and was purchased in London, in 1886, at the sale of the Bodleian Library. The other is the "Vie de St. Benedict," and is three hundred and thirty-two pages long.

[We are permitted to publish the following interesting extract of a letter from Mrs. H. B. Sharp to a lady in town giving a glowing description of her voyage to Europe in the flag ship *Westerland*.]

May 8, 1887.

*My Dear Friend:—*

I have not suffered at all from sea-sickness, our voyage has been too gloriously smooth for that. The steamer is 450 feet long and carries 6,000 tons so thee can imagine we must move steadily and more. superb weather could never be imagined, a brilliant sunshine in the day, and a glorious moon at night. When we approach the Gulf stream there is a delicious something in the air that is irresistibly pleasant. The sea on the south side of the ship was flecked with the merry play of shimmering sunlight that never ceased from its wanton transfigurations while further out on the horizon this fantastic checker work blended into a solid surface of gold, leading off as a brilliant pathway to the sun. On the north side there is a striking contrast to this, the colors varying through different shades of soberness. Ah! those first dreamy restful days of the voyage; Not a care to disturb one "ever falling to sleep in a half dream." You sit on deck for hours at a time dozing away in sweet forgetfulness, or else gazing out on the sea and wondering at its aimless and ceaseless activity. Then you guess what your friends in the sunken west are doing, what thoughts hurry in restless haste through their minds. You think of them busied and worried over a thousand things that lash the mind into the same unresting rise and fall as you see out there on the bosom of the ocean, but you dream on and take your ease. "Eating the lotus day by day," thus the days pass until night darkens about us. There is the ceaseless splash of the waves against the ship, the regular dull thud of the screw and occasional scream of the whistle. The bell rings out the hour and the watchman at the prow sings out the words "All's well," this was drawled out in long musical tones that seem to come from no definite direction, Another sail-or took it up and sent back the answer. "All-l-l's well-ll," what a word of comfort and sweetness in that cry; of course one was not fearing disaster, still there was a confidence in those notes that makes one feel how complete his security really is. The cry of all's well is one of the pleasantest recollections of the voyage.

A pathway of soft light leaves out across the troubled waters. In another part of the Heavens the clouds have cleared and there in the distance a broad field of moonlight that looks so hallowed and peaceful amid these restless murky waters. To-morrow we will be approaching land.

The sun shines so tenderly through the moist atmosphere on the English coast. We passed Dover, its fine old castle on the cliffs above, and beyond these cliffs beautiful green hills rolling away to the North. Roads led between these pleasant hedges down to the seaside. Farther in the straits, the chalk cliffs form a continuous wall. Some one points out Shakespeare's Rock; the supposed scene of the well known incident in King Lear, and another the point where Julius Caesar landed. We are there at the mouth of the Scheldt. And here lies the quaint old Dutch city of Flushing. A frowning fortress at the most important part on the walls and several windmills and towers in the background. We move slowly up the river much entertained by the Dutch landscape with its old church spires, its rows of laborious windmills, its endless lines of shapely trees, its meadows with many colored cattle grazing at ease. Far beyond the dykes we occasionally see a sail across the country. The spires of the celebrated cathedral (whose tower in its delicate carvings Napoleon compares to mechin lace) appears in view. The passengers prepare to leave our long pleasant home, the baggage being piled in long rows on the lower deck, and we are being pulled to the wharf. Hasty good byes are said, words of regret spoken. The ship stops, the plank is thrown out, we step ashore and are in Europe.

MRS. H. B. SHARP.

OF THE  
MANDER

The Boston Sunday Record, under its head of "Political Note Book," says:

"The house seems always ready for a laugh. It keenly appreciates humor, and looks for it when John Hallett of Nantucket rises to speak. As the portly representative stalked to the front, unrolled the mysterious map hanging near the speaker's desk, and proceeded to demonstrate why Muskeget should be annexed to Nantucket, the house fairly roared with laughter. And when he pathetically pictured the "prodigal son" anxious to return to the parent isle, and graphically shouted, "Let her come!" the house was convulsed.

The whole scene, the portly musician and fisherman, the faithful Nantucket representative, his loud and rasping voice, his humorous hits and allusions and his perfectly sober face were enough to upset the most dignified.

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#### OBITUARY.

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Captain Charles F. Swain, the author, is a retired shipmaster, and personally knew every character represented in the book. He has been actively engaged in temperance work during the past fifty years; and one of his objects in writing the book was to induce seamen to give up drinking. Captain Swain is an active member of the I. O. of G. T., is P. C. D. of Kings County, and at present S. D. in the Order.

Read what the Officers of the Grand Lodge say of the Book.

LETTER FROM THE G. W. C. T.

ALBANY, April 16th, 1877.

CHARLES F. SWAIN, Esq.

Dear Brother—I have read your book with much satisfaction. For recreation it is unsurpassed. The fidelity of its characters to the real give the whole story a fascination that is remarkable. The interest it excites in the outset is not only maintained, but increased to the end. It will be a success, as it deserves to be, both for the pleasure it gives and the principles it enforces.

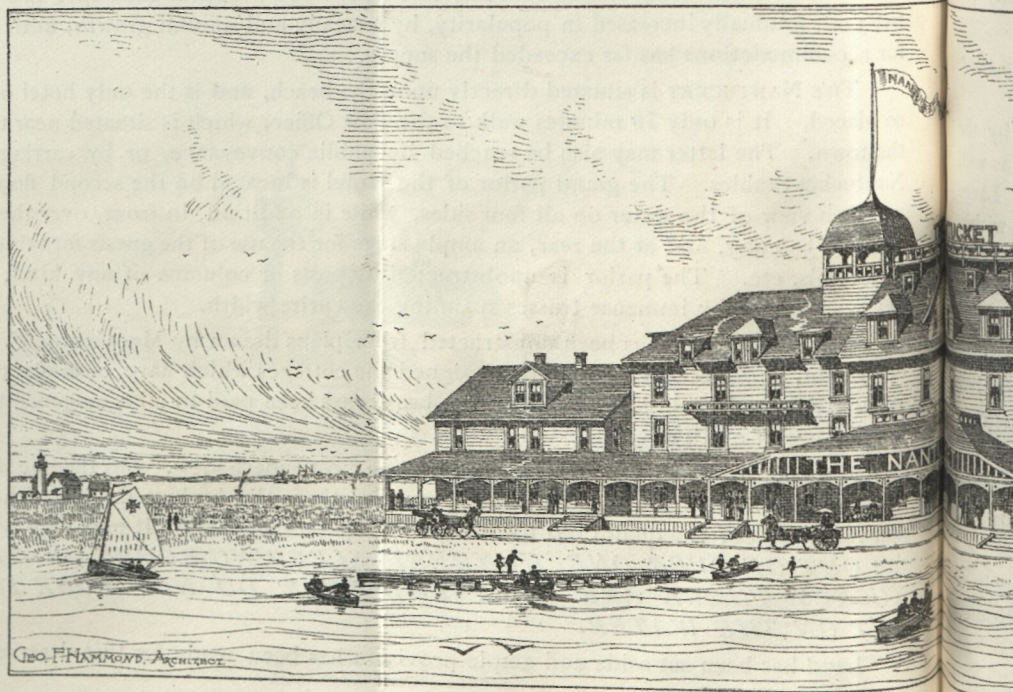
Fraternally yours,  
A. S. DRAPER.

LETTER FROM THE G. W. V. T.

NEWBURGH, OHIO, July 22d, 1877.

Brother Swain—With regard to your book, I would say that in these days of "sensational" novels, with impossible plots and highly seasoned and consequently unhealthy dialogues, such a story as "Captain Waters and Bill, his Bo'son," is a genuine relief; and its perusal can afford only satisfaction. The characters are all so true to life, the incidents so natural, the tone so pure and elevating, the principles inculcated so absolutely correct, that neither young or old readers can fail to be interested and improved. I trust that the book may reach as many climes as Captain Waters and his Bo'son visited ere they settled down to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

Fraternally yours,  
JENNIE E. PARKS,  
G. W. V. T.





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CONGREGATIONALIST, Boston.—"We have had several hearty laughs over the book. There is lots of fun in it, as the boys say. Woven in this element, is a love story of a good moral character. The book will leave a good impression. Sea talk is extremely amusing when heard on the shore, and the walks and talks of our transformed bo'son abound in entertainment."

ISLAND REVIEW, Nantucket.—"The author shows his early life at sea by the thoroughly salt language that pervades every paragraph; while at the same time the moral tone of every line is so pure that with the youth of either sex it will have the same attraction that Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson had with the youth of previous years. We trust that the author will live long to enjoy the honor that belongs to him for giving to the readers of America a new story so quaint in design, so pure in thought, and so entertaining in character, with an admirable moral attached to a happy ending."

BROOKLYN EAGLE, April 18.—Captain Charles F. Swain, the Secretary of the Law Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Intemperance and Crime in this city, followed the sea for nearly forty years before casting anchor for good and all at No. 159 Schermerhorn street. During his many years experience afloat Captain Swain took part in numerous events which have now passed into history. He was one of the leaders in the movement which resulted in the formation of a vigilance committee in San Francisco when that city was so effectually cleared of its disorderly element. But perhaps his most notable and remarkable achievement is that he has written a very readable book, entitled, "Captain Waters and Bill, his Bo'son."

It is a healthy book, for boys especially, and tells how Captain Waters and Bill, after sailing together for many years, retired to a farm in Saratoga county, which they undertook to "navigate" with the assistance of their wives. It is a quaint, pure story that "R. O. Sault" (Captain Swain's *nom de plume*) has written. All the characters in it are old followers of the sea, and its wholesome, healthy tone forms a striking contrast to the mass of sensational literature which is now exerting such a demoralizing influence upon the minds and morals of the rising generation. A second edition of the book has already been issued by the publisher, John P. Jewett, of John street, New York.

The Bathing on the beach extending in front of the Hotel is unsurpassed; indeed, the greater part of the bathing during the last five years has been from Brant Point.

Charming Drives to various parts of the Island while away many a pleasant summer afternoon, and the points of interest are varied and numerous.

Communication may be had between the Town and the Hotel at stated hours, by the little steamer Island Belle. Also, by sailboats, in which for numbers and excellence, as well as cheapness, Nantucket probably leads all other watering places along the coast. Large yachts from the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs sail swiftly past, so close as to be within almost a stone's throw from the broad piazza of the Hotel, and rounding the point, come to anchor in the harbor beyond. Parties for pleasure sailing, or for that most exciting of all salt water sports, Blue Fishing, are daily gotten up, and many are the sails that may be counted from the hotel piazza, directly in front of which the fishing grounds are located.

A steady ocean breeze blows nearly all the time, and we wish here to state that no lives have ever been lost on this coast, from sailboats, while they were in charge of professional boatmen.

THE NANTUCKET is reached from New York or Boston by steamers connecting with the Old Colony line. The course followed by these steamers is such, being sheltered by the land for a large part of the way, that little apprehension need be had of sea-sickness.

The management of the Hotel will be under the charge of Mr. J. S. Doyle, formerly of the St. James, Boston, the Rockland House, Nantasket, and latterly of the Ocean House, Nantucket. For further information regarding price and location of rooms, apply to

J. S. DOYLE,

"THE NANTUCKET,"  
NANTUCKET, MASS.

## EVERETT H. SWAIN.

"JOHN PAUL" PAYS A TRIBUTE TO HIS FRIEND—  
WHAT A WELL-KNOWN SUMMER VISITOR  
THOUGHT OF HIS FELLOW-BOATMAN.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1887.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—By a letter from my friend, Mr. Freeman, I learn of the sudden death of my friend and companion, Everett Swain, of your town. To say that I am deeply grieved, but faintly expresses the feeling that is upon me. In the course of repeated visits to Nantucket I had become rarely fond of him; he stood to me as one of the harbor-lights—though, for that matter, sooner would I have heard that both Brant Point and Great Point beacons had been blotted out, never to be re-lit, than to have learned as now that the light in those kindly young eyes had faded out forever. From the very first time that I saw his fresh young face among the gnarled and knotted ones of the older men who congregate on Steamboat wharf, I took a strange fancy to it, and in reality came to know the wearer long before a personal acquaintance actually began. There are those, you know, to whom one needs no introduction; of whose good qualities it is not necessary that any should inform you, and of these was Everett Swain. The man or woman who would not take such a face upon trust, who could look into such eyes and doubt them—that man or that woman I myself would not like to know, and certainly would have doubts of. Manly in every way, sturdy as a young oak, he had yet a rare gentleness of character—perhaps if I say that he was in the best sense of the word, a gentleman, my meaning will be thoroughly understood. Claiming to be but a fisherman, he was, in his big boots and oilskins, as free from sordidness as any prince of the blood could be; and those who secured his services by money alone, by no means got the best part of the man. I do not know that it ever occurred to me to bargain with him—I do not know that I could have done so. The impression was on me from the outset that whatever he condescended to charge for anything that he consented to do for me, it would be all too little, and that at the end I should remain his debtor. Lest there may be some misapprehension as to the value of what I now say, let me remark right here that this impression as regards boatmen generally is not entertained by me—not by any manner of means. But Everett, aside from positive services, did me good in divers ways, and above his grave I wish to make this acknowledgment—for one thing he gave me a fresh hold on life, a better opinion of human nature. I never knew him to do a mean thing; I never heard him utter an unworthy or an ignoble thought—and I say this with a full knowledge that it is much to say. After being in his company I never felt belittled. For I do not remember to have ever heard him say an unkind word of a

after all has been said? And what can be said?

"Not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made Death other than Death."

And though there are many who can "whisper words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved," my talent does not lie in that line. For I am painfully aware of the fact that the platitudes which I might glibly offer to another would have little power to assuage grief if spoken under similar circumstances to me. Who shall take the old captain, nearing the end of his own voyage—already sighting the distant land where the lighters lie—by the hand, and attempt to persuade him that it is quite for the best that the staunch bark just started out in his name, freighted with possibilities and ambitions which he himself could not hope to bring into port, has gone down before his eyes, all sail set, the sea smooth, and seemingly not a rock in sight, while his own old hull swims on. "Ah, Captain, it's hard"—that's all the best shipmate could say. And I question if the storm-tossed veteran, laboring in the cross-running seas of a great despair, down by the head and his scuppers running salt water, would care to have him say more. Wisdom of the schools, indeed! All that philosophy can teach is, bear.

As for what I have tried to say—and feel that I have signally failed in saying, though I have said more than the modest friend who is gone would have cared to hear (I remember that he blushed like a girl when I once repeated to him a compliment spoken by a lady passenger and overheard by me)—no praise of mine can heighten the love and esteem in which he is held by all who knew him here. As for where he has gone, it is not necessary that a herald loud with laudation attend upon his footsteps. But there are so few whom one can conscientiously honor—even when dead—that I could not refrain from strewing this honest wreath (keep though it be) upon Everett's grave. Certainly if achievements be measured by opportunities, and a kindly heart and delicacy of feeling be worthy of perpetuation through age irrespective of any profession here on earth—I firmly believe—my friend's immortality is assured. And if it be my lot to also gain the open sea which lies beyond the puzzling channels and shifting sands of this sadly shut harbor, I shall hope to enjoy many a cruise in that eternal blue water beyond all bars and clear of all rips and treacherous cross currents with the gone-before friend who could keep his tongue under control as well as handle a boat.

CHAS. HENRY WEBB

From the New York Graphic.

## SCONSET-ON-SEA.

BEFORE THE SEASON—EIGHT MILES EVERYWHERE.

This is codfishing time at "Sconset." Sconset is eight miles from Nantucket, eight miles from a post-office, eight miles from a store, eight miles from a church, eight miles from a regularly kept Sunday school, eight miles from almost everything except sea, sky, wind, sheep, woodticks, cods, squid, clams and a serene quiet. So our most devout people do not fish Sunday. They stay at home, wash, shave, put on a clean shirt, go out, codfish behind the barn or fish house, get bait ready for Monday morning. There isn't much difference here between a fish-house and a barn. We cure cod and hay together. Just now we're in the codfish crop. The harvesters on the sea early in the morning are dorys strong, one man and two line-

men, the male population of Sconset place in the evening to hang their legs in cracker barrels, smoke chew, tobacco, and barter fish yarns. We could endure a condition of things no longer. Last night we clubbed together and built a clubhouse to meet in evenings.

It cost \$90, and consists of one room, stove, a lamp, twenty chairs, two bar-stools, one big table, two small ones, a water pail and tin cup, an old gun and a 16-acre sand box, which our tobacco cures are expected at least to aim at, and five dogs. When the club meets the pipes are all in full blast the smoke is thick enough for a fog on the banks. The club house also answers for our post-office. Anybody who comes from Nantucket brings the mail. The letters and papers are spread on the table, and whoever they are for comes and gets them. The Post-office department runs self here.

The Sconset women don't approve of the clubhouse. Before it was built the old man had to stay at home, because there was no place to go to. Now he's got a new port he stays out till ten or eleven o'clock at night. You see, as a rule, evenings, when he'd cleaned up, was about the only time he didn't smell codfishy and was of factorily endurable in the domestic circle. Now he wastes his choicer perfume on the desert and ultra masculine air of the clubhouse.

Sconset is a place, where through some combined influence and result of sea, sky, earth and air, you can forget what a misery it may be to live, stop thinking and simply exist. It is a place where dreams are made and you can live in one if you want to. You get up in the morning, eat your breakfast then sit on a bench out of doors, look on the sea and live a sort of pleasant waking doze. This much trumpeted thing we call mind with all its cares, fears and anxieties is temporarily suspended. Things come and go before you in a dazy sort of way. The few men on the beach a few hundred yards from you are blurred into vague and uncertain outlines by the misty atmosphere. You can't hear them and only half see them. You dream thus, think-

ing nothing until roused by a vigorous appetite for a twelve o'clock dinner. You eat as you used to when a boy or girl of fifteen. Then you go once more to your bench to dream anew and appreciate the luxury of existence to an anaconda, who when he has swallowed a cow has nothing to do but let himself alone and let his stomach digest that cow. No poet has yet sung of the calm beatitudes of a healthy digestion, because people now give themselves so little time to digest. There's too much pure intellect without stomach. In Sconset the genius of the place reminds you that there is a union, a copartnership and a wedding between the mind and the stomach. Here the intellect can rest and the stomach has a chance to take a hand in the work of existing.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

The following little poem on the death of her great grandson, Harold was Mrs. P. B. Leedom's last production written in the seven-year of her age. It has a ring of finality which is truly refreshing:

## LINE

on the birth of Harold Sharp, January 17th, 1887.

Dear mother, an unclothed soul  
To thy arms is given,  
That thou a garment make  
He may wear in heaven.

Make him a little coat,  
Without a seam of sin,  
To outward part Humility,  
And Charity within.

Let tell sleeves of Love,  
Embracing all mankind:  
Let buttons choose of burnished truth,  
The emblems of the mind,

Let a collar make,  
All evil to resist,  
Broad and expansive on the breast,  
The needy to assist.

Girdle it around,  
With conscientiousness,  
At every word may wisdom form  
And every action bless.

Mrs. PRISCILLA B. LEEDOM.

RE VOLUMES.—At the Athenaeum there are on exhibition two and valuable books, the property of George B. Upton, Esq., of Boston. One of these, entitled "Les Postilles et les missions des Expistres et Evangiles," printed in the year 1492. It is in type, with numerous spirited cuts, and was purchased in London July 14, 1886, at the sale of the Park Library. The other is the "Life of St. Benedict, and is three hundred years old.

[We are permitted to publish the following interesting extract of a letter from Mrs. H. B. Sharp to a lady in town giving a glowing description of her voyage to Europe in the flag ship Westerland.]

May 8, 1887.

My Dear Friend:—

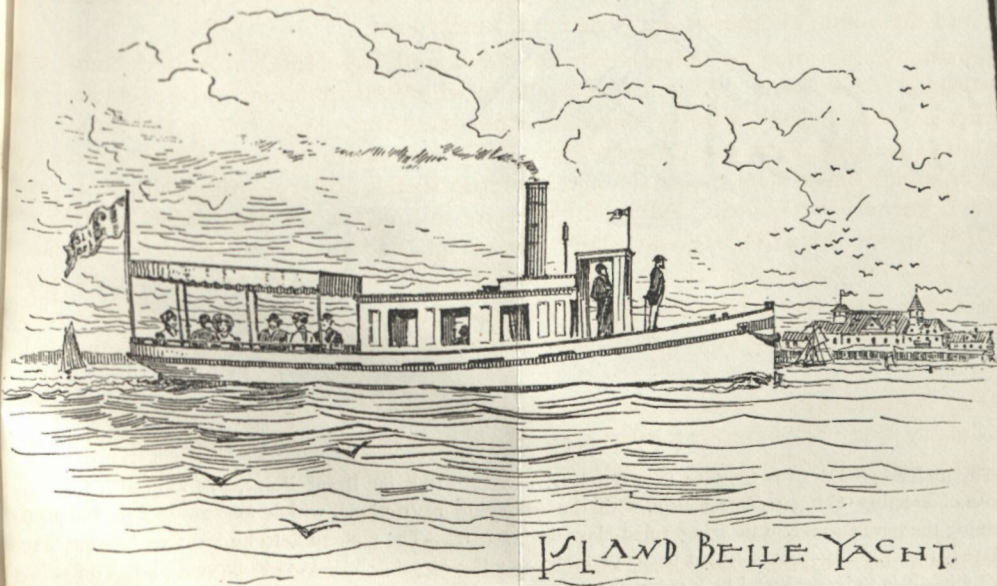
I have not suffered at all from sea-sickness, our voyage has been too gloriously smooth for that. The steamer is 450 feet long and carries 6,000 tons so thee can imagine we must move steadily and more. superb weather could never be imagined, a brilliant sunshine in the day, and a glorious moon at night. When we approach the Gulf stream there is a delicious something in the air that is irresistibly pleasant. The sea on the south side of the ship was flecked with the merry play of shimmering sunlight that never ceased from its wanton transfigurations while further out on the horizon this fantastic checker work blended into a solid surface of gold, leading off as a brilliant pathway to the sun. On the north side there is a striking contrast to this, the colors varying through different shades of soberness. Ah! those first dreamy restful days of the voyage; Not a care to disturb one "ever falling to sleep in a half dream." You sit on deck for hours at a time dozing away in sweet forgetfulness, or else gazing out on the sea and wondering at its aimless and ceaseless activity. Then you guess what your friends in the sunken west are doing, what thoughts hurry in restless haste through their minds. You think of them busied and worried over a thousand things that lash the mind into the same unrelenting rise and fall as you see out there on the bosom of the ocean, but you dream on and take your ease. "Eating the lotus day by day," thus the days pass until night darkens about us. There is the ceaseless splash of the waves against the ship, the regular dull thud of the screw and occasional scream of the whistle. The bell rings out the hour and the watchman at the prow sings out the words "All's well," this was drawled out in long musical tones that seem to come from no definite direction. Another sail or took it up and sent back the answer. "All-I-I's well-I-I," what a word of comfort and sweetness in that cry; of course one was not fearing disaster, still there was a confidence in those notes that makes one feel how complete his security really is. The cry of all's well is one of the pleasantest recollections of the voyage.

A pathway of soft light leaves out across the troubled waters. In another part of the Heavens the clouds have cleared and there in the distance a broad field of moonlight that looks so hallowed and peaceful amid these restless murky waters. To-morrow we will be approaching land.

The sun shines so tenderly through the moist atmosphere on the English coast. We passed Dover, its fine old castle on the cliffs above, and beyond these cliffs beautiful green hills rolling away to the North. Roads led between these pleasant hedges down to the seaside. Farther in the straits, the chalk cliffs form a continuous wall. Some one points out Shakespeare's Rock; the supposed scene of the well known incident in King Lear, and another the point where Julius Caesar landed. We are there at the mouth of the Scheldt. And here lies the quaint old Dutch city of Flushing. A frowning fortress at the most important part on the walls and several windmills and towers in the background. We move slowly up the river much entertained by the Dutch landscape with its old church spires, its rows of laborious windmills, its endless lines of shapely trees, its meadows with many colored cattle grazing at ease. Far beyond the dykes we occasionally see a sail across the country. The spires of the celebrated cathedral (whose tower in its delicate carvings Napoleon compares to mechin lace) appears in view. The passengers prepare to leave our long pleasant home, the baggage being piled in long rows on the lower deck, and we are being pulled to the wharf. Hasty good byes are said, words of regret spoken. The ship stops, the plank is thrown out, we step ashore and are in Europe. Mrs. H. B. SHARP.

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ISLAND BELLE YACHT.

lights save white summer company is here. This for generations has given in

Stro Life t. Benedict, and is three hundred years old.

The Boston Sunday Record, under its head of "Political Note Book," says:

"The house seems always ready for a laugh. It keenly appreciates humor, and looks for it when John Hallett of Nantucket rises to speak. As the portly representative stalked to the front, unrolled the mysterious map hanging near the speaker's desk, and proceeded to demonstrate why Muskeget should be annexed to Nantucket, the house fairly roared with laughter. And when he pathetically pictured the "prodigal son" anxious to return to the parent isle, and graphically shouted, "Let her come!" the house was convulsed.

The whole scene, the portly musician and fisherman, the faithful Nantucket representative, his loud and rasping voice, his humorous hits and allusions and his perfectly sober face were enough to upset the most dignified.

Oliver E. Linton, the white-haired, bashful member from Cottage City, at the last election received a few votes from the fishermen of the islands in dispute and protested against the outrage of annexation. Poor Linton! He sits in the corner on the speaker's left, and almost behind him. He arose in his seat and moved his lips for some moments before the speaker realized that he had begun his speech. The contrast between this soft-voiced member and Capt. Hallett was too much for the house, and added fuel to the uproar.

Linton, by the way, was for 20 years a teacher of writing in Comer's Business College in Boston. He stuck to his desk until his health completely gave way, when he moved away to breathe the salt air of the sea-shore. He is a quiet, bashful, unassuming old man, and much beloved by his constituents.

**ANNEXATION TO NANTUCKET.**—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Thursday last, Mr. Hallett of Nantucket made a humorous speech in support of the bill to annex Muskeget and Gravelly Islands to Nantucket. After brief opposition, headed by Mr. Linton of Cottage City, the bill was ordered to a third reading by an almost unanimous vote. The grounds of opposition were stated by Mr. Linton thus: It has been argued that, inasmuch as these islands are within the tide waters of Nantucket, the right of jurisdiction over them should also be exercised by that county. This position cannot be maintained and has no argument in its support. It is true, the Harbor and Land Commissioners included these islands within the tide waters of Nantucket, but they neither had nor claimed to have any authority over land jurisdiction; on the contrary, they were careful to disclaim any such authority. If the consideration just referred to is sought to be maintained against the ruling of the Harbor and Land Commissioners, we are met with the fact that other islands similarly situated are no longer under their original jurisdiction. The island of Mashpee in Buzzard's Bay belongs to Sandwich; the Commissioners included it in the waters of Wareham. Billingsgate Island belongs to Eastham; this island was included in the waters of Wellfleet. Great Misery Island in Salem Harbor belongs to the city of Salem; this island was included in the waters of Beverly. If the bill now before the House is to receive any support on the ground that Muskeget and Gravelly Islands are included in the tide waters of Nantucket, it follows that Salem must relinquish Great Misery Island, Eastham must lose Billingsgate and Sandwich must give up the island of Mashpee. [The bill has since passed to be engrossed.]

Editor of the Journal:—

It appears that a new and novel feature was introduced at the Town Hall at the late election. The idea was possibly conceived in the fertile brain of some notorious blackleg. On counting the votes there appeared some very objectionable names for School Committee. I was informed that it was done to shame the very respectable body of lady voters from the hall. It reminds me of an anecdote I saw in one of our local papers where a gathering of Woman Suffragists were put to shame by similar conduct on the part of apologies for men. I think they had been previously ridiculed when a large gaunt colored woman appeared before them and took a place near or upon the platform. Some consternation was felt among them lest their cause should be identified with that class of society and I think there was heard the cry of "nigger," when the lady in question, none other than Sojourner Truth, arose giving them scorn for scorn with compound interest. They were utterly annihilated and to use the words of one of these good ladies, "she fairly took us up in her great strong arms and carried us over to victory."

The day may be not far distant when woman's vote will be respected and solicited. Every reform has been ridiculed and has finally triumphed. It is the fear of woman's influence that causes all the trouble. A regiment of five hundred strong is not easily ignored. I sincerely hope the temperance people and the clergy will persevere in the good work begun and use all their influence toward the election of temperance people to fill every office.

The man of fine form and feature and who has a way to please the multitude generally has a long train of admirers but in times that try men's souls all this is overlooked and the good man is brought to the front. To all who possess the spirit of reform, I would say:

Art thou faithful, then oppose  
Sin and wrong with all thy might.  
Care not how the tempest blows,  
Only care to win the fight.

**ALARM OF FIRE.**—Never did the male population of Nantucket turn out en masse with greater alacrity than on Monday afternoon last in response to the alarming cry of "fire!" The announcement made was "up Main street" and thither engines, hose carts and patriots hastened with all possible speed. The cause of the alarm proved to be the burning of a henry belonging to Messrs. H. B. Hussey and M. F. born, at the rear of the latter's residence on Milk street, and was probably occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp which supplied the heat for a hen incubator then in operation. The fire was confined to the interior of building and extinguished by neighbors before the arrival of the fire department. The bells were not rung, but Alaric Hull did good service notifying the habitants by aid of his fish horn. The fire occurred in the night the rain can only be anticipated as a high wind was blowing directly toward the thickly settled part of the town. Besides the eggs destroyed a number of fancy-breed fowl were suffocated by smoke, swelling the amount of the loss to about \$50.

**MORAL.**—Don't hasten to get rich fast. Though a trifle slower, the fashioned way of hatching chicks is safest, for the hen never bursts omelette.

#### OBITUARY.

Mrs. Martha W. Jenks, who died in South Boston on the 20th ult., was born in Nantucket, April 21, 1801, and married Samuel H. Jenks, many years editor of the Nantucket Inquirer. Mrs. Jenks aided her husband greatly in newspaper work and also contributed magazine sketches and poems of acknowledged merit. She leaves three children, Francis H. Jenks of the Boston Transcript, Miss Martha C. Jenks and Mrs. Lucy C. Bartlett.

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CONGREGATIONALIST, Boston.—"We have had several hearty laughs over the book. There is lots of fun in it, as the boys say. Woven in this element, is a love story of a good moral character. The book will leave a good impression. Sea talk is extremely amusing when heard on the shore, and the walks and talks of our transformed bo'son abound in entertainment."

ISLAND REVIEW, Nantucket.—"The author shows his early life at sea by the thoroughly salt language that pervades every paragraph; while at the same time the moral tone of every line is so pure that with the youth of either sex it will have the same attraction that Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson had with the youth of previous years. We trust that the author will live long to enjoy the honor that belongs to him for giving to the readers of America a new story so quaint in design, so pure in thought, and so entertaining in character, with an admirable moral attached to a happy ending."

BROOKLYN EAGLE, April 18.—Captain Charles F. Swain, the Secretary of the Law Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Intemperance and Crime in this city, followed the sea for nearly forty years before casting anchor for good and all at No. 159 Schermerhorn street. During his many years experience afloat Captain Swain took part in numerous events which have now passed into history. He was one of the leaders in the movement which resulted in the formation of a vigilance committee in San Francisco when that city was so effectually cleared of its disorderly element. But perhaps his most notable and remarkable achievement is that he has written a very readable book, entitled, "Captain Waters and Bill, his Bo'son."

It is a healthy book, for boys especially, and tells how Captain Waters and Bill, after sailing together for many years, retired to a farm in Saratoga county, which they undertook to "navigate" with the assistance of their wives. It is a quaint, pure story that "R. O. Sault" (Captain Swain's *nom de plume*) has written. All the characters in it are old followers of the sea, and its wholesome, healthy tone forms a striking contrast to the mass of sensational literature which is now exerting such a demoralizing influence upon the minds and morals of the rising generation. A second edition of the book has already been issued by the publisher, John P. Jewett, of John street, New York.



#### NOTICE.

The undersigned desires to state that ten lots, each 70x100, on Brant Point, are offered for sale for the purpose of erecting Cottage Houses only, with the following restrictions, which are made for the purpose of protecting the purchasers and insuring a first-class design: 1st—The cottage is to be built within one year from the date of deed. 2d—It is to be set back 15 feet from the street. 3d—It is to have a piazza on at least one side. 4th—It is to be designed by a member of some society of architects. These lots are offered at reasonable prices, and any person desiring further information may apply to

THE BRANT POINT LAND COMPANY,  
NANTUCKET, MASS.

## EVERETT H. SWAIN.

"JOHN PAUL" PAYS A TRIBUTE TO HIS FRIEND—  
WHAT A WELL-KNOWN SUMMER VISITOR  
THOUGHT OF HIS FELLOW-BOATMAN.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1887.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—By a letter from my friend, Mr. Freeman, I learn of the sudden death of my friend and companion, Everett Swain, of your town. To say that I am deeply grieved, but faintly expresses the feeling that is upon me. In the course of repeated visits to Nantucket I had become rarely fond of him; he stood to me as one of the harbor-lights—though, for that matter, sooner would I have heard that both Brant Point and Great Point beacons had been blotted out, never to be re-lit, than to have learned as now that the light in those kindly young eyes had faded out forever. From the very first time that I saw his fresh young face among the gnarled and knotted ones of the older men who congregate on Steamboat wharf, I took a strange fancy to it, and in reality came to know the wearer long before a personal acquaintance actually began. There are those, you know, to whom one needs no introduction; of whose good qualities it is not necessary that any should inform you, and of these was Everett Swain. The man or woman who would not take such a face upon trust, who could look into such eyes and doubt them—that man or that woman I myself would not like to know, and certainly would have doubts of. Manly in every way, sturdy as a young oak, he had yet a rare gentleness of character—perhaps if I say that he was in the best sense of the word, a gentleman, my meaning will be thoroughly understood. Claiming to be but a fisherman, he was, in his big boots and oilskins, as free from sordidness as any prince of the blood could be; and those who secured his services by money alone, by no means got the best part of the man. I do not know that it ever occurred to me to bargain with him—I do not know that I could have done so. The impression was on me from the outset that whatever he condescended to charge for anything that he consented to do for me, it would be all too little, and that at the end I should remain his debtor. Lest there may be some misapprehension as to the value of what I now say, let me remark right here that this impression as regards boatmen generally is not entertained by me—not by any manner of means. But Everett, aside from positive services, did me good in divers ways, and above his grave I wish to make this acknowledgment—for one thing he gave me a fresh hold on life, a better opinion of human nature. I never knew him to do a mean thing; I never heard him utter an unworthy or an ignoble thought—and I say this with a full knowledge that it is much to say. After being in his company I never felt belittled. For I do not remember to have ever heard him say an unkind word of a human being. I do not remember ever to have known him attribute a mean motive to another, even when, alas, to my older eyes and less noble interpretation, the meanness of motive seemed plain and patent beyond all possibility of concealment, and from a lower prompting of feeling I assumed the crime and sat in judgment. In this great christian virtue—the cardinal one—of thinking no evil and speaking no evil of any, I have never known his superior—I had almost said I had never known his equal. And yet I have consorted somewhat with professional philanthropists, priests and rabbis, with no end of eminent christians, schoolmasters—and not a few old skippers! He had much that is supposed—erroneously supposed—to go with good clothes and scholarship, yet I question if ever in his life he had on a dress coat, and I take it that his college was a cat-boat. With him, good breeding was instinctive—and so un-failing was it, so thoroughly did it enter into and penetrate his demeanor, that I was not unfrequently surprised that some of those young men from cities and from great universities whom he "took out" in his boat occasionally, did not profit by and pattern from it. If he offered a lady unprovided with a water-proof, the oilskin jacket which he declared he did not want, though he stood in the bow with every sea breaking over him—a prince could not, and probably would not, have made the proffer with a greater delicacy. I remember once having seen him offer his rough coat to a lady—rough enough and sea-worn it was, but she was shivering in the chilly mist which suddenly came rolling in from the outer sea—and not Sir Walter Raleigh's self, when he knelt and spread his velvet and jewelled cloak that his queen might walk thereupon, proffered that knightly service with a more winning grace. That the queen accepted Sir Walter's chivalric homage more graciously than did this lady in the case in question, I hope—but, indeed, I mainly doubt. Ah, well, with all that has been said, what

after all has been said? And what can be said?

"Not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made Death other than Death."

And though there are many who can "whisper words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved," my talent does not lie in that line. For I am painfully aware of the fact that the platitudes which I might glibly offer to another would have little power to assuage grief if spoken under similar circumstances to me. Who shall take the old captain, nearing the end of his own voyage—already sighting the distant land where the lighters lie—by the hand, and attempt to persuade him that it is quite for the best that the staunch bark just started out in his name, freighted with possibilities and ambitions which he himself could not hope to bring into port, has gone down before his eyes, all sail set, the sea smooth, and seemingly not a rock in sight, while his own old hull swims on. "Ah, Captain, it's hard"—that's all the best shipmate could say. And I question if the storm-tossed veteran, laboring in the cross-running seas of a great despair, down by the head and his scuppers running salt water, would care to have him say more. Wisdom of the schools, indeed! All that philosophy can teach is, bear.

As for what I have tried to say—and feel that I have signally failed in saying, though I have said more than the modest friend who is gone would have cared to hear (I remember that he blushed like a girl when I once repeated to him a compliment spoken by a lady passenger and overheard by me)—no praise of mine can heighten the love and esteem in which he is held by all who knew him here. As for where he has gone, it is not necessary that a herald loud with laudation attend upon his footsteps. But there are so few whom one can conscientiously honor—even when dead—that I could not refrain from strewing this honest wreath (keep though it be) upon Everett's grave. Certainly if achievements be measured by opportunities, and a kindly heart and delicacy of feeling be worthy of perpetuation through ages, irrespective of any profession here on earth—as I firmly believe—my friend's immortality is assured. And if it be my lot to also gain that open sea which lies beyond the puzzling channels and shifting sands of this sadly shut-in harbor, I shall hope to enjoy many a cruise—in that eternal blue water beyond all bars and clear of all rips and treacherous cross currents with the gone-before friend who could keep his tongue under control as well as handle a boat.

CHAS. HENRY WEBB.

From the New York Graphic.

## "SCONSET-ON-SEA."

BEFORE THE SEASON—EIGHT MILES FROM  
EVERYWHERE.

This is codfishing time at "Sconset." "Sconset" is eight miles from Nantucket, eight miles from a post-office, eight miles from a store, eight miles from a church, eight miles from a regularly kept Sunday, eight miles from almost everything except sea, sky, wind, sheep, woodticks, codfish, squid, clams and a serene quiet. Some of our most devout people do not fish on Sunday. They stay at home, wash, shave, put on a clean shirt, go out, talk codfish behind the barn or fish house and get bait ready for Monday morning. There isn't much difference here betwixt a fish-house and a barn. We cure codfish and hay together. Just now we're raking in the codfish crop. The harvesters are on the sea early in the morning twenty dorys strong, one man and two lines to a dory. Codfish are spread to dry and cure in the sun like hay. If the sun is too hot it cooks them. The fish falls all to pieces. If the air is damp it spoils them. They must be taken in at night. They must be taken in if a fog comes up. A codfish must be handled from a dozen to twenty times before it is cured. We catch pollock as well as codfish. Pollock look like big bluefish or "horse mackerel." The pollock is a top water fish. The cod lies on the bottom. We can cure pollock and pass them off for cod. We don't like to if we can help it.

We won't eat a codfish here twenty-four hours out of water. We call such a fish spoiled. We fry enormous cods' heads. We split them in four sections and fry them brown in hot pork fat. Spring chicken takes water alongside of this dish.

There are now about twenty able-bodied men in "Sconset," mostly cod fishers. Those who are not cod fishers are carpenters. The carpenters are busy on the summer cottages. Of these there are over one hundred, all empty, including the two churches and three hotels. In four weeks' time a thousand people will be here, taking in cargoes of salt air and salt sea baths.

The "Sconset" cottage is a maritime architectural creation on land. It is the device of the fishermen whose lives were passed on schooners and smacks. Naturally, their heads were full of "bunkers," "lockers," and "companion ways." So when they built ashore they built "bunkers," "lockers," and "companion ways." The sleeping rooms of the "Sconset" cottage is simply a terra firma stateroom. The windows are "stern ports." The kitchen is a "galley," and the cockpit, accessible by a movable compromise betwixt a ladder and stairs, is the "crown" of the whaler.

We have a store. It is open but three days in the week, and then but a few hours each day. The store and the town pump are the only public institutions in "Sconset." But the store is never opened nights save white summer company is here. This for generations has given in

winter the male population of "Sconset" no place in the evening to hang their legs over cracker barrels, smoke chew, tobacco and barter fish yarns. We could endure this condition of things no longer. Last winter we clubbed together and built a club house to meet in evenings.

It cost \$90, and consists of one room, a stove, a lamp, twenty chairs, two barrels, one big table, two small ones, a water pail and tin cup, an old gun and a half-acre sand box, which our tobacco chewers are expected at least to aim at, and five dogs. When the club meets and the pipes are all in full blast the smoke is thick enough for a fog on the "Banks." The club house also answers for our post-office. Anybody who comes in from Nantucket brings the mail. The letters and papers are spread on the table, and whoever they are for comes and gets them. The Post-office department runs itself here.

The "Sconset" women don't approve of the club house. Before it was built the "old man" had to stay at home, because there was no place to go to. Now he's got a new port he stays out till ten or eleven o'clock at night. You see, as a rule, evenings, when he'd cleaned up, was about the only time he didn't smell codfishy and was olfactorily endurable in the domestic circle. Now he wastes his choicer perfume on the desert and ultra masculine air of the club house.

"Sconset" is a place, where through some combined influence and result of sea, sky, earth and air, you can forget what a misery it may be to live, stop thinking and simply exist. It is a place where dreams are made and you can live in one if you want to. You get up in the morning, eat your breakfast then sit on a bench out of doors, look on the sea and live a sort of pleasant waking doze. This much trumpeted thing we call mind with all its cares, fears and anxieties is temporarily suspended. Things come and go before you in a dazy sort of way. The few men on the beach a few hundred yards from you are blurred into vague and uncertain outlines by the misty atmosphere. You can't hear them and only half see them. You dream thus, think-

ing nothing until roused by a vigorous appetite for a twelve o'clock dinner. You eat as you used to when a boy or girl of fifteen. Then you go once more to your bench to dream anew and appreciate the luxury of existence to an anaconda, who when he has swallowed a cow has nothing to do but let himself alone and let his stomach digest that cow.

No poet has yet sung of the calm beatitudes of a healthy digestion, because people now give themselves so little time to digest. There's too much pure intellect without stomach. In "Sconset" the genius of the place reminds you that there is a union, a copartnership and a wedding between the mind and the stomach. Here the intellect can rest and the stomach has a chance to take a hand in the work of existing.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

The following little poem on the birth of her great grandson, Harold Sharp, was Mrs. P. B. Leedom's last poetical production written in the seventy-ninth year of her age. It has a ring of originality which is truly refreshing:

LINE

Written on the birth of Harold Sharp, January 17th, 1887.

Sweet mother, an unclothed soul  
To thy arms is given,  
See that thou a garment make  
He may wear in heaven.

Make him a little coat,  
Without a seam of sin,  
The outward part Humility,  
And Charity within.

Add to it sleeves of Love,  
Embracing all mankind:  
The buttons choose of burnished truth,  
The emblems of the mind,

Firmness a collar make,  
All evil to resist,  
Broad and expansive on the breast,  
The needy to assist.

Engirdle it around,  
With conscientiousness,  
That every word may wisdom form  
And every action bless.

MRS. PRISCILLA B. LEEDOM.

RARE VOLUMES.—At the Athenaeum Library there are on exhibition two ancient and valuable books, the property of George B. Upton, Esq., of Boston. One of these, entitled "Les Postilles et Expositions des Expistres et Evangiles," was printed in the year 1492. It is in gothic type, with numerous spirited wood-cuts, and was purchased in London, July 14, 1886, at the sale of the Strood Park Library. The other is the Life of St. Benedict, and is three hundred years old.

[We are permitted to publish the following interesting extract of a letter from Mrs. H. B. Sharp to a lady in town giving a glowing description of her voyage to Europe in the flag ship Westerland.]

May 8, 1887.

My Dear Friend:—

I have not suffered at all from sea-sickness, our voyage has been too gloriously smooth for that. The steamer is 450 feet long and carries 6,000 tons so thee can imagine we must move steadily and more. superb weather could never be imagined, a brilliant sunshine in the day, and a glorious moon at night. When we approach the Gulf stream there is a delicious something in the air that is irresistibly pleasant. The sea on the south side of the ship was flecked with the merry play of shimmering sunlight that never ceased from its wanton transfigurations while further out on the horizon this fantastic checker work blended into a solid surface of gold, leading off as a brilliant pathway to the sun. On the north side there is a striking contrast to this, the colors varying through different shades of soberness. Ah! those first dreamy restful days of the voyage; Not a care to disturb one "ever falling to sleep in a half dream." You sit on deck for hours at a time dozing away in sweet forgetfulness, or else gazing out on the sea and wondering at its aimless and ceaseless activity. Then you guess what your friends in the sunken west are doing, what thoughts hurry in restless haste through their minds. You think of them busied and worried over a thousand things that lash the mind into the same unrelenting rise and fall as you see out there on the bosom of the ocean, but you dream on and take your ease. "Eating the lotus day by day," thus the days pass until night darkens about us. There is the ceaseless splash of the waves against the ship, the regular dull thud of the screw and occasional scream of the whistle. The bell rings out the hour and the watchman at the prow sings out the words "All's well," this was drawn out in long musical tones that seem to come from no definite direction. Another sailor took it up and sent back the answer. "All-ll's well-ll," what a word of comfort and sweetness in that cry; of course one was not fearing disaster, still there was a confidence in those notes that makes one feel how complete his security really is. The cry of all's well is one of the pleasantest recollections of the voyage.

A pathway of soft light leaves out across the troubled waters. In another part of the Heavens the clouds have cleared and there in the distance a broad field of moonlight that looks so hallowed and peaceful amid these restless murky waters. To-morrow we will be approaching land.

The sun shines so tenderly through the moist atmosphere on the English coast. We passed Dover, its fine old castle on the cliffs above, and beyond these cliffs beautiful green hills rolling away to the North. Roads led between these pleasant hedges down to the seaside. Farther in the straits, the chalk cliffs form a continuous wall. Some one points out Shakespeare's Rock; the supposed scene of the well known incident in King Lear, and another the point where Julius Caesar landed. We are there at the mouth of the Scheldt. And here lies the quaint old Dutch city of Flushing. A frowning fortress at the most important part on the walls and several windmills and towers in the background. We move slowly up the river much entertained by the Dutch landscape with its old church spires, its rows of laborious windmills, its endless lines of shapely trees, its meadows with many colored cattle grazing at ease. Far beyond the dykes we occasionally see a sail across the country. The spires of the celebrated cathedral (whose tower in its delicate carvings Napoleon compares to meehlin lace) appears in view. The passengers prepare to leave our long pleasant home, the baggage being piled in long rows on the lower deck, and we are being pulled to the wharf. Hasty good byes are said, words of regret spoken. The ship stops, the plank is thrown out, we step ashore and are in Europe.

MRS. H. B. SHARP.

OF THE  
MANDER.E.  
R.

The following communication appeared in the *Boston Journal Supplement* of Saturday last, and as it is of historical interest to the people of Nantucket, we copy it entire:

**Newburyport, Salisbury and Nantucket.**  
To the Editor of the *Boston Journal*:

The interesting historical sketch of Old Newbury recently published in The Journal, together with later communications from citizens of the two older towns, concerning Thomas Macy and his removal from Salisbury to Nantucket, contain so much that is erroneous, according to the data now extant in Nantucket, that I have thought it peculiarly appropriate at this time, when the 250th anniversary of the elder town is so soon to be appropriately observed, to communicate some facts that may possibly disabuse the minds of your other writers upon this subject. Notwithstanding the traditions and the poetry are against me and in spite of the numerous printed statements which pass for history, simply because they have been printed, I assert that Thomas Macy was not driven from Salisbury because he entertained Quakers, neither was he a Quaker himself, and further, that religious persecution did not enter into the compact for the purchase of Nantucket island, so far as the records show.

Thomas Macy and the other men who formed the company for the purchase of the island were all too enlightened to apprehend danger to person or property from the Government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. They were all of them superior men, as the positions they had occupied in the towns of Newbury, Salisbury, Haverhill, Hampton, Dover and elsewhere, both previous and subsequent to the purchase, abundantly testify, according to the records. Many of them were God-fearing men, but they were never intimidated by the pusillanimous acts of the Provincial Court concerning either Quakers or witches. That they were annoyed by these acts, is doubtless true, because they were sensible of their intent. That some were more or less persecuted under them is also a matter of fact; and notably was Major Robert Pike, one of the partners in the purchase of Nantucket. He was even disfranchised by the General Court; but he did not run away. He never permanently removed to Nantucket but stayed at Salisbury and faced the persecution and came off victorious; and when a petition was sent to the General Court praying for his disabilities to be removed, and the Court sent out a commission to inquire of the petitioners why they so petitioned, Christopher Hussey, another of the Nantucket company, in connection with some fourteen other citizens of Newbury, Salisbury and Hampton, defied the authority of the General Court and answered that their reasons for signing the petition were made known in the petition itself. The act of John Quincy Adams in defending the right of petition in the Federal Congress, which shed more lustre upon his name than any act of his Presidential career, was thus anticipated by these sterling citizens by about two centuries.

Thomas Macy never was persecuted as many of the citizens of Newbury and Salisbury were. He was often honored with responsible public positions, and was never a religious zealot. In a matter concerning the division of the church he took sides with the minority, and the General Court ordered the minority to pay taxes to the regular church. But there was nothing in this order that can be tortured into a persecution. He also violated the law in giving shelter to four persons in a rainstorm, simply because those persons proved to be Quakers; for which he made acknowledgment of the offence, and was fined 30 shillings, the smallest sum imposed upon any of the offenders under the law, when the measure of the penalty might have been £20. He did not even appear to answer the summons but sent a letter, from which I make the following extract:

"On a rainy morning there came to my

house Edward Wharton and three men more; the said Wharton spoke to me, saying they were travelling eastward, and desired me to direct them in the way to Hampton and asked me how far it was to Casco Bay. I never saw any of the men before except Wharton, neither did I require their names or what they were; but by their carriage I thought they might be Quakers, and told them so, and therefore desired them to pass on their way, saying to them I might possibly give offence in entertaining them; and, as soon as the violence of the rain ceased (for it rained very hard), they went away and I never saw them since."

Now, as two of these men who accompanied Wharton were found to be William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, who were hung in Boston the 27th day of the following October, there have been some historians who seem to think that Thomas Macy came very near being hung also. And the poem of Whittier makes Macy an exile fleeing from persecution, when there is not a particle of evidence anywhere yet adduced to substantiate such a conclusion; but on the contrary, strong presumptive and documentary evidence that the story of Macy's persecutions and flight is a myth. His letter to the Court making answer to the charge of harboring Quakers bears date: "27th of the 8th month, 1659," old style. The deed of the purchase of Nantucket bears date: "July 2, 1659," which, according to the old style would be the fifth month. Thus it will be seen that the deed itself antedates the supposed cause of Macy's removal to Nantucket, and, inasmuch as the first records of the proprietors of Nantucket, now held by the present proprietors, show that the grantor of the island, Thomas Mayhew, lived at Martha's Vineyard, and that a meeting of the company was held in Salisbury at the house of Benjamin Cambell, as early in the year as February, at which time it was agreed among the original ten purchasers to each take a partner, and as there must have been some negotiation for the purchase before the proprietors could have met or the deed have been executed, and as the only matters discussed at other meetings held in Salisbury, as will appear from the Salisbury records now in Nantucket, are of a purely business character, I am forced to the conclusion that Thomas Macy and the other original purchasers of Nantucket had nothing else in view by said purchase but a profitable investment in land for agricultural and stock raising purposes, and that the fine of ten shillings imposed by the court for harboring Quakers gave no impetus whatever to his departure from Salisbury. Neither will it anywhere appear that Thomas Macy "sacrificed his property and his home to his religion," as stated in Obed Macy's history of Nantucket. On the contrary, by reference to the Salisbury deeds, 1664, it will be found that Thomas Macy sold to Anthony Colby the house in which he (the grantor) "dwelleth at the present." So that as late as 1664, Thomas Macy had not permanently removed from Salisbury. And again, if he had incurred the displeasure of the General Court by harboring Quakers, or given any offence which his conscience justified he was too brave a man to run away from the consequences and leave Robert Pike and Christopher Hussey, his partners in the purchase of Nantucket, to fight out a common cause.

On page 29, Macy's History of Nantucket, will be found the following: "In the fall of 1659 he (Thomas Macy) embarked in an open boat, with his family and such effects as he could conveniently take with him, and, with the assistance of Edward Starbuck, proceeded along the shore to the westward." On page 55 of the New Puritan (a history of Robert Pike), by James S. Pike, will be found the following, referring to the voyage of Thomas Macy: "He encountered a severe storm, and his wife, who was influenced by some omens of disaster, besought him to put back. He told her not to fear, for his faith was perfect. But she entreated him again. Then the spirit which impelled him broke forth: 'Woman, go below and seek thy God. I fear not the witches on earth or the devils in hell!'"

Both of these statements are traditional, of course, and absurdly inconsistent. If Macy embarked in an open boat he never told his wife to "go below" and seek her God. For there is no "go below" to an open boat.

A story handed down from father to son through successive generations, if reasonable and consistent with recorded facts and monumental evidence, may be safely relied upon to make up history. But the instant it is found to be in conflict with these more reliable forms of evidence, it must be rejected. Yet I know that false records have sometimes been made, and that monuments on the old burial hill at Plymouth and in Nantucket are incorrectly inscribed. Traditions are valuable, however, and there exists a better right to use them as such, when contradicted by more reliable data, than there can be in palming them off for history. And I believe that some parties who have handled these traditions concerning the settlement of Nantucket have been very careless in their use. Having a theory or a belief they have sought to fortify it by traditions regardless of record evidence. Your recent writers upon Old Newbury have fallen into the same errors.

My own belief, founded upon traditions, and substantiated in part by record evidence, is that the project for organizing a company to purchase Nantucket had its origin several years prior to the consummation of the purchase. Thomas Mayhew, who owned Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard by purchase, was a resident of Watertown before removing to Martha's Vineyard. He was a Deputy to the General Court from that place. Thomas Macy was a Deputy from Salisbury in 1654. Macy, in his correspondence with Gov. Lovelace, speaks of Mayhew as his honored cousin. At any rate, Macy and Mayhew were evidently friends. Mayhew having all the land he could take care of on the Vineyard doubtless suggested to Macy the idea of purchasing Nantucket. Macy agitated the question among his neighbors at Salisbury, and, according to Benjamin Franklin Folger, the most reliable genealogist of Nantucket, the year before Thomas Macy came to Nantucket an expedition was sent there, headed by Tristram Coffin, to inspect the land and ascertain the temper of the Indians, &c. This expedition first went to the Vineyard and took Peter Folger as an interpreter of the Indian language. Upon the report of this expedition the company was formed and the purchase made. Thomas Mayhew had no idea of making Martha's Vineyard his permanent home when he first went there. Neither had any of the original purchasers of Nantucket any definite idea that it would become their permanent home. It was an investment—a speculation—the same as their purchase of Pentucket, now Haverhill, and other places. Not being obliged to erect fences upon an island to prevent their stock from straying, Nantucket proved a very profitable investment. When Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Isaac Coleman and James Coffin, whom tradition says came together in 1659, landed upon Nantucket, they were anticipated by the Indian settlers, and not received as refugees. They all went back again, and some of them many times. James Coffin was a citizen of Dover in 1668, and I have already shown that Thomas Macy occupied his house in Salisbury in 1664. There were no organized governments upon either of these islands until 1671. A town upon the island of Nantucket was not mooted until May 10, 1661 and that was at a meeting of the proprietors held at Salisbury. At this meeting "Robert Pike was appointed to keep the records concerning the island at Salisbury, and Thomas Macy to keep the records at the island."

I could cite many other facts from the records in support of my position, but think I have given enough to invalidate the popular belief upon which Whittier's beautiful poem of "The Exile" was founded. The summing up of the foregoing will show: 1. Thomas Macy was not a

Quaker. 2. He was not persecuted for harboring Quakers. 3. He did not sacrifice either home or property for his religion. 4. Nantucket was not purchased as a place of refuge from religious intolerance, but as an investment. 5. The settlement of the island and organization of a town was an after event, which took place in the order of time.

ALLEN COFFIN.

**THE SIGNAL SERVICE.**—An enlargement of the field of operations of the New England section of the National signal service is a matter now in progress, says the *Boston Advertiser*. In one particular the new arrangement is fully established; in another it will be in 10 days or perhaps less, and in the third by March 1.

The first in this order of succession is the successful operation since January of the new first class station at Nantucket. A first class station is one making three daily reports to headquarters at Washington. This one was started about two months ago or more, but had hardly got well going when the work was wholly interrupted by the breaking of the cable connecting the island with the main land. The cable was caught in the anchor of a coasting vessel and when hauled aboard was severed with an axe or other instrument in order to clear the anchor. Such a mishap it is hardly supposable will occur again.

The reason for this expectation on the part of officials is that, as the cable in its practical use is specially for the benefit of coastwise navigators, it is believed that in case it shall be hauled above water again by anchor the mariners, instead of cutting it, will see that they can afford to make a hitch upon it, belay long enough to slack off and clear the anchor and cut away the fast, sacrificing so much of the fast, for the sake of the signal service, as is required to reach from the rail of the vessel to the surface of the sea. Thus the cable will sink back unharmed into the quiet ooze.

The position of Nantucket makes it a specially valuable signalling station, and of importance as an observing station. It lies out in the ocean 25 or 30 miles from the main land and within the climatic influences of the gulf stream. Its meteorological conditions are therefore in marked and instructive contrast with those of the station at Mt. Washington, 120 or 125 miles north of Boston. Nantucket is about 90 miles southeasterly of Boston and 75 miles easterly of Block Island, where is another first class station of the signal service.

The cable service of Nantucket takes the island of Martha's Vineyard as an intermediate point, land wire for telegraphic connection being extended across that island to Vineyard Haven. At Vineyard Haven an officer of the service is stationed for operating the electric telegraph and to display flag signals. At Nantucket the station has a position at a good altitude commanding a wide area of navigable water whence its signals may be seen.

It is proposed to establish flagging stations at an early day at one or two other points on Nantucket and also one on the southwestern verge of Martha's Vineyard, at Gay Head. Signals are now displayed at Woods Holl. Thus the two great commercial highways, one of which extends outside of Nantucket and the other through Vineyard Sound, will be provided with ample weather warnings, the reputation of which is not a matter of pretence on the part of the officials of the signal service but stands upon the voluntary testimony of practical navigators. At the Nantucket station Sergt. B. A. Blundon has charge.

In the *Boston Transcript's* "Notes and Queries" of last week, Allen Coffin, Esq., corrects Mr. H. Russell, concerning the first white child born on Nantucket. Mr. Coffin says the first white child born was Mary (Starbuck) Gardner, wife of James Gardner, and not Mary (Coffin) Starbuck wife of Nathaniel Starbuck. It is the difference between mother and daughter.

AB.

SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.		WITHOUT LEAVE.	
	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.

the capture of the two ships, informed him that they were both full of sperm oil, had put into Coquimbo for refreshments, and knew nothing of the war until they were captured.

Capt. Porter, indignant at the proceedings of this Peruvian corsair, threw her armament over board, and deprived her of a large part of the sails and rigging, then liberating the Americans on board of her, he sent her to Callao with a letter to the Viceroy.

The British letter of marque Nimrod, intended to dispute with the Peruvian cruiser the possession of the Barclay. She was on the look out for that ship, being assured that inasmuch as she had not been engaged in any illicit trade, the Peruvian government must give her up.

Porter was, therefore, anxious to fall in with the Nimrod. West, with a part of the liberated Americans, were put on board the Charles, which vessel proceeded to Coquimbo. It is believed that the Walker and Barclay were the only New Bedford ships at that time on the Pacific ocean. My impression is that there were about twenty from Nantucket.

On the 28th, Porter captured the Barclay just as she was entering the harbor of Callao.

As usual, the Essex was disguised as an English frigate. Capt. Randall was of course anxious to reach the port, for even Peruvian protection was better for him than capture by the British. He came very near succeeding. But the wind died away as his ship approached the harbor, and the Essex coming up sent a boat and took possession. An English flag was hoisted over the American. As soon as the officer was put on board, the boat fastened to the bow of the ship, and being soon joined by other boats from the Essex, the Barclay was again pointed seaward.

The coxswain of the first boat that boarded Capt. Randall's ship was one of his own crew. After turning the head of the ship, the boat left the line of two boats and pulled alongside. As the coxswain came over the rail, he gave the Captain a salute, but the latter was too much overcome by the terrible misfortune that had come upon him to give a very hearty response. All was lost. His ship, with a full cargo of sperm oil, was a prize to the English. Surprised as he was, to see a part of his own crew in the boat which had made him a prize, the evidence that he had been captured by a British cruiser was too conclusive to be doubted. Therefore it was, that when the coxswain saluted his former commander with a "how do you do Capt. Randall," the Captain gave a lugubrious reply. "Come, Captain, don't be down in the mouth, what have you got to drink."

"You know as well as I do," was the poor Captain's reply.

The young sailor soon made the fact that he did know plainly manifest. The bottle was found, and his boat's crew had a drink all around.

The Barclay was now well in the offing,

British whaling ship Montezuma, Capt. David Baxter. The Essex, under British colors, had no difficulty in boarding her and the boarding officer as little in getting Capt. Baxter to accept the invitation to visit His Majesty's man-of-war. While Capt. B. was in the cabin of the Essex his crew were transferred to that ship and a prize crew sent to the Montezuma. The astonishment of Capt. B. when he went on deck, found the American flag flying over him, his crew on board the Essex, and his ship a prize, may be easily imagined. Capt. Baxter belonged to Nantucket and his ship was the property of Benjamin Rotch, of Milford Haven. Mr. R., a son of William Rotch, and a brother of William Rotch, Jr., had left Nantucket and had for several years as a British subject, successfully carried on the whaling business from Wales. The Montezuma had on board fourteen hundred barrels of oil.

The same day the Essex made prizes of the ships Georgiana and Polley.

The former ship was now equipped for the service and the command of her given to Lieut. Downes.

Rejoiced as Captain Randall was to regain possession of his ship and cargo, and to find himself under the protection of the flag of his country, there were circumstances in his situation that gave him constant uneasiness and anxiety. He was thousands of miles from home, and the way to that home was beset with the cruisers of the enemy. In no port of South America could he feel himself safe. Already report had been heralded the arrival of a British naval force in the Pacific, superior to that under the command of Porter, and sent out for the very purpose of his destruction.

Added to all this was the fact, that on board of one of the fleet of British whalers, every ship of which seemed doomed as the prey of the untiring Porter, was his oldest son. He was mate of the ship Rose, of London. He had gone early to England with Capt. Baxter, had sailed with him in the employ of Mr. Rotch, and although not yet twenty-one years of age had left behind him at Milford a wife and child.

And the father knew that the Rose was near, and that there could be but little hope of escape. Whatever may have been his feelings as to the success of the Essex in the destruction of the whaling fleet of the enemy, he could but feel sorrowful at the thought, that he should most probably soon meet his son as a prisoner—reduced to his own supposed condition when he heard his ship was turned away from the shelter of the harbor of Callao.

Capt. Randall would have been one of the last to deny his country. Sooner than have uttered the words of the gentlemanly but false and traitorous Wier, he would have been dumb forever.

Wier, like Randall, was a Yankee. He was Captain of the British whaler Atlantic, which ship was about this time, added to the list of Porter's captures. Like Baxter, he had supposed himself an hon-

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—Last Monday afternoon the annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society was held in the vestry of the Unitarian Church, the president, Mrs. Catherine Starbuck, in the chair. Rev. L. S. Baker offered prayer. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: President, Catherine Starbuck; vice-presidents Mrs. Charlotte C. Pearson, Phebe A. Gardner; secretary, Mary A. Starbuck; treasurer, Sarah B. Swain. From the report of the secretary, printed below, an idea of the society's work may be obtained, and the treasurer's report will also show the financial standing:

Another year has rolled round which brings us to the 21st anniversary of the Children's Aid Society. The past year has been marked by some changes of a painful nature. Our hearts have been saddened by the sudden death of Mrs. Anna Coggeshall, who for seven years was the devoted and unselfish matron of the Children's Home, and we feel that in the death of Mrs. Coggeshall the society has lost a friend whose aim in life was to do all in her power for the poor and friendless. Especially towards children was this love manifested, and we shall ever cherish with grateful remembrance her affection for those committed to her charge, and who were so suddenly deprived of one who endeavored to fill the place of a mother to them. We have also to record the death of two beloved and honored members of the executive committee, noble women who for many years were identified with the society and ever ready to extend to us a helping hand. We have now in our care five children all provided with comfortable homes and with the exception of the youngest attending school regularly, and we trust they will be trained in such a manner as to become useful members of society. To all who have aided us, either by donations or as annual subscribers, we tender our heartfelt thanks, and it will be our aim to try and carry on the work successfully which for many years has, as we trust, exerted an influence for good in this community. MARY ANN STARBUCK, Sec'y.

#### TREASURER'S REPORT.

Cash on hand, June 1, 1886,	\$1372.92
Received from members and subscribers,	271.00
"    "    Town,	41.00
From concerts by ladies & gents of 'Sconset,	129.00
"    dividend Pacific National Bank,	16.50
"    "    New Bedford Savings Bank,	14.10
"    "    Nantucket	58.12
"    "    Government Bonds,	800
Total	1910.64
Expenses of "The Home,"	413.73
Balance June 1, 1887,	\$1496.91

S. B. SWAIN, Treasurer.

Robert Barry Coffin, whose humorous writings over the signature of "Barry Gray" have made the latter name a household word in a large circle of readers, died last Thursday at his home in Fordham, N. Y., at the age of sixty. Mr. Coffin was born in Hudson, N. Y., and was the great grandson of Alexander Coffin, one of the original proprietors of Hudson. He was seventh in line of descent from Tristram Coffin, of Buxton, England, who settled in Nantucket in 1660. On completing his studies at school he studied theology and began writing for the Churchman, drifting from this into journalistic work without finishing his theological course. In 1854 he married a widow, Abigail Mandeville, a daughter of the late William Pendleton Burdick, of ~~the~~, and in 1857 moved to New York city. He became connected in 1858 with the Home Journal, succeeding T. B. Aldrich as its assistant editor, and at the same time became the art critic of the Evening Post. His first book, "Married Life at Hillside," appeared serially in the Home Journal during 1864, and was published in one volume in 1865. "Matrimonial Infelicities" followed in 1866. Then came "Out of Town" in 1866, and "Cakes and Ale," in 1868. "Castles in the Air," a volume of sketches gathered from Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, the Home Journal, the Eastern States Journal, the Weekly Leader, and the Saturday Press, appeared in 1871. In 1864 Mr. Coffin was appointed a clerk in the Auditor's Office in the New York Custom House, and in 1865 he moved out of the city to Fordham. "Barry Gray" was chosen poet at the reunion of the Coffin family in 1881 at Nantucket, and delivered some verses on that occasion which have been widely copied. He leaves a wife and two sons, William H. and Albert ~~Barry~~. A lovely daughter, May Anne, died a few months ago. The funeral services were held last Sunday at his picturesque home in Fordham. It was attended by the prominent residents of the village, and by a number of people from New York, among whom were J. G. Brown, the artist, Wilson Macdonald, sculptor, Mrs. Converse, and the three children of General George P. Morris—General William H. Morris, Mrs. Ida Morris Putnam and Mrs. Georgie Cole. The burial took place on Monday at Hudson.

Mary Allen  
Ithaca

12, 1886.

## OLD "BARRY GRAY" DEAD.

A WIT, CRITIC AND AUTHOR WHO DINED WITH THE BOHEMIANS.

Another Link in the Bright Circle Gone—How the Old Boys Used to Meet in Pfaff's Cellar—Authors, Painters and Sculptors Who Were Not Above Beer and Sandwiches.

Robert Barry Coffin, the once celebrated "Barry Gray," died at his residence in Fordham at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The venerable author and Bohemian had become quite feeble, and for months had been unable to leave his bed. His wife and two sons were present when he fell asleep for the last time. "Barry Gray" spent the last six years of his life as an attaché of the Custom-House. Three months ago he resigned from the service. He had to be carried upstairs when he drew his salary for the last time. Last summer his only daughter died and the old gentleman did not recover from the shock. He will be buried in the old family cemetery at Hudson on Monday.

It was sixty years ago that "Barry Gray" was born, but not until the forties was he known as a man of literary talent. He was a member of the Coffin family, of Cape Cod, a descendant of old Admiral Coffin and a relative of the present truthful Capt. Coffin. Mr. Coffin was an exceedingly small, slim man with a Shakespearian head and face and keen, bright eyes. He succeeded Thomas Bayley Aldrich as critic for the *Home Journal*, and it was chiefly in this position that he made himself known. In his day he associated with Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow and many other famous authors. He wrote a large number of books, among which were "Married Life at Hillside," "Out of Town," "Infelicities of Married Life" and "Cakes and Ale." He had a peculiar vein of humor and wrote a clever sort of doggerel by the yard. Mr. Coffin was a princely host and his dinners were known all over the country.

Deep down in the fat and ancient Pfaff's cellar, on Broadway, "Barry Gray" used to hold high wassail with the Bohemians. He was one of the brightest of that brilliant and witty company so few of whom are alive to-day. At the dripping round-table where Walt Whitman read his "Yawps," where Fitz-Greene Halleck cracked jokes and where Artemus Ward tried to make the democrats of literature believe that he was born to be an undertaker, Mr. Coffin was in his glory. At the head of the table would be Henry C. Clapp, the little bewhiskered "King of Bohemia," full of learning and poverty. Then there was light-hearted Fitz James O'Brien, Edgar Allan Poe, Willie Winter, George Arnold, Frank Wood, Ned House, Charley Gayler, Hugh Farrar McDermott, Gen. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly"), Ned Wilkins, Nathan D. Urner, Nat. Sheppard and a score of other happy, careless children of Bohemia. M. Clémenceau, now the Radical leader of France, was constantly present at the carnivals in Pfaff's cellar. He was then a rugged, aimless man-about-town. The "King of Bohemia" lent him \$100 to go to Maine and court the present Mme. Clémenceau, once a pretty Yankee girl. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, was also a member of the circle, and, indeed, so popular was he among the old boys that Mr. Coffin named his son after him. But the quaintest and most remarkable figure at the round-table was Ada Clare, the actress. Hundreds of beers were quaffed in her honor. She was looked upon as a "good fellow," and yet as a sort of divinity or "child of the regiment."

Little "Barry Gray" was one of the keenest of the company, and his wit was never dull. Hundreds of stories are told about the razor-edged repartee in which he engaged with some of the foremost Bohemians. Edgar Fawcett has sung the sweetness of that murky cellar.

Before I was famous I used to sit in a dull old underground room I knew, and sip cheap beer and be glad for it, with a mild Bohemian friend or two.

I would cast, and gladly, from this grubby head, its crown to regain one sweet lost year with artistic George, with splenetic Fred, with Dreamy Frank, with the pipes and beer.

Out of that cellar issued men who have been famous all the world over. Others have found paupers' graves. A few, a very few, still live. Not long ago one of the old Bohemians, who had through intemperance been reduced to poverty, met a prosperous journalist.

"Amos, old boy, I've come to the end of my journey. Lend me \$5 to buy a pistol. I'm going to shoot myself to-night."

There were tears in the old fellow's eyes, but his former associate laughingly handed him \$5 with a word or two of encouragement. On the next day they met. The ragged Bohemian was royally drunk, and was quite demonstrative.

"Why," said his benefactor, with assumed indignation, "what do you mean by breaking your word? You said that you would shoot yourself last night."

"So I did, so I did," muttered he. "I bought a pistol, went to a room in French's Hotel, undressed myself and put the weapon to my head. Then I suddenly said to myself, 'Why, you lankid fool, here you've paid \$5 for this pistol, when you could have spent \$4.95 in a farewell spree and have five cents left for Paris green to relieve you of all your troubles.' I dressed myself and got drunk. The five cents is in my pocket, and when I am ready I will buy enough Paris green to rid me of my life."

The journalist laughed and patted him on the shoulder. That night the wanderer committed suicide by poison.

John Brougham, the playwright, Tom Placide, the actor, and many noted theatrical men associated closely with the Bohemians. "Barry Gray" knew them all. In his library at Fordham are letters from the leading men of science, literature and art. It has not yet been decided what will be done with his library.

Locomotive Dionis ran off the track at the Main street crossing, Monday, owing to a misplaced switch, and quite a crowd gathered to witness the operation of getting her on. The drivers were so wedged between two ties that it was at last necessary to fire up the 'Sconset, and with her aid the engine took the rails again.

WALTHAM, Mass., Jan. 23d, 1882.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have, for several weeks, been trying to find an opportunity to write a few lines in reply to the article of friend "F. C. E." in yours of Dec. 17th, but could not until now.

When I read his assertion that "Nantucket, Jr." has at last got it that the map charges our clan-sires with being both ignoramuses and imbeciles, I remarked to myself, "If you did say so, 'Nantucket, Jr.,' you deserve to have both the epithets applied to you," and then I went to my papers to see what I actually did say, and here it is:—"I was surprised to see on Dr. Ewer's map the statement which was to the effect that our progenitors were ignorant men." Now for what the map really does say, and that I find to be:—"1663, Peter Foulger moved to the island. The inhabitants, with the exception of Foulger, illiterate." I won't press this point any further; I leave it to the Doctor's candor to determine which of us does the other more exact justice.

I have no time to prepare a lengthy article at this time, and if I had, it would consist, in a considerable degree, of quotations from documents which I have copied or had copied from the archives of Massachusetts and New York and other sources. I think even the Doctor will admit that our first settlers could, generally speaking, read and write. Now what is the standard of illiteracy? Is it not variable? Would not the well-informed man of two hundred years be comparatively ignorant judged by today's standard? Will not men whom we consider fairly informed be thought illiterate by the standard of two hundred years from now? Judged by the standard of two hundred years ago were our ancestors illiterate? I think not. My experience in the searching of records and old manuscripts—and I have had some experience in that direction—leads me to such a conclusion, and an examination of thousands of pages of manuscript convinces me that our ancestors were far from being unlettered, untaught, ignorant or illiterate.

My friend the Doctor quotes Macy's History to support his statement. In my present position it would be a very delicate matter for me to criticise that work, nevertheless I would say that there were hundreds of pages of manuscript, of vital importance to the historian of Nantucket, that Mr. Macy never saw, and could not, of course, form a judgment upon. In fact Mr. Macy himself speaks of the great lack of such material for him to work upon, (see Preface, page V) and this notwithstanding "F. C. E." speaks of his "excellent opportunities for observing what our sires had left behind them in the way of evidence as to their education or want of it." What does the Doctor think of page one of the preface to the history? The second paragraph is, from first to last, a series of historical errors. The same may be said of the original matter on page 15. On page 26, Mr. Macy says that our ancestors were "so illiterate that the little of their writings that have come down to us is hardly legible or intelligible." Passing over the fault in construction, this statement is another inaccuracy, as I think I could easily prove to "F. C. E." were he to see documents which I have seen. The story of James Lopar is, beyond a doubt, another error. The paragraph on page 31, stating that, up to 1760, not a single white person was killed or drowned in the pursuit of the whale-fishery is another, as documents on file at Boston attest. The general drift of page 39 is to assert that our ancestors dwelt together in a charmingly harmonious manner, when, as a matter of fact, such was not the case. And so I might continue. Now it is a very easy matter to prove the Doctor's authority sadly at fault in the passages to which I have called attention, and in half a dozen others that just now occur to me. If this is so, is it not possible that Mr. Macy is wrong in regard to this illiteracy, especially when numerous contemporary documents seem to prove quite conclusively the opposite?

NANTUCKET, JR.

### Serious Charges.

The following statement appeared in Boston *Globe* of Tuesday last:

#### Venturesome Veeder.

THE KEEPER OF A NANTUCKET LIFE STATION CHARGED WITH BOLD BAD DEEDS.

WASHINGTON, January 31.—Sworn charges have been preferred to General Superintendent Kinball of the life saving service against Keeper George A. Veeder of the Surf-side station at Nantucket by John Williams, Jr. The charges comprise smuggling from a wreck by connivance of Keeper Veeder; use of liquor by the latter, and other infractions of the regulations for the government of the service. Should the charges be sustained the keeper will probably be removed and discipline at this station be restored by a reorganization of the crew. If the charge of smuggling against the keeper is sustained and pushed, it means \$500 fine and a year's imprisonment. But there may be no desire to go to that extreme.

Desiring to ascertain Capt. Veeder's version of the matter the *JOURNAL* representative drove out to the Surf-side station through a blinding snow storm yesterday, taking with him a copy of the *Globe*. This was the first knowledge of the matter received at the station. Capt. Veeder emphatically denied the allegations contained in the article, and intimated that they would be easily disproved and everything satisfactorily explained should the matter be officially investigated. The charge of smuggling he claimed was ridiculous as could be easily shown. He knew nothing upon which such a claim could be predicated except the case of the Warren E. Sawyer and as that vessel was not from a foreign port, she had no dutiable goods aboard. In the case of this vessel he took charge of some of the captain's personal effects, at the request of the latter and delivered them up to him when called for. There was no attempt at concealment and every transaction was conducted openly and above board. Capt. Veeder attributes the charges to malice on the part of Williams, who he claims was troublesome and had threatened to make trouble for him when he (Williams) left the station. Capt. Veeder stated that beyond the annoyance which the matter naturally caused him, he was not at all concerned for the result. As far as the discipline was concerned he believed it to be as nearly perfect as at any station on the coast. The utmost harmony prevailed among the men and between them and himself.

#### BREAKWATER AT VINEYARD HAVEN.

—W. R. Livermore, Major of Engineers, in his annual report to the chief engineer at Washington, devotes much space to Vineyard Haven harbor, which is one of the most important on the Atlantic coast. He says that records of the arrival and departures at Vineyard Haven have not been kept for some years, but it has been estimated that of the 50,000 vessels that annually pass through Vineyard and Nantucket sounds, 5000 find it necessary to take shelter in this harbor. The deep water area is limited, and Major Livermore says the shoals in the harbor should be dredged to a depth of 15 feet. For the complete protection of the harbor in northeasterly storms, there is required, he says, a breakwater two miles long, extending from a point nearly opposite the West Chop to a point northeasterly from the East Chop, with jetties projecting from each chop, and openings between the ends of the breakwater and the jetties, to allow vessels to run freely into and from the harbor by one entrance or the other, with a fair wind, whatever may be its direction. The estimated cost of the work is \$3,983,936. The *Martha's Vineyard Herald* suggests a citizens' committee to look after the matter at Washington this winter.

### PUBLIC SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

—The annual public examinations of the various town schools took place last week and were largely attended and generally commended. The examination of the High school occupied the entire day Friday, the morning session being devoted to the regular studies, and the afternoon session to miscellaneous exercises comprising the essays of the graduating class, singing declamations and calisthenics. The order of exercises was as follows:

Song, "The Happy Farmers."  
Essay, "Is it Right," (with salutatory,) George S. Burdick.  
Declamation, "Romance of the Swan's Nest," Ellen G. Parker.  
Essay, "What it is Fair to Expect from High School Graduate," Susie A. Barrett.  
Song, "Grandfather's Day Dream."  
Essay, "Protection and Free Trade," Chester M. Sylvia.  
Declamation, "The King's Missive," Ida R. Smith.  
Essay, "Some Phases of Woman's Work," Mamie L. Reyott.  
Declamation, "A Model Discourse," John J. Phelan.  
Song, "Cherry Ripe."  
Essay, "The School of the Future," (with valedictory,) Anna G. Fish.  
Calisthenics.  
Awarding diplomas.  
Song, "The Mountain Land."  
The following are the graduates: English course—Chester M. Sylvia; Classical course—Susie A. Barrett, George S. Burdick, Anna G. Fish; Advanced course—Mamie L. Reyott.

At the conclusion of the exercises the chairman of the Committee introduced the venerable Mr. Morse, one of the early principals of the High school who regaled the audience with interesting reminiscences and addressed words of counsel and good cheer to the graduates. Interesting remarks were also made by Rev. L. S. Baker, Rev. Mr. Roys, Rev. Mr. Dougdale, and Alexander Macy, Esq.

RECEPTION.—At the High school on Saturday evening last the members of the graduating class were tendered a reception by the remaining members of the school, at which the teachers, committee and a number of invited friends were also present. The floor was cleared of desks and a social hop was enjoyed, music being furnished by Mr. William B. Steven and Miss Cora E. Coleman. During intermission refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served, and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. Particularly worthy of mention was the dish of elegant flowers donated to the graduates by the principal, Mr. Craig, which arrived too late for the exercises the previous day.

#### ARRIVAL OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Tug-boat Joseph Bartram, from New York, arrived at Boston Thursday with a shipwrecked crew. The tug-boat reports that the British barque Romo, Faulkner, from Port Johnson for Yarmouth, N. S., with a cargo of coal, went ashore on South Shoal, near Nantucket, July 27, during a thick fog, and will probably become a total loss, as she had seven feet of water in her hold at the time the crew abandoned her. The crew and their effects were picked up off Pollock Rip Lightship, near Chatham. They were in their boat nine hours.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—Mr. A. R. Stover, who a few years since appeared before the Nantucket public in the role of a reader, arrived here Monday with a theatrical troupe and in the evening gave a dramatic performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The hall was literally packed and the entertainment compared very favorably with previous representations of the same drama here. The company were assisted by members of the Virginia—Texas Jubilee singers.

### For the Journal.

While naught that I could add, in this way would relieve the sorrow of the late Capt. Gardner's family or his large circle of personal friends here and elsewhere who will not easily forget his fine powers of mind, and his ever gentlemanly demeanor. Perhaps as a personal friend from youth I may be pardoned in expressing my sincere sorrow at his decease and while I rejoice that he is released from pain and great sufferings a feeling of satisfaction arises in my breast that his days, were soothed by every attention that a devoted wife and numerous relations and friends could bestow. His loss will be keenly felt in circles, far more extensive than our little island.

Capt. Gardner as a ship master had a faculty of commanding respect and obedience, without tyranny and from my knowledge of his career in the United States Navy, I think that very few officers have been removed whose loss will be more keenly felt. Alas in sorrow we must say, faithful friend, true husband, dignified commander, for a brief space, farewell.

Farewell to thee, Gardner, a truer one never  
Hath exercised rule o'er the sons of the brave,  
The seamen who served thee, would serve thee  
forever;  
Who swayed, but ne'er fettered the hearts of  
the brave.

C.

Some 20 or more years ago one of the honored residents of Northampton was David Joy, who had previously been a resident of Nantucket, where he had accumulated a competence, largely through the discovery of a process of extracting oil from the refuse brought home in the whaling ships of that port. An envious neighbor undertook to ascertain the secret and offered to hire the workman in the employ of Mr. Joy, evidently supposing that he must be familiar with the methods in use to produce the oil. He proposed to the workman to give him a much greater sum for his labor than he was receiving, if he would work for him. The facts were reported to Mr. Joy, who, suspecting the motive, advised the man to accept, on condition that he receive a written agreement to give him employment for a year. The request was acceded to and work was begun in a short time by the rival. Everything went well until the head of the new concern had exhausted his knowledge, and expecting that the workman was able to help him out, inquired of him: "What did David do next?" "He told me I might go out," said the unsuspecting workman. The secret was not found out, and the new concern gave up business, after giving the man a considerable amount to relinquish his agreement.—[Massasoit in Springfield Union.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.—At a meeting of the Nantucket Woman Suffrage League held at the residence of Mrs. Eliza Barney on Monday evening last, it was voted to co-operative with the State Association in holding a National Bazaar at Boston next December. Returns from the late Bazaar were received. Work was also laid out to secure as many women voters at the next annual town meeting as possible.

### For the Inquirer and Mirror.

#### ENSLAVED.

BY L. F. S. B.

Loosen me, evil thoughts,  
And set me free,  
A soldier, brave and strong,  
I fain would be.

By heavy shackles held,  
I am your slave;  
Must I your whim obey  
Unto the grave?

I long to rise, advance,  
But your chains gaul;  
Their strong links I would rend,  
And let them fall.

A soldier on Life's field  
I fain would be,  
Loosen me, evil thoughts,  
And set me free.

Few occupations are left in which men are the only competitors. Miss Bessie Appel, of Hartford, Conn., leased the Bay View House at Nantucket this season, and has shown great ability as a hotel manager.

accompanied by a driving rain.

Throughout the entire week there had been a heavy surf at the south side of the island, and this was increased by a heavy ocean swell, until the waves assumed gigantic proportions, making serious inroads upon the bluff from the Surf-side station along to Tom Never's bluff. Near the latter point the waves appeared to exert the greatest fury, and the railroad track was for a space of several hundred feet completely submerged, and trains were delayed, the 12.20 train being unable to return on account of the wash-out. Trains were run during the afternoon to Surf-side, and hundreds of people took advantage of the opportunity to see the raging billows. Shortly before 9 o'clock in the evening the train detained at Sconset reached town, the sea having gone down sufficiently to allow repairs to be made on the damaged section, and at about 9.30 the regular steamboat train went out with mails and passengers, but could not return until 2 A. M., yesterday morning. The gale increased during the night, the wind attaining a velocity of thirty-six miles per hour. A clear sky followed, yesterday, with strong northerly breeze, but the surf remained high, and crowds of people went out on the cars to witness the charming spectacle.

A GOOD ONE.—A gentleman in town has a pullet that was hatched the third day of April last, and on Wednesday last she laid her first egg, being then 4 months and twenty days old. Can anybody beat that record?

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST, 25 1887.

Contributed.

### A Sconset Rival to Captain Baxter.

One of the reddest noses we have this year in Sconset is of a jolly and healthful color as if the sun had especially picked it out to make merry with. Behind it with an agreeable contentment on his face walks Captain W. H. McIntire, Clerk of the Surrogates Court in New York. The genial Captain has been for many years a visitor to Sconset. This summer he came, as usual, however not in his usual health. But the bracing air and sleep and appetite of Sconset have had the customary effect and Captain McIntire is once more in his oldtime humor and robustness. He may be discovered every morning journeying to the post office under a load of mailing matter, making the trip several times of a morning and in each instance his hands and pockets full of *billet doux*, newspapers and pamphlets for Mrs. Almy. From which evidence we can only infer that the Captain is the most voluminous correspondent on the Bank. It will neither be observed that he is a prudent man and goes around by the hotel road rather than trust the bridge, which, like its fellow in the Vision of Mirza, abounds in holes and pitfalls for the unwary. As the Clerk of the Surrogates Court he knows very well that no wills can be admitted to probate without him. Therefore in wholesome concern for the interests and testamentary repose of dead men the captain exercises caution.

This hesitation to imperil a lip on which all the bequests of this work hang, is also declared by Captain McIntire in his bathing, in former years this gentleman went daily to the barrel without indulging in a "ball" when he arrived at it, but rather affirming his temperance principles by drinking great libations of brine as if he meant to pickle his "inwards." He used moreover to execute ground and lofty tumbling on the rope in a very worthy manner indeed. But this summer he only dallies with the waves occasionally when they are of a modest size. During the bathing hour he carries a bucket, like an amateur fire-man, to the beach and has it filled by a swimmer. This he bears

back home, and it is rumored, leaves it in his room where, if there is any danger of drowning, he holds on to the bed post. The Captain is a prudent man.

But his wit is as bright as ever and his humor seems to be inexhaustible. An innocent French lady in writing to her fiancé the other afternoon became confused by the intricacies of the English language and asked the Captain who was lying in a hammock near her window, how to spell "eloquent" "e-l-o-p-e-m-e-n-t" answered he gravely. She wrote the word down as he gave it to her and sent the letter unsuspectingly. Later in the evening something happened to arouse her suspicions and she consulted the dictionary. To her horror (for the contents of the sentence in her letter fitted very neatly with the proposition of an elopement) She discovered the captain's deceit. There was a portly how-de-do. The captain might have been immediately after his blight wandering ruefully by Sankaty Light house. He is a practical joker, is McIntire. Some weeks ago E. F. Underhill went to an auction and bought a large thermometer which, after carefully testing by a standard and proving it correct, he set it up on the bank for the information of the Sconseters. He was very proud of it. He used to lie in a hammock and watch it with so much complacency that he would fall asleep in the afternoon to dream of it. One day Captain McIntire found him asleep thus in the hammock. It took him only a few minutes to carry the big thermometer to the kitchen and cook it into a fever heat. Then he hastily put it back in its accustomed place and remarked smiling casually—"That was a poor investment of Underhill's, that thermometer was. Here it is a cool day when this thing puts the heat at over a hundred."

E. F. U. is a light sleeper. He jumped out of the hammock at once, he is too proud of the thermometer to hear it abused. "Why Mac, you're dreaming, man." "Well" said the Captain calmly "look at it yourself."

Mr. Underhill hurriedly put on his glasses and peered into the shadow-box anxiously. "By gracious!" he cried in astonishment "it marks 98° But it must be right, Mac, it must be right. It must be a very hot day although we don't know it. Sconset, you see is always cool"—By this time the ladies inside were laughing at the joke and Mr. Underhill gradually saw the point of it, when the mercury kept falling. Captain McIntire however never smiled. He simply said "and a thermometer that falls forty degrees in four minutes when the weather remains equable, is a most curious instrument." And all Underhill could do was to shake his fist and say "By gracious Mac! By gracious!"

Contributed.

### An Agreeable and Heroic Pooh Bah.

Mr. E. F. Underhill, with all respect to him be it said, is the Pooh Bah of Sconset. Of all the people in our thriving little watering place with natives and foreign he is the most active enterprising and useful. He is naturally a man of nervous energy and quick impulse, and although he comes here to enjoy a summer's holiday after a winter of the most arduous work, There is no hour in the day when he gives himself up to absolute leisure. The number of offices he holds in Sconset by the natural predominance of an original and agile mind is quite equal to those occupied by the celebrated functionary of Titi Poo. Mr. Underhill is, by reason of his two publications in the literary and the artistic way, at once the Historian of Sconset and its illustrator; he is the District Attorney, as was instanced by his recent prompt action against the youthful disturbers of the peace; he is a landed proprietor and a builder a landlord and an architect; he is one of the fathers of the reconstruct-

ed Pump; he is a public speaker of no small oratorical ability; he is the manager of Mr. Prentice Mulford's lecture; he is one of the chief employers of labor on the Island; he is a heavy stock holder in the Nantucket R. R. and the amount of business he gives personally to that organization is equivalent to a handsome dividend if their ever was, could, would or should be a dividend declared by our remarkable road; he is the universal guide, Reception committee, authority on births, deaths, marriages and intermarriages and family connections on all the people on the Island; the Elite and Business Dictionary, the weather Bureau, and the Fly Leaf of the family Bible in one; he is at once Hudnut's Thermometre, the chief of Pochick and the Trumpet that makes Sconset's visitors known to the outer world; finally he is the handsomest man on the Bank, the most invariably good humored and by far the most popular.

But not content with this considerable variety of offices. Mr. Underhill has constituted himself a Life Saving Station.

It is the habit of the servant girls employed at the Sconset cottages to take a daily bath in the surf at 4 P. M. Last Friday afternoon they assembled as usual on the beach to execute their customary matinee performance on the tight rope. The gymnastic exercises were as usual attended by a large audience, among whom happened to be Mr. Underhill. Presently there was a scream. Mary Tower the cook of Mrs. R. E. Engs of Brooklyn, had indiscreetly ventured out too far on the rope and was beaten into insensibility by the heavy surf. In a few moments more she would have been drowned, but before that time had elapsed Mr. Underhill had jumped into the breakers and caught her in his strong arms. It was a work of much difficulty to get the poor, insensible creature ashore. But when Mr. Underhill undertakes a thing he pretty generally accomplishes it. Mary Tower cooks for Mrs. Engs as usual; but at present she prefers a smaller bath tub than the Atlantic Ocean.

Therefore in recognition not only of his already multifarious vocations but also of the more recent office to which he has elected himself, we feel called upon to state that, in addition to bring into Mascot, Mr. E. F. Underhill as likewise the Pooh Bah of Sconset, with more of the weaknesses and all of the adaptability of that eminent statesman of Titi Poo, and which we congratulate the white haired chief of Pochick on his daring, we must felicitate ourselves still more on having with us so public spirited, so agreeable, so versatile and so brave a man as Edward F. Underhill.

On Friday evening last the "end of the Globe Theatre" was opened for the first time and was filled to overflowing with the elite of Sconset. The plays presented were Ruth's romance and Tom Cobb, both calculated to draw out some fine dramatic power. The players were equal to the occasion for not only did Mrs. Armstrong show evidence of great labor and talent but the heroine of Tom Cobb was greatly applauded and even showered with flowers receiving one basket and three bouquets in token of her fascinating dramatic ability, and better critics than ourselves have pronounced a brilliant future (if at her option continued) for Miss Folger. The remaining actors and actresses although they call themselves amateurs, played their role acceptably and finely. Mr. Powell as Col. O'Fipp was especially fine. The riding habit of Miss Furness was very becoming, as was the scarlet dress and hat

and the lavender suit of Caroline Effingham (Miss Folger.) By the fortunate ones who were enabled to purchase tickets it will be long remembered and those who labored so faithfully to make it a success can be but gratified that they have added a good sum (\$20) to the Cape fund. It is safe to predict if it were repeated many people from town would be here to see it.

Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. Trask of Lawrence, Mass., preached to a large audience, the largest of the season, his discourse will long be remembered by those present.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST, 4 1887.

### SIASCONSET ITEMS.

Sunday morning Rev. John Reid of Yonkers preached a sermon to an audience that would have completely filled the chapel before its enlargement, he took for his text "Thou gavest me no kiss." Mr. Reid is a man of medium height, and has a bright, intellectual, remarkable expressive face, rendered more striking still by a pair of singularly thoughtful deep gray eyes. As he stepped upon the platform many of the audience in their hasty glance at his features doubtless thought that he was an unyielding man, convinced of the rightness of his own opinion. But the moment he began his sermon an altogether different impression was produced, and as he warmed up in his discourse, and recounted the glories, the joys, and the consolations of the text, his hearers were at once captivated. Many were the wishes expressed that he would come again.

Prentice Mulford the New York journalist and author of the White Cross library suggested a novel device for use in surf bathing, which has been acted on during the present week by visitors at Sconset beyond the Gulley. It is the employment of kanaka surf boards in bathing, not only as a measure of safety but to add to the pleasure buffetting the billows. Not only learners, but skillful swimmers take to them kindly, for the boards have sufficient buoyant power to sustain them longer in the water without tiring. Bathers rest on them either on their breasts or backs, throw them aside and take to them again, ride with them over the wave crests, sit astride of them and indulge in various antics in sporting in the water. The form was suggested by William Owen and they are made by George W. Rogers, who has already received several orders.

Mr. James Stokes and family of New York have arrived and taken possession of their cottage No. 11 Pochick street.

Mr. Marcellus Hartley has also come and is at No 4 Pochick street. With him came Maj. Gen. R. B. Marey U. S. A. who visits the bank for the first time. Mrs. Hartley has taken Mr. Allen Coffin's cottage to accommodate her visiting friends.

The capacity of a Sconset cottage is phenomenal. There are so many who partake of their daily bread in one on Evelyn street, that in order to eat all at once it is said they have to sit spoon fashion around the table. At another on Lily street, sofas and cots are brought into nightly requisition for the adults, the children are hung on pegs around the rooms. Captain William Baxter is the authority for this last statement. He says he knows it is true because he has seen one of the pegs.

Mr. Hillary Bell the rising artist who has just completed a colossal portrait of Ada Rehan in Catherine in "Taming the Shrew" for Daly's Theater, New York, is to arrive on the bank next week, for his usual August visit. He furnished a charming account of Sconset life for the World's Travel Gazette, of New York which we reprint in another column.

On No. 8 Evelyn street, occupied by

TURE OF THE  
COMMANDER.

Mrs. Atterbury of Brooklyn, is a spread eagle carved in wood, proud in his display of gorgeous colors and with a resolute purpose evinced in his eye to hold on to a shield having blue stars on white ground. The carving has a history. It was taken from the whaling barque Osprey, by which the real Sir Roger Tichborne was picked up at sea and was carried we believe, into Montevideo, and was never heard of afterwards, unless the claimant to the baronetcy be the man.

A ponderous bust of the Father of His Country stands in front of the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Mac Arthur of New York at No 14 Pochick street. It too, came from an old whaler and was its figure head. A liberal supply of flesh colored paint gives George a fresh look, but his dexter eye droops suspiciously. If he presented that appearance to Martha returning home late at night, she would have suspected that he had been indulging in too liberal potations of peach and honey.

A ship's wheel has been set up under the gable of the store house on Pochick street. Before the house is an antiquated dory, long since on the retired list. They make this building look nautical.

The face and bust of an impossible female adorns the gable of No 8 Pochick street, occupied by Mr. David Manning Jr. and family of Worcester. Her hair is held in a poudrous seine, a style of head gear which long since went into "innocuous disuetude." Her nose has the appearance of having been flattened by running against the mantel piece, in prowling around the parlor in search of a burglar at night.

There is a lurking suspicion that Mr. Underhill has faith in his 'Seonset investment. He begins the building of a new house next week, and will complete another before winter. At the foot of Pochick street he has set up a three story high stoop thermometer, containing all the modern improvements, enclosed in blinds to keep the rays of the sun from the tube and to admit the free circulation of air. Every passer takes an observation. It removes any lingering doubt in the mind whether it is hot or cold, and whether ulsters or lawn are the proper garmental encasement. The mercury touched 87 Monday morning, and a Chicago man seeing it bemoaned the fact that not a glass of lager could be had on the bank for love or money.

If Underhill would put up signs showing the names of his streets strangers would have less trouble in finding their friends who occupy his cottages. We don't charge anything for the hint.

A petition has been in circulation the last week to have constructed a new bridge across the "Gully" a much needed improvement.

Friend Smith has been doing a little missionary work along the plank walk to the surf, by inserting several turn outs.

"Dog days" have come before their time. Sorry for them, hope they won't stay long.

They now call the youths who wear the brown spotted shirts for tennis exercise, society leopards. They might be called something in the animal line not so complimentary.

The Club House association return their sincere thanks to the two ladies who contributed the ton of coal and barrel of oil for use the coming winter. These ladies are public spirited persons whose kind heart and purse are open to every good work.

Sunset Heights has struck water. It was through one of those A. 1 Stoch Pamp which W. B. Gardner is the agent for. The well is in Ocean Park and is being liberally patronized now that the cisterns have failed in that locality.

### Reminiscences of 'Seonset.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight; Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Siasconset has been pretty well riddled by encomiums and elastic and plastic touches, and is entirely moth-eaten by the printing press, although the plenitudinarian has arrived to save its ruined walls, and fish houses. 'Seonset bank was a slip (not between the cap and lip) but of a most valued plant transplanted from Se-sachacha, the first man who "set it out" scarcely hoping or expecting it would grow so luxuriantly or abundantly in comfort. It may yet be dubbed *rhus tolicodendron* or *grandi flora*, and safe to say noomb, having four sides equal and consisting of parallel lines with two opposite angles acute and too obtuse for anything. It is said when God made the world he made Adam by the Red Sea out of the leavings. Then we cannot think it was made as women make mats consecutive. Let us acknowledge our identity with the solid timber of old wrecks, and it grew like Topsy, having never been actually or regularly begun. At the time we did not care to be "fenced in."

If in years gone by wading in the surf was as cooling as a bath is now in tight flannels, if we could make "blue monge" (of course we never heard of blane munge) out of carrigan, if the old lantern and a bottle gave us sand fleas enough for a fish fry from 'Sachacha pond, if a brisk walk to the huckleberry pasture gave us our pudding, and the iodine our red cheeks, what did we know or care if there were any big trees in the Yosemite valley for we had hardly ever seen a real live tall tree! The long reach of land to the western horizon gave us Italian sunsets, Santokty Head light-house was our Etna and Vesuvius, and the chickens as good to us as Turkey in Greece. Our demurely folded arms were jewelled with kelp; we needed no Ericsson to propel us to a Maison Doree. We could master our own dories. The incomparable solitude attainable on the sea-beat shore was our dear nursery Blarney Stone. In the wonderful book of Walter Brun, edited by Pietro il Parlatore, the sketch of a boy running for life, down a slope of 45 degrees just before a snowball, was the shadow of the Jungfrau, and the snowball itself was our avalanche. We did not wish even to see Shank painter Hill on the end of Cape Cod. We were at 'Seonset. We dreamed only of the wild and untrodden path of the sea-beat shore of 'Seonset.

But from these happy dreams and the realistic scenes of pleasures of your youth we turn our other unwilling ear to the stranger, and the stranger's comment, "Why, how very queer!" and "what do these people subsist on?" "Fish, I suppose entirely!" and "shouldn't you like to see one of the natives?" Now be it known that the best of surloin steak in the town smoked upon the broiler a long time ago whoever was rich lived as well as a rich man on the Continent, whoever was poor lived on bread and butter and occasionally fresh fish taken from the ocean and put into the pan without having been freighted to the Cape of Good Hope on ice! Now, Stranger, if you would learn a lesson of reasoning, preserve well your equilibrium of good manners or you are in danger. There is to be a sentinel stationed at Joy's farm, armed and equipped "cap a pie" who catches the echo there. If you say plain words like cow bell,—"Ow-Belle, Meadow-Ed-ow, &c, you are safe, but the quaint "aint"—or queer "ear" your life is ours! Beware. We begged you, we remonstrated with you, but you persist and we have no alternative but war to the gun! Listen, rather to the soft echoes in the valley. Take warning that hearts ease come here from the Capitol, and grow up into sweet pretty pansies. Here the sea-beat Captain of the River Queen can find a Snug Harbor. The clergyman can here find sermons in stones and good in everything. Meader street, even if it is only a yard and a half long a yard wide and all wool can be lengthened to Portugal. Remember that M. Grevy has already telephoned to Cinderella—no—Priscilla that he would like to invite ze

zar to accompany him to "Seonsay" that when we are in the nineties we can find a *Thalassa* or *deluge*.

But the shadows lie across the dim old room, we are nestling in our grandfather's chairs, we are gathering around the fire-light of sacred memories and in these lowlier and sadder reflections we listen to the echoes of the loved and cheerful voice of one who gathered with us around the fire place. The blessed starry light is hers, and in her own home gathered the young, and OLD SEAWEEDES.

SIASCONSET, August 1, 1887.

### The Patchwork Village.

To my mind the queerest village on the Atlantic coast is Siasconset, situated in the south-east corner of Nantucket Island. There is no other place in the world like it. Originally, it was made up of a score or so of cottages begun over two hundred years ago by the early settlers of the island. They could hardly be called cottages, either. The style of architecture was of the rudest and most primitive kind. A single room was built of whatever material was at hand, and set on the bluff for the shelter of its owner after a fishing cruise, and in which to cook his meals. As he waxed richer his family would come up to visit him. For their comfort he generally removed a small barn or other out-building from "The Town," as Nantucket is called on the island, or would pick up floating material from a wreck and with it make an addition to the primal room, sometimes in one shape and sometimes in another. Certain of these additions were called "warts," and the term happily describes their appearance, for the conglomerate cottages have a look both bulbous and excrecent. They are certainly the strangest looking edifices on this continent. These remarkable abodes are shingled all over with the most ancient, and shrivelled, and gray of shingles. They have quaint little peep-holes of windows, and are so like some salty joke that mariners put on us when they are in a merry humor, that it goes hard with the mind to believe in them. But the village must be seen to have its quaintness fully appreciated. These little dwellings are so unique and attractive that they tempted a well-known New Yorker, Mr. Edward F. Underhill, to perpetuate the style in others. Several years since he began the building of old cottages out of new material and furnishing them, to let to summer visitors. As he has now nearly a score and continues each year to add to the number, it is probable that he has found profit on this novel venture of creating antiquity.

But life at Siasconset during the summer season is in keeping with the character of the place. There they have only lazy weather, a sleepy atmosphere and a languor loving people. There are no evening dresses worn to be fearful of in respect of moths; no soft hands, and no pink and white complexion. When a white face appears, the sun and the salty breezes put a fierce blush on it which in a few days, mellow into a warm and comfortable brown in fortunate skins, and in the miserable solidifies into the most appalling freckles. Some faces, indeed, never seem to take kindly to one condition or the other, but repay the attentions of the sun by perpetual burnt offerings of skin.

However, people stay but little in their houses at Siasconset. They are small and the ceilings low. Hence large numbers accommodate the instinct for out-of-door life, by camping during the day-time under tents like so many gypsies. But the tents have not the picturesque patches and dirtiness usually observed in those of that nomadic people. They are not so sheltering as those of the military nor so decorated as those of the Indians. They are merely a protection from the too close intimacy of the sun. In them the resident visitors make and receive calls, read and write, play mild games of cards and discuss every matter of human interest from church government to the latest bit of scandal. They flirt, fall in love, quarrel, and in short do everything in them but get married. Yet the tents are of a simplicity that seems barbarous, considering the usage to which they are put. Simply a piece of canvas, sometimes gray, sometimes red, sometimes striped, generally white, stretched over cross pieces resting on poles stuck in the sand, having apertures at the sides for the free play of

the wind. There, shaded from the sun the people lie all day and magnify themselves or belittle their neighbors, or gossip or make love.

But not all of them, though. There are learned professors, men celebrated in literature and in the sciences, whose grave and reverend countenances lend much dignity to the scene. Those gentlemen do not make much shift towards the decorum and proper attire of wisdom. If one were to meet them on the mainland, he might hesitate to address them on subjects of thought, for their hats are shocking, their trousers are baggy, and their colored shirts are far removed from the sedateness of reverie. Book-writers they are, and artists, and renowned in the various topics to which intellect and fine tastes gives themselves. That they enjoy the absolute freedom of 'Seonset life is manifest. Conventionality and good form find themselves treated with much indifference, for the men of whom I speak do not hesitate to carry baskets and make no pother about bearing tin cans. The wise men have even less regard for appearances than the foolish. They think nothing of carrying what they please, wearing what clothes they wish, and smoking what pipes they choose in their tents pitched on the long strip of yellow sand.

And the season always brings a goodly number of beautiful maidens, so that no man can go thither and contentedly remain a bachelor. There gay robes are quite as picturesque as the place itself. There are gowns of every conceivable color that girlhood may wear with justice to its own charms, made in the most cunning way and looped up distractingly with ribbons that seem the last fond effort of genius. Hats, too of hues that would be audacious if they did not shade faces so bewitching; shoes that are the more sensible, because they are stoutly made, even though the feet within them are dainty; umbrellas, and parasols and gloves, as well, of daring tints, but all matters that make loveliness more lovely. One must needs be very constant to an absent mistress if he be faithful amid such surroundings.

During the season 'Seonset possesses many remarkable merits. It has at once the refinements of civilization, and the freedom of barbarity; many of the elegancies of town life united to the pleasures of the seaside; the antiquity of the past century linked to the comforts of the present. The air is balmy; only that. One does not dive into the ocean there with that lusty fervor with which he jumps into it at Manhattan Beach or Long Branch. No; 'Seonset air is cool. It is impossible to quite repress a shudder as the surf tumbles foamingly around one's knees. But this hesitation is merely temporary. After the first plunge the water is delightful. It seems warmer than the air and less sleepy.

Life in those quaint little cottages is in itself a novelty. Everything is compact and close. Tables are inviting, and appetite more vigorous than the places from which the visitors come. To enjoy the food in a dining-room, perhaps a hundred years old, under a ceiling that rubs a tall man's head, is a

thing not less pleasant than novel to those who, for ten months, have been restricted to the dull uniformity and vastness of city life. And what dinner in town could have so graceful a dessert as the one offered at 'Seonset? Here is the cool tent quivering in the breeze over one's head; the long plaza of beach edging the island, now intersected by some wandering lovers, now quick with the flutter of sand snipe; the society of one's intimate friend, his books, his pipe or the mistress of his heart; and the never-wearying ocean, tumbling and foaming on the sand below.

Such is Siasconset, the patchwork village, in the summer.

HILLARY BELL.

Larchmont Villa is the most attractive cottage in the village. The grounds around it are beautifully laid out with plants of rare variety. The taste displayed at this villa is second to none in the village.

The largest number of arrivals for the season was Tuesday evening. There were 50 persons and 40 trunks.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1887.

## SIASCONSET ITEMS.

Subscriptions to the 'Sconset Visitor have showered in upon us during the week. The idea of a village paper with distinctive 'Sconset heading has "taken" amazingly. Any items of news, contributions or subscriptions may be handed to Mr. William B. Gardner, our Siasconset agent. Copies of the paper may be procured at W. C. Brown's store.

### Sunday Services.

Sunday services will be held at Union Chapel until further notice. Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 4 P. M. Sunday school at 2.30 P. M.

The new chapel was open for public worship on Sunday. The addition made the present season doubles the seating capacity of the building, and greatly improves the appearance of the audience room. At the first service the sermon was preached by Rev. W. R. Eastman of South Framingham, Mass., who also preached the first service in the chapel after its completion four years ago. The changes in 'Sconset within that time have been very noticeable, and in no respect more marked than in the congregation gathered at church. The piano was in place and the singing was very hearty and general. The text of the sermon was from John I. 51. "Then shalt see the angels ascending and descending upon the son of man." Sunday school was held at 2.30 P. M., under the superintendence of Mr. E. A. Lawrence who has rendered such faithful services in this direction for several years. At four o'clock in the afternoon Rev. Mr. Little, pastor of St. Paul's church, Nantucket, conducted services. This service will be continued by him at the same hour each Sabbath. It is a matter of genuine satisfaction that the village is now so admirably provided with facilities for religious worship.

Mr. Charles H. Pitman lost a valuable cow last Thursday by the breaking of a leg.

The Ocean View parlors are becoming very attractive as the sound of music reaches the ear of the passer by, and the happy youths and maidens glide.

Mr. O. F. Hussey has nearly completed a cottage on Main street at the entrance to the village, on one of the best locations to be found, commanding an unbroken view of moors, ocean and village.

The over-charge for the transportation of these trunks from town by team was a case of procuring money under false pretences, and should be looked after by those having the official power.

Since the opening of the postoffice here there have been forwarded the following foreign letters: London, England; Jaffa, Ceylon; Airdrie, Scotland; Lucerne, Switzerland; Friburg, Germany; Paris, France; Glasgow, Scotland; Berlin, Germany; Rome, Italy; Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A.; Madeira, Prince Edward's Island.

The wooden foot bridge spanning the "guleh" from Broadway to the Heights is in a dilapidated state and has been closed to travel on account of its unsafe condition. Projects are on foot to replace it with a substantial structure.

The poles for the telephone line have been erected and Siasconset will soon be in communication with Nantucket. The central office will probably be located in the post-office.

Mr. E. F. Underhill has rented all of his cottages, and is daily turning cottage seekers away. He could rent a dozen more if he had them.

### COMMUNICATED.

#### 'Sconset Past and Present.

What was it I loved about my childhood's home? It was the wild and wave-lashed shore,

Old 'Sconset is a charmed spot of earth to me in memory—the wild and wave-lashed shore, with no voice to bespoil the music of the waves, with no thought but that God intended it for our worship—with no possible idea that any place on earth was better than 'Sconset. In the days when we were sent a mile away to Pochick to buy eggs of old Mother Mowry, her house then being the only dwelling on the bluff, or only ten feet away for a cent's worth of "emptins" of young Mrs. Mowry, or across the way to buy a squash for one cent of "aunt Marcy Gibbs," or a step beyond to buy for ourselves a stick of cinnamon candy of Betsy Cary, or at sundown to listen to the long genealogical history which only Franklin Folger could relate—these and other pleasant memories come unbidden in the new 'Sconset and I can but forget I am so old. Now westroll down Broadway by the side of Queen Anne cottages, only to mark the fall of "Fort Sumpter" at Pochick and the rise of a new village by the sea. The little cottage, always such a loved sight, enshrined in roses, now turned into a "Meeresheim." Charmed Bloomingdale with its green lawns and cherry trees faded and sunk into gloom, and the individual who can paint on his window To Let is "Thomus qui sit." Dionis, in place of posing upon the high seat in grave and quiet mood, screams at "Tom Never's head." The world moves on, and the tide of civilization creeps along, and the bank where we invested our cents is transformed to another picture—there is yet a tribe of Indians left—at least they have painted their canoe, and the name of the wigwam is spelled W-a-n-a-c-k-m-a-m-a-z-k. They are kind and harmless and retain their beauty.

But in the near future what shall we behold? The chaise no longer at Mrs. Elkin's door, but King George houses built in the shape of towers to overlook the Queen Anne's; the "castle band boxes" destroyed to make concrete walks; the ocean, turned into a reservoir, thereby supplying by means of a Corliss Engine stationed at Sankaty (the highest point of land) the village with water, the new Corliss being constructed by some yet undiscovered research of science by which the saline qualities can be dislodged as it is conducted to the set tubs. The latch string will be replaced by a door knob inlaid with pearls and garnets; the sea will at intervals cease rolling for the dude to come forward with his gold-spooned yacht to invite the young lady in the Mother Hubbard satin gown for a sail to the light house. Sister Jones will supply hot biscuits by means of automatic tubes (subterranean) and they will be forced through to each kitchen at 6 A. M. precisely. The young men will wear gold suspenders giving no elasticity, causing them to walk on tip-toe and meet the extended tip of the finger of the young lady who wears a bustle blown from the skin of a six hundred pound shark. The horse railroad will extend from Butterfly lane to "Nut-shell" cottage, but will come sadly in conjunction with the milk route now carried on by horse power. The theatre will be crowded at the appearance of Janausheck upon the grounds of "Auld Lang Syne." The lowing herd which now winds slowly o'er the plain, will be replaced by goats, and the returned Nantucketer will no longer find himself upon the "quaint and queer." Strange to say the Mayor and board of Aldermen will be "selected" men from the town of Nantucket, and the question of sewerage will be a matter of time unless some Providen-

tial Gray light dawns from Paris by the way of Quidnet. The Chinese laundry will be established by "Wun Lung"—and the new "Sconseteer" will require but one lung to breathe the new 'Sconset air.

Shades of departed years, I cannot trust thy shadows. I turn backward to the pleasant memories and associations of OLD SEAWEEDES.

### Seaside Tendencies.

SIASCONSET, MASS., Aug. 17, 1887.

This summer sea beach cottage life at 'Sconset (for this the natives call their quaint little fishing village) has in the influence and gradual effect of a certain genuine reformation. Socially it levels, but levels upwards. People here rub off their stiffness but not necessarily any real dignity. After being here a few days, a lady or gentleman learns to sit, lie at full length and even dig in the beach sand without feeling any loss of self-respect. I see here daily men of standing in the political, business, scientific and religious world, helping the children on the beach make sand pies. They enjoy it too, and the seignors who do not take a hand in making sand pies and other sea beach culinary operations, look as if they longed so to do. Grown up people begin here vaguely to realize that in enjoyment their children have the best of them, and that the capacity to run and jump and be amused at rattles and straws is worth all the "ologies" and "isms" in the world.

On the green in Underhill's unique colony of cottages there is an informal romp every evening of children and grown people, married and single, where the middle-aged learn how rusty their joints have become through disuse, and how much in heaviness and lethargy that dignity has cost, which, for so many years has seemed it unbecoming to walk, a fence rail—principally because, lacking the elasticity of youth, it couldn't; and more's the pity that so many people at forty should be as clumsy as behemoths or megatheriums. If new bodies could be bought at the clothing stores and second-hand ones be taken in partial exchange, how many a judicial, ecclesiastical and even Esculapian pair of worn out legs would be found hanging in them as exchanged for the more supple members of sweet sixteen or twenty.

And surely, as a man is gradually conquering all nature, and we talk a hundred miles apart, lip to lip, by telephone, isn't it about time that the inventive and regenerative mind of today began at least to assume the possibility of retaining in blood, bone and muscle the exuberant life to merge into a mass of clumsiness, aches, stiff joints and rheumatism. But people here learn to play themselves and not to depend altogether on others to play for them. A gentleman well known in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, who has been cottaged here since the early summer, has given way to mechanical genius. His cottage green is conspicuous through a fleet of boats wind-propelled and chasing each other round and round swiftly on a pivot, while hard by a fierce little wooden midshipman in red and blue uniform, armed with two immense wooden swords, is ever on the move, cutting right and left, as moved by every wind-puff off the Atlantic,—at one moment slashing with a terrible velocity and then feinting harrowing as with extreme caution the approach and attack of some awful but invisible enemy. Possibly, the monster over the gentleman's front door is a gorgon-headed, goblin-eyed creature with a dreadful mouth and face, a hideous caricature of humanity—in short, one of those whip-tailed fishes—a "skate," thrown up on the beach sand, dried in the sun, and by an ingenious application of red, blue and black paint, and a pair of glass eyes, transformed into the remembrance of one of those stone monsters which our Mediæval ancestors were wont to affix to their churches, and in so doing convey to any rational mind the idea that they were the haunts of devils

rather than angels.

Don't sneer at this, my dignified friend. You have also your playthings, which you pay dearly for, even though you may not much enjoy them, or you pay for the playthings of others which you don't enjoy at all—say your son's yacht, or his fast horses, or your daughter's husband,—a plaything for her which your money bought, and small comfort you get of him possibly.

There are surf baths and sand baths here. When you come out of the waves you lie in the sand. People here take to the beach sand for hours before bathing, after bathing, before dinner and after dinner. There they lie under that row of parti-colored shelter tents, a few feet from the surf. There they lie deep in sand, lazy, inert, torpid, half unconscious, stupid, half asleep, yawning, trying to interest themselves in a newspaper full of hot town's murders, burglaries, fires, suicides, and all the other horrors of a highly civilized life; there they try to read this record of civilization and can't, for some how each incoming billow attracts them and fastens their eyes upon itself, and focuses what brains they have left after last year's tussle with city and business life; there they lie hour after hour where they ought to be, inert, because they ought to be; lazy, because they ought to be; sleepy and lethargic, because in such state they are really absorbing strength from contact with the earth, which so seldom they touch in the clamped-down, pavement-barred, brick-avalanched city. The sand bath does even more good than the sea bath. The air so few feet from the water's surface is full of saline moisture. A bath is inhaled at every breath—a bath also having in solution all the strength and properties of the sea vegetation, so plentifully here cast ashore—far fresher and more vigorous of action than when retorted and placed on the chemist's shelves, as iodine and other things to which learned men give learned names.

Our 'Sconset chapel is strictly non-sectarian. The higher bars betwixt Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, even Universalists and Unitarians, and all their intermediate shades of creed and belief are down. We are brethren in unity as compared with the way we acted thirty or forty years ago when so many of our sects were scowling at each other and putting up their respective theological dams against each other. The chapel is the contribution of all sects and shades of religious opinions, which for the past few years have been represented by 'Sconset visitors during the summer, and it's really a good discipline for a Methodist, Presbyterian or other minister to find himself in this broader pulpit occasionally, and let him off loose and practice the expression of a broader theology as, necessarily he must, in such position. This is another result of the education so quietly and almost unconsciously received, or rather absorbed in these summer seaside camps.

But I have not told you what and where 'Sconset is. Imagine a summer resort built up and about little fisherman's cottages that have an antiquity going back in some cases nearly two hundred years, on the southeast corner of Nantucket Island thirty miles out in the ocean and which ten or fifteen years since refined and intelligent people from the mainland began to hire from their owners and found rest in during the summer

season. They suggest play-houses for children rather than the protracted residences of adults. Nearly a hundred cottages have been built here within six years, some stately and ornate in style some less so, and some like the primitive little houses of the 'Sconset fisherman. The last are the suggestion of Mr. E. F. Underhill, the stenographer of the Probate Court in New York. He has already enough built and occupied to make a colony. He increases the number each year. They are one-storied snuggeries, neatly and tastefully furnished and ready for occupancy throughout, having beds, bedding, tables and kitchen furniture, cellars, running water cisterns—in short, all things necessary for a housekeeping campaign, and rent from \$100 to \$200 for the season. His purpose was to furnish accommodations for people of moderate means to whom a demand of \$500 or \$1,000 rent

for a summer cottage, meant despair and possible bankruptcy. He did not realize that freedom from care was as much a desideratum with the rich as economy was with those of slender fortune; that for a few weeks to contrast life in a city mansion with rest in a little house built in the odd, and even uncouth shapes of those of the 'Sconset fishermen would afford a new pleasure; nor did he realize that the enjoyment would be increased by appetites sharpened by ocean breezes ever moving over the island, that made the dyspeptic the first to seek and the last to leave the table; and by the fact that the victim of insomnia could be lulled into slumber by the soothing music of the surf beating on the beach before his door, and by a climate which averaged less than summer heat as the maximum during the day and made double blankets a comfort to sleep under at night. But it has come to pass that people of wealth and social distinction from New York and other prominent cities are the ones who are most attracted to them and it would trouble one to tell whether the man you meet is a 'Sconset fisherman or a city man of affairs stopping here for the summer. Both move about in slouchy hats, flannel shirts in a condition of chronic debility more or less pronounced, without coats, and often without vests, and encased in trousers that were cast aside in the city for possible relegation to sea-side use. As for the women and girls, they can only be distinguished from the natives by the odd shapes of the hats and caps they wear, often those of men and boys, and the gowns of colors and patterns as bizarre as ingenuity can devise, and by their nut-brown faces, while the features of the 'Sconset women, fully employed in their homes performing services of various kinds for the strangers, are pale in comparison.

**OBITUARY.**—We record the death in today's issue of Mr. Daniel C. Ring on Thursday last, at the age of 32 years 9 months. Mr. Ring was a young man of sterling character and energy winning success and an honorable record despite of obstacles which only determination could surmount. Leaving school at an early age, he followed for a time a seafaring life, but later sought employment on shore, with the determination of obtaining an education. By hard work in vacation season, he was successful in securing financial aid to help him through, and eventually graduated from the State Normal School at Bridgewater. He taught with success at Billerica a number of years and from there accepted a responsible position as teacher in a prominent educational institution in England. He was there attacked with rheumatism, and compelled to return home about a year ago and since then has gradually failed, although for a brief time he taught a school at Brewster. Funeral services were held at his father's home, North Liberty street, Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

### SIASCONSET ITEMS.

**PROPERTY HOLDERS' MEETING AT SIASCONSET.**—An adjourned meeting of the non-resident property holders at Siasconset was held at the chapel on Monday afternoon. Mr. A. B. Lamberton was called to the chair and Mr. E. F. Underhill was elected secretary. The committee appointed at the previous meeting reported the draft of a petition for the consideration of the meeting, and which after a recital of facts, asked of the town authorities that there may be maintained during the months of June, July, August, September and October, a policeman to patrol the village at night; that the bridge at the gully be rebuilt and maintained as a public thoroughfare; that the road from the railroad station through the gully, to the foot of Main street, be improved for the easy passage of teams; to improve Main street and the main road to the town; to open Grand avenue as shown on the map of Robinson & Ellis, northward between the properties of William M. Barrett and the estate of William C. Swain on the west and the property of Joseph S. Barney on the east, to Main street; to take measures to

formally open for public use the streets laid out on maps to the south of the gully and to maintain them as public highways; to establish street lamps and maintain lights in the part of the village south of the gully and elsewhere, as the needs of the residents demand; to cause to be prepared a certified copy of the assessment books of the town, the same to be deposited in the office of the receiver of taxes and to be available for inspection by all taxpayers within reasonable business hours. In support of the last clause of the petition the fact of the refusal of the assessors to allow an inspection of the books by an authorized agent of certain taxpayers was referred to and which was regarded by those interested as prima facie evidence of an intended inequality in the distribution of taxes as against non-resident taxpayers, and which fact had been demonstrated by an analysis of the assessments for 1886, which had since been printed, and many illustrations were given of such inequality drawn from the printed report. After hearing the draft of the petition read it was on motion accepted and was referred back to the committee to be prepared for the signatures of resident and non-resident property holders alike. The committee was also instructed to prepare a statement for publication at the proper time, showing the comparisons of the assessments laid in 1886, as between the property of non-residents and residents.

### Reminiscences of Siasconset.

"*Ascoltare d'acqua mulino Tutto la lunggo lungo giorno.*" Ah! yes we do listen to the surf mill all the livelong day, and we wrap the drapery of this our island home about us and lie down to pleasant dreams—dreams which may last us until another "Sonnen shein" of Summer, for now the little aconitum napellus is blooming, and that flower always marks our farewell to 'Sconset. When it opens, its bright petals whisper "come again!" When it closes it is ever saying!

"Sad is our parting now  
From scenes of pleasure dear,  
And clouded is each breeze,  
While starts the silent tear;  
But tho' we leave them all,  
They'll long in memory dwell,  
And oft we will recall,  
The Scenes we've loved full well."

If I have given you some scattering poor "old Seaweeds" it was only to give the "VISITOR" an impetus, and enrich the soil for the harvest it should reap "in future." If you have not been fully repaid by loitering among its "cran-ky" contributors, do not subscribe another year.

It is surprising how municipal, economical and social life are simultaneously bleeded in the strife at 'Sconset for pleasure and comfort. One is so imbued with the translation of all new ideas and circumstances that he or she is apt to totally forget his or her own life and at once find himself or herself drifting into new ideas gained at Siasconset, but *qui bono?* perhaps in mid winter to brighten some rustic household with recitals or anecdotes of what you have gathered of your sojourn here. Very few have we met, who are not enthusiastic in their plaudits, and who can boast or murmur of one unpleasant hour or day during this summer's campaign. Perhance there was one party who wore green goggles and saw through their glasses darkly and learning this was their destination on arriving at the station ordered their luggage immediately returned to the hotel at Nantucket. But at the close of each season if the clatter of tongues in sweet "good byes" the "write soons" and "O, such a lonely time! and how lonely we shall be!" &c., could be heard, the only name to give 'Sconset would be the Japanese "Ichabon a-no!" or Sanscrit of the cottage called Svargaloka. "*Prendere la leziene a voi stesso Cuoce onetree vero,* (for the mill will never grind with the water that is past.)"

Tearfully, sorrowfully I bid farewell to this beloved land and to my native town of Nantucket and leave the knickerbockers, and the Poo-bahs, and the Secretary of the Chinese Embassy, of whom I took

the hand but not the cue, to write the rest and in loyalty to the heroine of the Scottish chiefs, which was the fashionable book of the period of 1834. I subscribe myself  
HELEN MAR.

### A 'SCONSET LETTER.

From . . . to . . .

Dear cousin 'tis a rainy day,  
The time was never better,  
For me to seize my idle pen  
And write to you a letter.  
And if the rain should keep right on  
For hours or even ages,  
I still should find enough to write,  
To fill these empty pages.

You know we are in 'Sconset now—  
A most delightful place,  
Whose quaint old houses on the bluffs  
Upon the ocean face.  
Our house is near the village pump,  
In the center of the town,  
'Tis quite an institution,  
Of '76 renown.

On the pump all notes are posted  
In the way of daily news:  
'Tis always quite amusing,  
And certainly of use.  
For last week we had a concert  
And the week before a play;  
And both were advertised  
In this interesting way.

We'll leave the town behind us,  
And walk out toward the moors.  
I love these wind-swept heights,  
Where, below, the ocean roars.  
I like to watch the shadows  
Of the clouds upon the grass,  
And hear the wild notes of the birds,  
As above our heads they pass.

Just ahead you see the light-house,  
And perhaps a mile beyond  
Is 'Sachacha, a picturesque  
And very breezy pond.  
'Tis a good place for a "squantum"  
"Squantum sufficit," they say,  
Who don't enjoy a picnic,  
No matter what the day.

My face, my dearest cousin,  
Is a brown as any berry,  
With all this outing in the sun,  
I'm like an Indian,—very.  
At eleven o'clock each morning,  
We don our gay apparel  
In the shape of bathing dresses,  
And swim out towards the barrel.

The swimmers ride the dancing waves,  
Like graceful water sprites.  
The sunlight falling on the surf  
Breaks in a thousand lights.  
I wish that you were with us  
In our cottage by the sea.  
In my delight with 'Sconset life,  
I'm sure you would agree.

And if, like Izaak Walton,  
For fishing you've a mind  
You can catch both shark and bluefish,  
If so you are inclined.  
But if "*Dolce far niente*"  
To fishing you prefer,  
And if you're never troubled  
With that dreadful "*mal de mer*,"

You can sail out from Nantucket  
Upon the open ocean,  
And feel the breeze and salty spray  
With every leaping motion.  
I will not tire you, cousin, quite,  
(Although the theme is pleasant  
Of all this lovely idle life.)  
So good bye for the present.

The rain has ceased, the clouds are gone,  
We'll have a gorgeous sunset.  
Write soon, my dear, in answer to  
Your cousin Sue, at 'Sconset.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

### MARRIED.

In Monterey, Mexico, Frederick W. Coffin, of Nantucket, to Miss Louisa Costillon, of Monterey. In Brooklyn, 21st ult., at St. Paul's Church, by Rev. Father Tierney, Mr. W. G. Bartlett, of Nantucket, to Miss Annie E. Travers, of Brooklyn.

### DIED.

In this town, 26th inst., Madeline, child of Charles W. and Jennie S. Sylvia, aged 5 months. In Revere, 27th ult., Mary A. Hazewell, daughter of the late Charles C. and Harriet D. Hazewell.  
In this town (Quidnet), 30th ult., Alexander Bunker, aged 75 years, 12 days.

—OWNERS of property along the north shore of the island are commencing to show signs of uneasiness at the difficulty experienced in driving in that locality, and are already clamoring for improved roadways there. Their claim is subject only to favorable criticism. At this season, it is the most populous and popular locality within the town; but from the summit of North Shore Hill (so termed), the

roadway is but a bed of sand to the Water Works. It is true a small piece of road was built by the town along the bluff above the Cliff lights, but the main roadway is the important avenue for consideration, and improvement there is due the tax-payers of that section.

—AN exodus of summer guests greater than the arrivals has been noted the past week.

"So the multitude comes; even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told"  
concerning the natural loveliness and beauty of Nantucket island—its rugged sea-sports, its picturesque landscapes, its ocean horizons, its wide-involving cloud-shadows upon the sea, and its social refinement and culture. But, gentle guest, do not, in the long months that shall intervene ere we hail your advent again, go into ecstatic, semi-poetic praise of its quaintness and primitive surroundings as an evidence of your sickly sentimentalisms. In other words, do not gush.

—WE desire to make THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR an out-and-out Nantucket

paper, which will do its utmost to further Nantucket's progress to the pinnacle of seaside popularity. We must have the co-operation of the people to accomplish our purpose. Send us local items; send a copy of the paper, when convenient, to some person who does not know Nantucket, with the view of drawing attention to the place; drop in with any suggestion and talk it with us (but don't feel hurt if it be not adopted). Do these things, and help make THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR as interesting as possible, and it will prove a factor—even though it may be a slight one—in advancing the interests of the island of Nantucket. The number of summer guests have exceeded by thousands this year that of any previous season. Let us unite to continue the steady and sure growth. We pledge our best efforts for what they may be worth.

### TOWN AND COUNTY.

**MEETING OF 'SCONSET PROPERTY-HOLDERS.**—At the adjourned meeting of 'Sconset property owners, held in the Chapel, Monday, Mr. A. B. Lamberton occupied the chair, and Mr. E. F. Underhill was chosen secretary. The committee appointed at the previous meeting reported, presenting a form of petition for the meeting's consideration, in which the Town authorities are asked to maintain a night police patrol in the village during June, July, August, September and October; that the bridge over the gully be rebuilt and maintained as a public thoroughfare; that the road from the railroad station to Main street be put in repair; that Main street and the 'Sconset road be substantially fixed; that Grand avenue (shown on the Robinson and Ellis plot) be opened to Main street between the properties of William M. Barrett and William C. Swain estate on the west, and that of Joseph S. Barney on the east; that steps be taken to formally open for public thoroughfares the streets south of the gully, laid out on the maps; that street lamps be established and maintained in the part of the village south of the gully, and elsewhere as needed; that a certified copy of the assessment books of the town be prepared, the same to be deposited in the office of the Collector of Taxes, and to be available for inspection by all at reasonable hours.

The refusal of the Assessors to allow inspection of the books was discussed at length.

After hearing the draft of the petition, it was voted to refer it back to the

At Polpis, recently, in a peat bog, a root was discovered which indicated a tree growth of at least three feet in diameter, and that the tree at some remote period had been felled by the woodman's axe.—*Inquirer and Mirror.*

Commissioned Officers.

Enlisted Men.

Commissioned Officers.

Enlisted Men.

Commissioned Officers.

Enlisted Men.

committee to be put in proper form for signatures, and the committee was also instructed to prepare a statement for publication, comparing the assessments to residents in 1886 with those to non-residents. The meeting then adjourned.

Write plainly! you who use the mails  
For summer transportation;  
Don't grumble if your letter fails  
To reach its destination.  
Post-office clerks, o'er-rushed with work,  
Into the wrong bag chuck it,  
"Nantasket," looked at with a jerk,  
Looks so much like "Nantucket."

This similarity of name  
In these two watering-places,  
Gives reason for complaint and blame  
In multitudes of cases.  
The careless pen leaves room for doubt,  
Becomes a king of terrors,  
And best intentions thus pan out  
A comedy of errors.

Postmasters are but human kind,  
And liable to blunder,  
And if a few mistakes we find,  
'Tis no great cause for wonder.  
Man's work we cannot perfect make,  
'Tis quite too much to ask it;  
But write so that one can't mistake  
"Nantucket" for "Nantasket."

#### For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Editor Inquirer and Mirror:

Nantucket receives from year to year a goodly share of Americans and foreigners as summer visitors; but during no season for the past twenty-seven years have I met one from other lands who has seemed more worthy of cordial recognition and welcome than Mr. Korehiro Sagaku Kurahara, of Tokio, Japan. It has been my good fortune, in other years and other localities to sustain, as a teacher, intimate and agreeable relations with many of the most intelligent Japanese, temporarily resident in the United States; yet none has awakened in me so profound an interest in his own future and the future of his race, as has this bright, resolute, independent young student, who came to America to enlarge and enrich his mind, and to carry back to his people what is most advanced and best advanced in the civilization of this nineteenth century. His mental endowments; his power of quick and close observation; his extensive reading of the best writers in several languages; his rare gifts as an orator; his refinement and geniality; his thorough familiarity with the government, religions, characteristics and customs of his own people; his ardent patriotism; his noble ambitions and aims, have inspired me with great respect and admiration for this remarkable representative from the Land of the Rising Sun.

Mr. Kurahara has lectured several times in Nantucket this season, but only once after public notice had been given. The subject of his lecture on Sunday last, in the North Church, was the decline of Buddhism and the development of Christianity in Japan, and the facts and figures he presented to indicate the rapid decline of the national religion were really startling to those not already informed on the subject. The lecture, which was without notes, was flowery, as is natural to the Japanese, but his fervidness of rhetoric and fluency of speech surprised those of his audience who knew that he began to use English as a spoken language only two years and eight months ago. That this lecture was in large measure extemporaneous was evident from his lengthy, ready and correctly-phrased responses to questions put by a member of the audience. The questions pertained to the present status of woman in Japanese society and Japanese institutions generally, and to what will be accomplished in her and through her towards the realization for the Japanese people of a higher civilization, a purer religion and a nobler life.

Mr. Kurahara is not now beholden to any one for the expenses of his education, supplementing, as he does, the funds received from an Andover Foundation, by the proceeds of his lectures. The collection on Sunday afternoon at an almost impromptu meeting was about \$30; surely quite satisfactory for a small Nantucket audience. On one occasion in Boston, last spring, the collection in his behalf amounted to the handsome sum of \$75.

Mr. Kurahara enters this fall the second year of his divinity course at Andover; and he hopes to spend after graduation three or four years more in the study of theology and philosophy, and in travel here and abroad. It is his plan and purpose to work thereafter in Japan for the regeneration of his own race; and it is safe to predict that he will be found an important factor in the great future which awaits this remarkable people. It is his belief that the decline of the national religion bodes no good to

Japan, unless the tendency to materialism as philosophy and sensualism as habit, now so strong and pervading, can be checked and righted. To combat with the teachings of a true Christian philosophy, these evils which threaten to dominate and debase the Japanese character and life, Mr. Kurahara will bend every energy of his mind and every impulse of his soul; and he will undertake the work with admirable equipment for it. Clear, convincing, and yet emotional as a thinker and writer; widely conversant with the works of the best English and German scholars; in delivery, a natural orator, he has within and about him, at ready command, the elements of a large success. And so we say and pray, heartily and hopefully—God speed him in his glorious mission!

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

#### A Stupid and Vexatious Rule.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Can you tell me whether it is the wish of the Steamboat Company to accommodate or to exasperate its patrons? Last Thursday morning, in the driving rain-storm, a lady of my acquaintance, with an invalid husband and three young children, took passage by the seven o'clock boat. The carriage which should have come for them at half-past six, allowed them barely ten minutes for a distance equal to that from the Bay View House; luckily another came by, a few minutes earlier, and they were safe on board. Going to check her trunk, as she used to do a few years ago, under the shelter of the boat, she found it had been left behind on the dock; and it was cold comfort to be told that there was a notice, if only she could have seen it through her umbrella; that by standing round a while in the crowd, in the pouring rain, she might possibly have had a chance to check it before the bell hurried her off. Does it take all the two hours from here to Oak Bluffs for the baggage-master to smoke his pipe? I should certainly warn any friend intending to come to Nantucket to leave his baggage behind him till the old accommodation has been restored. Perhaps the company had rather not have us come.

AN OFFENDED VISITOR.

Nantucket, August 31, 1887.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

#### Obituary.

Editor Inquirer and Mirror:

Amaziah Fisher, the subject of this sketch, was born at Vineyard Haven, October 2d, 1820, and died at Westport Point August 23d, 1887. He came to Nantucket in childhood, and at the early age of seven years commenced his life of incessant toil. For a number of years he was employed by Matthew Crosby, who trusted and respected him for his many good and reliable traits of character. Subsequently he removed to Portland, Maine, where he labored in an oil factory. Here he made many warm friends who will learn with deep regret of his demise. He also lived in New Bedford a few years. Some years since he returned to Nantucket, and for a decade has been in the employ of William T. Swain. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, May 3d, 1862, and was a trusted officer and beloved class leader until his health failed him. Men who knew Mr. Fisher best, valued him most. He earned by an upright deportment and a good life the respect of his fellows. He was a kind father, a faithful husband and a true friend.

#### RETIREMENT.

On Monday last the business connection of Mr. Henry D. Robinson, senior publisher of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, ceased, Roland B. Hussey becoming sole owner. The firm of Hussey & Robinson commenced in July, 1849, and has been continued under that name and style until the present time. Mr. Samuel S. Hussey, of the original firm, retired in 1879, relinquishing his interest to the present proprietor; and now, after thirty-eight years of close attention to business, with strict fidelity to journalistic integrity and courtesy, Mr. Robinson has disposed of his interest to the junior partner, and retires from the firm.

In Mr. Robinson's long and active career as a practical printer and publisher at Nantucket, few men have performed more acceptable service, or executed it in a more perfect manner. And while his retirement will be regretted by the business community, the loss of his ripe experience will be

most deeply felt by the continuing proprietor.

It will be the endeavor of the present publisher to maintain the high character THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR has always sustained as a local newspaper. No radical changes are intended in its make-up, but anything that from time to time suggests itself as of particular interest or value will be adopted.

#### HONOR DUE.

During the past few years Mr. E. F. Underhill has advertised his 'Sconset cottages for summer visitors (and the rest of Nantucket as well), by means of nearly six thousand illustrated circulars. These neat circulars have from year to year increased in size and variety of illustration. They have pictured to people far away the 'Sconset cottage, new and old, the 'Sconset beach, the 'Sconset wreck, the 'Sconset storm. Besides the circular, Mr. Underhill has published and sold one thousand quaintly-illustrated picture-books of the "Patch-work Village" ('Sconset), to which must be added another edition of fifteen hundred, nearly all of which are sold. Of his "Credible Chronicles" (another and larger book), nearly twelve hundred have been sold. Of letters from Nantucket to newspapers from invited press correspondents, descriptive of the island scenery, characteristics and superior advantages as a summer resort, Mr. Underhill has been directly instrumental during the last three years in putting into circulation many thousands of columns of printed matter bearing on Nantucket. This is one man's work in advertising Nantucket. Of course his motive in doing this has been to benefit himself; yet it is but justice to say that Mr. Underhill's efforts and expenditures in paper and press-work has brought Nantucket to many eyes which would otherwise never have seen it. He has been the direct and indirect agency for bringing hither many a dollar and leaving it here, which otherwise would have been disbursed elsewhere.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

Guaranteed Circulation, 1350 Copies.

#### 'SCONSET-BY-THE-SEA.

Siasconset, or, as it is more generally termed, 'Sconset, was discovered some ten years ago. But for over two hundred years before its merits as a watering place were known to people from the mainland, 'Sconset was a summer resort for the Nantucketers. The little village on the extreme eastern bluff of the island was originally settled by them as a fishing stage. Instead of going to the expense of regular cottage building, they brought barns and out-houses from Nantucket, and set them on the bank as some sort of rude shelter from occasional storms during the cod-fishing season. The ship's cabins and lockers, washed ashore from wrecks on the fatal Bass Rip, were clapped alongside the original tenement, until by gradual accretion, the fishermen's houses had enough apartments for their wives and families to stay at 'Sconset in hot months. As generation after generation of the original fishermen grew into a custom of leaving the low-lying town of Nantucket for the cooler and fresher breezes of 'Sconset, some attempt at comfort and ornament was exercised on the roughly-put-together little houses. Curiosities brought home by the whaling ships, old-fashioned furniture, and bits of antique china, venerable eight-day clocks, spinning wheels and other ancient features of home life were put into the 'Sconset cottages, until finally they grew to be as comfortable as they were curious. Their shape was queerly irregular. As a general thing they seemed to have been cast up by the sea that tumbled on the beach below. There was a prevailing look of fishiness about them, an appearance that was helped by the various figure-heads of wrecked or dismantled vessels, set up over the doors, and the ivy or moss, creeping over the walls, very much resembled seaweed. But few of the cottages were over ten feet high, and on the roofs of some of them was built a platform, where the fishermen's wives could climb to watch for the coming of their husband's boats. The streets were narrow, the houses only separated from one another by a pathway down to the beach; and with their peculiar shape and gray shingles, half covered by moss and ivy of a century's growth, they looked as queer without as they were quaint within.

But eventually some city folks in search of a

restful place for health came upon 'Sconset. They found that the remote hamlet on the edge of the ocean possessed all the qualities most desirable in a summer watering-place. When the wind blew from those quarters of the compass it brought the saltiest kind of sea air; when it came from the west, it was laden with the odors of the pine trees and flowers on the moors. The beach was wide and smooth and yellow sanded, the tides were comparatively free from undertow, the atmosphere was sleepy and healthful to the nerves, while it aroused the appetite into the liveliest agility, and the village itself was composed of the most curious little houses and streets that ever were seen. The new-comers at once rented cottages from their owners for the summer. The following year they came back again, bringing their friends to share their enjoyment of the cool breezes, the delightful bathing, the appetite and the sleep of 'Sconset. The circle of those who knew its pleasures widened every season, until now 'Sconset is what Bar Harbor used to be.

Although there are two hotels which charge high prices, and are invariably thronged with guests all summer, 'Sconset is preeminently a cottage watering-place. The original fishing cottages of the natives have in some instances been bought from their owners, others are rented a year in advance by visitors from the mainland. But of these something less than two hundred houses that compose the village, the majority are of recent building. A few of them are Queen Anne and such ornamental structures. But one gentleman, Mr. E. F. Underhill, of New York, who for several years has been putting up cottages on the extensive property bought by him on the finest part of the bluff, has very wisely followed the quaint pattern of the original 'Sconset cottage, and is creating antiquity of architecture in everything but the worm-eaten and weather-beaten timber. His cottages are almost exact reproductions of, but rather more roomy and comfortable than the queer little tenements that have braved the sunshine and storm for two centuries. And it is a remarkable thing to see wealthy New Yorkers like Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wilson, Mr. Joseph Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. James Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Law, and others whose position in metropolitan society is not less assured, enjoying the summer to the fullest extent in these fantastic cottages of Underhill's. But they do enjoy it. They return year after year to 'Sconset and bring their friends with them, and are very well content to stay at 'Sconset until the season in New York is well begun.

But life here is not exceedingly domestic. Only during wet weather, at meal time or in the night time do the cottagers sit at home. Each family has a tent on the beach, a primitive arrangement merely for shade, composed of a sheet of striped canvas stretched over poles on the sands. Here the ladies assemble soon after an eight o'clock breakfast, bringing fancy work with them or novels to pass the time until luncheon. They receive calls under these awnings down by the waves, do embroidery work, read or watch the bathers. Among its many unique features the tents on 'Sconset Beach are not the least peculiar. Every whit of our business or pleasure is transacted under them. Seated in the shadow of our tent, you may see three or four learned college professors gravely discussing some matter relating to science or literature; the next will reveal a gaily-clad and brown-faced young fellow lying at the feet of his mistress in the most affecting of attitudes; the third shows a gathering of ladies engaged in the utmost liveliness of conversation; the fourth a husband and wife reading while their children dig ramparts around them in the sand. Sometimes luncheon is served in the tents; very often the cottagers enjoy an afternoon nap lying in the hammocks swung underneath them, and not infrequently the whole business that precedes matrimony; the introduction, the admiration of the pretty hand, the fascination of the silvery laugh, the bewilderment of the quick repartee, the first flirtation, the meeting again and again, the invitation for a drive over the moor, the memories of it, the falling in love, the proposal, the acceptance, the future happiness dilated upon, the terrible inevitable of asking papa, the asking of him, the inquiry into and the statement of prospects, the paternal blessing given, the yearning joy of loving and being beloved by a fairy creature with the whitest of teeth, the bluest of eyes, the brownest of complexions, the goldenest of tresses—all of these agreeable preliminaries are arranged at 'Sconset in the tents. Many a man has gone into them free and come out as good as married. More dangerous is their fluttering shadow on the sands to the unguarded heart than ever was the deepest gloaming of the vale of Tempe.

The beach at 'Sconset owes its safety for bathers to a number of peculiar circumstances. The island of Nantucket is thirty miles out from the main land; it is long and narrow; it directly intersects the tides that rush to and from Vineyard Sound. Hence the tide at 'Sconset has a rise and fall of only two feet, the ocean in its swift passage to the sound and Buzzard's Bay merely pausing to salute the shores of Nantucket with a continual roar of surf. The sands of 'Sconset Beach are as smooth as a table, and run into deep water within ten feet of the edge. Except immediately after a storm, there is no undertow, and when this danger exists, the bathers are prudent enough to sit on the sands and let the huge waves dash over them harmlessly. As any swimmer or any one used to surf bathing can understand, these various features of the beach render it a remarkably safe enjoyment for women and children. The invariable movement of the tides along the shores of the island, the freedom of the sands from holes to entrap an unwary bather, the constantly high surf and the quick descent of the beach, all are features that prevent bathers from stumbling unawares into deep water, and at the same time afford the finest and safest swimming to those skilled in the water. Lest by some accident of carelessness somebody might get into danger there is, however, a stout swimmer engaged to keep watch over the bathers. But his office has always been a sinecure. The tiny children and the mothers tumble about in the splash and rush of the foaming breakers for an hour every day, and the swimmers go outside for a half-mile spurt without any fear of peril. The water is

ATURE OF THE  
COMMANDER.

exceedingly salty and invigorating. Coming in on top of a wave this morning I found myself mixed up very considerably with an old gentleman who had squatted on the sands ready for the breaker but not for what it bore. He flapped about in the receding waters far half a minute in amazement, and then with the greatest good humor, was swallowed by another breaker. Three weeks ago that same agile old gentleman came to 'Sconset feeble and shaky with nervous prostration.

People who have once visited 'Sconset return to it. This quiet coast, far out in the ocean, has some peculiar fascination about it that can be found nowhere else. The society is exceedingly select, the amusements are varied, the health to be gained is remarkable. There is always a breeze from somewhere, and so the air seems cool even when it is not. But the thermometer never goes very high with us. The average temperature at Hudenut's for the month of July was 89 degrees, at 'Sconset the average was 72 degrees. On the sixteenth ultimo, when you were grumbling at 99 degrees, we were cool enough at 69 degrees. We sleep under heavy blankets every night, and there is not a mosquito on the island; we eat fish caught an hour before; our appetites are amazing; we have no shame in sleeping twelve hours every night. So what with one thing and another, 'Sconset is a rather agreeable place to spend the summer in.—*Hillary Bell in Home Journal.*

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

Guaranteed Circulation, 1350 Copies.

### 'SCONSET, THEN AND NOW.

PROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE "PATCH-WORK VILLAGE."

A week since we passed an afternoon and night at 'Sconset. The rays of the full moon shining on the surface of the broad sea before us, caused us, as it had a thousand times before, to meditate, and this time our reflections were on the changes that had been wrought in ten years in that little ancient village, from 1877 to 1887.

They are marvellous.

Then, the village seemed dead, very dead. Not only did there seem no future for it, but the wonder was why it had a present or even a past. Now it is alive with a large summer population, and in winter it shows signs of activity that betoken permanent prosperity.

Then, the old fishermen's cottages were sold from time to time, at prices varying from \$150 to \$200, with furniture thrown in, and there was little demand for them at those prices. Now, the few that are left are held at from \$1000, upward, and when sold find purchasers at those figures.

Then, the rent of an old cottage for the summer was from \$30 to \$75. Now the same houses readily bring their fortunate owners from \$75 to \$200.

Then, the houses were covered with old shingles, some grey with a half-century's exposure to the elements, though now and then one was white or yellow-washed; and because of this extravagance, the speedy bankruptcy of the owner was confidently predicted. Now Captain Baxter's, Captain Coleman's, Captain Aldridge's, Captain Morris's, Captain Hussey's, Mrs. Clark's and Mr. Hurst's houses are the only ones which have not been at least resingled and painted in oil, and some have been extensively modified in form.

Then, for over forty years, not a house had been built except the beginning of the Ocean View, and a couple of thin cottages as part of the land speculation of Robinson & Ellis, on "Sunset Heights," and the residence of Mr. Flagg, of New York, at the north end of the village, since sold to Mr. Chittenden, of the Russell house, Detroit. Within six years near a hundred houses, large and small, have been put up—more than had been erected in two hundred years before.

Then, south of the gulley, were but five houses, two that had been removed thither by Messrs. William C. Swain and Oliver F. Hussey, respectively, two, already mentioned, built by Robinson & Ellis, and another, "Old Fort Sumpter," that incongruous structure which Capt. Matthew Crosby made out of the odds and ends of candle-house beams, second-hand boards, third-hand doors and windows, and which structure, as he left it, was the beginning of the "cloud-capped towers" of the "gorgeous palace" of Mr. Underhill, that sanguine genius who thought he foresaw a prosperous future for 'Sconset, and acted on his convictions, and now nearly thirty houses are to be seen on land which then had but the five.

Then, feather beds and patchwork quilts, and iron knives and forks and spoons, and a dilapidated stove, and the odds and ends of crockery, beds without sheets and pillow cases, and tables without linen, were considered a sufficient

equipment for a "furnished" cottage. Now, hair mattresses and all the requisites for housekeeping are demanded by the tenant.

Then, visitors arriving on the island were met at the steamboat landing by the "Swiftsure," with Capt. William Baxter at the stern sheets. He took them across the island to the bank, and livers were aroused into activity that had failed to act for a decade. Now, the Nantucket Railroad pulls them to their destination, and chronic cases of liver torpidity that Captain Baxter, with his heroic treatment had failed to relieve, are cured, and not a victim has ever had a relapse. The shake cure has come to stay.

Then, the Captain took from the Town the table supplies from butcher and grocer for the whole of the resident visitors; or, if families failed to order meat for the next day through Baxter, they had to forage on the natives for salt pork, or ham or chickens to last them till the next day. Now, two regularly-established grocery stores are daily open, and supply every variety of goods that can be found in many a large city, and two butchers call daily at the residences for orders.

Then, bluefish could be had for twenty cents apiece without distinction of weight. Now they are sold at nearer twenty cents a pound, and often cannot be had at all.

Then, the owners of teams were glad to let them for a trip to Wauwinet or to town at \$2, and sometimes \$1.50. Now and then an owner, with a half-ashamed look on his face, would ask \$2.50, if he thought the stranger would stand it. Now, \$3 is charged, with an inflexible look, and as if it were a great favor to let the outsider have it at that.

Then, 'Sconset farmers thought but little of their land except to raise produce for their own consumption. Nantucket men never could understand what anybody wanted land for, except to stay on when he was not at sea, and when whaling was not longer open for them, to use as little as their necessities would admit. They were glad to work at any pursuit, fishing off shore, doing odd jobs in carpentering in a bungling way,—anything to bring in a shilling and help make both ends meet. Now, the farmers are fully employed in preparing land, planting and gathering crops, and disposing of them to resident visitors, and they will neither shove a jack plane, nor fish, nor even cut bait. They get city prices for their garden crops, and give not a cent for transportation to steamer, railroad or schooner, pay no toll to commission merchants in Boston or New York, and with a self-satisfied air, pocket the whole receipts and thank heaven that the stranger was vouchsafed unto them and that, truly in a christian spirit, they took him in.

Then, a mechanic could not live alone on the wages of his calling; he was carpenter, farmer, shepherd, poulterer, dairyman, fisherman, and anything to get a living, and a poor living at that. Now, a half dozen carpenters on the bank do nothing else the year round. A mason and a painter have plenty to do during a considerable portion of the year.

Then, letters for the village were carried from Town by Captain Baxter, and were spread out on the table of his parlor and assorted and distributed by his niece, Miss Plaisted, or by his wife, and were delivered to the persons to whom addressed, who sometimes growled at being asked to pay a cent for the service performed. Now, there is a post office in the same quaint old house, with a charming and intelligent woman filling the office of postmaster, and two mails daily arriving by train, and everything running with scarce any friction.

Then, packages by express from the continent were entrusted to that same Baxter. He delivered them to the parties, and though he always paid the expressage to the company like a man, half the time he was in too much of a hurry to collect it himself, and at last forgot it. Long since the many debts due him were passed to profit and loss in his memory, and he has no hard feelings against the debtors either. For those earthly debts he will be rewarded, it is hoped, in the great hereafter.

Then, a solitary pump in the old village supplied the water for nearly all residents, except a cistern was handier. Now, near a dozen wells have been driven or sunk in different parts of the place, and more are ordered.

Then, cottagers often had to depend for rainwater on casks placed under the gutters. Now, a fifty to a hundred barrel cistern is put down by each new house.

Then, those who had time unemployed could not afford to burn coal. They went to the swamps, dug out peat, spread it out to drain, and cut it and stored it for winter's use, or when required for cooking. Coal was used by a few. Now peat is not thought of. As we used to ride between Polpis and

'Sconset, in passing Capt. Starbuck's we saw each season peat cut for storage. Now it is seen no longer. Men have more money to spend in buying coal than they have labor to expend in gathering peat. Peat grates then were common. Now they are a curiosity.

Then, Captain Brown Gardner's house was the place during the fishing season where the fishermen used to meet at night and swap lies over experiences in catching whales. Now, his house has passed into other hands, and more's the pity, the old captain would not know it in its metamorphosis. The fishermen found themselves wandering about like babes in the wood, with no place wherein they could rest their minds or bodies. Now, they have a spacious club house that came up like Jonah's gourd; and at night, when times are dull, they meet in it, sit down about the room, wear the nap from their trousers, and talk whales, and strangers, bluefish, pollock and cod.

Then, Smith and Johnson, to say nothing of the inevitable Baxter, carried excursion parties to the bank during the season to the number, perhaps, of a thousand all told. Now, more strangers, brought by the cars, see the village each year than saw it in a quarter of a century before the road was built, and the livery men retain a full measure of business.

Then, three lonesome make-shift awnings were stretched on the beach for the shade of visitors wishing to lie on the sand. Now there are near sixty, in all colors, and they are a feature of shore life that can be seen at no other sea-side resort.

Then, the Ocean View House had a little cramped dining room, a kitchen with a couple of old-fashioned cook stoves with which to prepare the meals for perhaps one hundred and fifty guests at the height of the season, and they were obliged to wait for service, and perhaps get accommodation at night at Captain Aldridge's, Captain Robert Pitman's, or Capt. Oliver C. Folger's. Now, it has one enlargement on another, and at last an annex, bigger than all its previous parts.

Then, the Atlantic House was but an exaggerated boarding house, with a slim patronage, except at the height of the season. Now, its attic has been utilized by the erection of dormer windows, and it prospers even with its enlargement.

Then, two or three hundred people included all the strangers that could be found at 'Sconset at any time during the season. Now, at times, nearly a couple of thousand are living within cottages and at the hotels, and the end is not yet.

Then, the visitors were isolated from the world. A gale might cut off communication with the mainland for days at a time. Now, a telephone line from 'Sconset, and a telegraphic cable to the main land enables them to communicate with friends or business houses in Boston, or New York, perhaps in a half hour's time, and to receive a reply as soon.

Then, a piece of ice was a luxury which only the wealthy could afford. Indeed, we do not recollect of anybody who had it in the village, native or stranger, except Capt. Alfred Folger, and he only for the purpose of making ice cream. In transferring it in a box wagon across the island, half would be gone before he landed it in his place. Then if a cold spell came, the other half would melt before the stock of cream would be sold. To get a piece from the old captain, even in sickness, was a real favor. Now, it is brought to the bank daily, and is delivered at the houses, and two men earn enough to help make what ten years ago would be a generous living.

Then, on Sunday, spiritual starvation stared the godly in the face. The school-house was occasionally used for worship, and now and then the service would be read in the parlor of one of the hotels. Once during the season Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford held out consoling prospects of universal salvation even to those who died unconverted; and Friend George Richardson, without money and without price, preached the evangel of ancient Quakerism pitched on a doleful minor key. Or, if a minister from another denomination came to the village, he was dragged into service, and he would preach to a lazy audience in a perfunctory manner. But as a rule, visitors had to skirmish for religion, and often did not get what they wanted. Now, a slightly chapel with stained glass windows, a spire pointing heavenward, opens its doors weekly to afford the ladies the means of spiritual grace and to show their best gowns and millinery, and to give the men the opportunity to hear the truth expounded and take a quiet nap.

Then, we saw nothing to write about on the bank except decay amid the finest air and the most health-restoring climate on the Atlantic coast. Now, we must stop writing of the changes in 'Sconset, or be compelled to take up our residence there to recover from the nervous exhaustion which must follow writing on a theme so vast and having so many ramifications.

The large turtle which was recently caught here and stuffed, was taken to Cottage City, where it was so seriously damaged by being run over by a team, that it became a worthless object for exhibition, and was forthwith laid away in the sandy sands of Martha's Vineyard.

—AMPHIBOLOGICALLY speaking, the sphargis coriacea, whilom sea serpent, captured in our waters, as announced last week, has made an exit as strange as was his advent. After having been prepared for exhibition and taken to Cottage City, his turtleship went back on his exhibitors. He was out of his element. He had died in the water and so could not live on the land. The big turtle of the ocean, which had doubtless been a pirate on many seas, and whose existence may have antedated the boarding of ships upon the line by that trident god of the sea, so long known to our old whalemens, got the better of his conquerors, and came off victor at last. He was buried on Martha's Vineyard.

"Not a drum was heard,  
Nor a funeral note."

Ground has been broken for the foundation of Dr. W. H. Workman's new house at the Cliff. It is a remarkably pleasant site, commanding a charming view of the sound, the north shore, Tuckernuck, the entire western section of the island, and also gives a fine bird's-eye view of the town.

Those who happened to be upon Main street, Tuesday evening, were startled by an apparition, which, nearly *dishabille*, shot past them, uttering weird, unearthly cries. It proved to be, not a visitant from the realms of Pluto, as some imagined, but a victim of delirium tremens. He was forcibly removed, and quiet again reigned.

DEATH OF MRS. WILSON.—Died, in this city, Sunday, August 7th, Elizabeth G. Wilson, aged 74, widow of John G. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson was born on Nantucket, which was her home until she and her husband left it to make their residence with their daughter, Mrs. T. E. Bowman. Born and educated a Quaker, in a Quaker home, this faith was always hers and reflected in her life. She was a great lover of the simple ways of the people of this order, as well as of justice and truth. Always fond of books, in her later years she found a large share of companionship with her favorite authors. In her last sickness—which was really the fading out of a long life from old age and not a sickness—she never tired of listening to familiar poems especially to the tender verses of Whittier. Her funeral was held at the family residence yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Linus Blakesley, services being simple and appropriate to her life, in the presence of the family and a few near neighbors and friends.—*Topeka, Kan., Capital.*

NINETY-ONE.—Last Tuesday Capt. David F. Chase attained the age of ninety-one years, and the event was made the occasion for a pleasant surprise by his friends, who, uninvited, took possession of his home and made merry. Capt. Chase was the recipient of substantial gifts from those present. Among them was a handsome ebony cane, with silver handle, which bore his name, the date, and name of the donor. A bountiful collation was spread. Our aged friend claims never to have been confined to his bed a day by illness, and is yet hale and hearty, which blessing we trust will long be vouchsafed him.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. Eliza S. Nevins, Mrs. Anna B. Kelley of Boston, Mrs. John N. Baxter, Rutland, Vt., Mrs. Amelia French Wilbour, Little Compton, R. I., are the guests of Benjamin F. Coffin.

Dr. A. H. Sheaffer and family returned Wednesday to their home in Lewiston, Pa.

Mr. Benjamin C. Easton and family will leave here early next month for a winter's residence in Brooklyn. Their son, Horace, will enter the Polytechnic Institute in that city.

Among the notable visitors this week have been Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, who arrived Sunday in a steam yacht. They spent a few hours sight-seeing hereabouts.

ON		AB-	
DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.	
Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.
		Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.
		Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment in Athenaeum Hall, Tuesday evening, was well patronized. The opening chorus was well sung by a double quartette. Miss Emma Cook's solo and Mr. Montague Howard's recitation were received with storms of applause, and each responded to the encore. The duet by Miss Locke and Master Smith was very sweetly sung, and the instrumental selection by Mrs. Wakeman and Masters Wakeman and Smith was finely executed, and they were recalled. Miss Florence Merriam's violin solo was beautifully executed, the lady handling the bow with easy grace, and she also was called out to respond to the encore. The humaniphone was a new and interesting feature to a large number. The Rhode Island Quintette sang several selections, and Prof. George W. Brown gave an exhibition of bone playing that was wonderful in execution. His imitations of various trades called forth frequent applause.

PRENTICE MULFORD ON "OLD NANTUCKET."—Had it not been that the 'Sconset Chapel was in debt, the residents and visitors on the bank would not have passed the delightful evening they did on Tuesday last. To aid in paying the debt, Mr. Prentice Mulford delivered a lecture which was well attended. Mr. Mulford is generally known as a New Yorker. But so varied have been his travels in pursuit of knowledge and journalism, that he might with more truth be considered a cosmopolitan. The visiting of curious places, the pursuit of various handicrafts and the accurate study of human nature are matters very much to his taste. Born in a whaling port, it was to be expected that at some time he would join a whaler. In time he did ship on the Henry at San Francisco, and if we may believe him, for a whole year his presence neither officers, nor crew, nor himself will ever forget. Mr. Mulford has taken an especial interest in Nantucket. He has read up its history, ancient and modern, and in his lecture presented its salient points of interest and especially the characteristics of its people, in a dry humor of recital, a keen reading of human nature and a constant sparkle of wit, which made it not less amusing than instructive. Indeed, we have listened to no professional humorist who had in his entertainment anything half as droll, as his reminiscences of his experience as cook on the Henry. The lecture will be remembered as one of the pleasant incidents of this summer at 'Sconset.

NEW ATHENEUM SEATS.—The long looked for new seats for the Athenaeum Hall have arrived, and are being placed in the hall, numbered, and arranged for occupancy. They present a very neat and attractive appearance of themselves; and, when properly arranged to the new design, will make the hall look modern and beautiful. A centre aisle with two side aisles next the walls are to be maintained, which will make ingress and egress easier than heretofore. Each seat will be numbered in consecutive order from No. 1 up to the highest number, so there need be no confusion about the same numbers in different rows, or the same numbers in the Right and Left. George H. Grant & Swain, of Richmond, Ind., were the manufacturers. Mr. Albertus Swain, formerly of Nantucket, being a member of the firm, has given special attention to the work and secured a creditable job.

The management of the Athenaeum expect to announce a lecture at an early day, by Mr. Prentice Mulford, for the benefit of the new seat fund.

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The Vassar alumnae are raising a fund to endow the chair of astronomy in honor of Professor Maria Mitchell, the renowned member of the Vassar faculty. It is to be called the Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund. What help would your readers like to give us?

The sum of \$40,000 will yield the necessary income for the support of this, the astronomical department. Of this sum, \$20,000 is yet to be raised. It is the especial desire of the alumnae that the sum total shall be raised by June, 1888; and that as soon as possible, this recognition may be made of what Professor Mitchell has done for science. Especially is it the desire of the alumnae that such recognition shall be made while Professor Mitchell is still with us, and may herself enjoy the fruits of her labors. Contributions may be sent to the undersigned.

Mrs. H. C. FOLGER, JR.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

Guaranteed Circulation, 1350 Copies.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In the further consideration of the bluefish problem, we cannot produce anything more potent than facts. They are the laws and principles by which we may determine the certainty of the future. The seed crop for the next year's harvest is largely in the seed crop of the present. This is a rule that applies to everything, consequently it is applicable to the subject in hand, for ours is a present conflict for the right. No observing man can take a sail to Wauwinnet without discerning that Nantucket harbor is by nature a nursery for the protection of fish. The same conclusion is reached in regard to Madaket and Tuckernuck. These places are the best spawning grounds, and when the habits of the fish are not interfered with, a large percentage of spawn matures, while that which is cast in less protected places is in a large measure destroyed. Notwithstanding this fact, there is occasionally an old man who does not believe that a bluefish ever spawned in our harbor, simply because they never saw a bluefish until he was large enough to eat. The idea in regard to this matter is about as absurd as the old lady's was about the building of the Nantucket Railroad. When they were about to cross the meadows, she said she would like to "pelt them with bricks." When asked what for, she said it was because they were going to destroy her sight of the harbor. She thought, perhaps, the railroad would be three stories high. I should judge by the conversation of some men that bluefish cast their spawn in the Gulf Stream, or some other unlikely place, rather than where their instinct would lead them. In gone-by days, our waters about the harbor have been teeming with little bluefish, hatched from the spawn that were cast in the harbor. The boys used to catch them just for sport. The result of netting has been to drive the fish from the spawning grounds, where there is a natural protection for the young. Hence it is that the majority of these fish are gobbled up soon after they pass the embryo state, simply because they are out of their natural element and where there is not that protection necessary for their preservation. Infancy is defenceless, and when the law that regulates its safety is destroyed, the fish must perish. Laugh if you will at the idea of a fish knowing the difference between one place and another; the fact remains that God has given them an instinct that no man can destroy without destroying the race. A man might as well argue that the sea beach is a good place to plant corn as to say it makes no difference where fish spawn. The old adage, that the big fish eat the little ones, is more than a proverb. I have run my knife through the stomachs of fish that have been filled with many different species of fish that had not attained the size of half an inch in length. I dare not say how many there were, because I have been astonished often at the sight brought to my eyes. This is but the work of one fish, and what a vast amount of the same kind must have been consumed in one day. Fish like a change of diet as well as man. Sometimes it is coarse, sometimes it is fine, and if the coarse is not smart enough to escape its enemy, what can the little ones do that have no hiding-place. The instincts of little fish cause them to skulk away and hide when danger is nigh, and if there is no hiding-place, they become an easy prey. There is nothing so prolific as fish; they not only supply each race with a living, but there is enough for the race of man; and when there is a scarcity, man is to blame. For if all the spawn came to maturity, the same thing would be manifest to the naked eye that is brought to light by the power of the microscope. It would be wonderful. Fish do not take their food like cattle. Their tongue is a gristly substance, set firm in the mouth, and when they are feeding, if the fish are small that they are pursuing, a large proportion of the food goes into the stomach, without even a scratch. The power of suction in gill fish is very great. Anything that comes within the reach of their power, if not very smart, is easily drawn in. I have seen a squid measuring nearly eighteen inches doubled right into a fish's mouth. I have also seen two sea ducks taken out of a fish's stomach, besides many other things, too numerous to mention.

If anyone desires a practical lesson on this subject, it is more easily learned by taking the codfish than it would be by taking something smaller. If you would go down to some smack with your hook well baited, you would not only see the power of suction, but to your astonishment you would also see the power of ejection. Lower your bait into the well, and in a little while you will see a fish drawing near the hook. When he gets within twelve or fifteen inches of the bait he stops, but the bait commences to move towards his mouth and disappears. You think you have got him sure, so you draw back quickly, and behold! your bait is three feet from the fish and he has not started a hair. Now we are told that fish don't know anything, and that it is of no use to protect the spawning interest, because neither the young or old will ever come back again, and so long as they don't do anything on the Jersey coast it is useless for us to try.

A lesson upon the migratory habits of fish and birds might lead some to think differently. Yours in the interest of all, A.

THE NUMBER OF ARRIVALS at Nantucket by the regular steamers since the season of two boats a day commenced, up to and including the passenger list of Wednesday last, is 9224. This does not include people brought by the excursion boats.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER, 15, 1887.

### SIASCONSET ITEMS.

COMMUNICATED.

The Departed Guest.

Along the beach, toward bold Tom Never's crest,  
Far to the Northward, where old Sankaty  
Lifts its grey brow above the emerald sea,  
A stillness reigns; while the departed guest  
Revives with the invigorating rest,  
That 'Sconset yields in hospitality,  
And ocean life, so boundless, sweet, and free!  
We who remain, recall that which was best  
In those who sported on the sea-beat shore;  
For all each face imparted, when we met,  
Ours, now, but the bright foam, and breakers' roar!

Monarch of all, the sea remaineth yet,  
God's oracle of power, forevermore!  
Be our remembrance tinged with no regret.

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

Dedicated to Edward F. Underhill, Esq., of New York City, through whose business energy and liberal advertising, the village of 'Sconset-By-The-Sea, has been made attractive with comely cottages, and become widely known to seekers after wholesome rest, as a place for a summer sojourn, and annually growing in popular favor.

Mr. Editor:—I thank you for the temperate response you made in your last week's issue to the statement of the Vineyard Gazette. The 'Sconset people want no extravagance. The permanent residents are unpretentious people. The transient residents are equally so when on the bank, if not on the continent. "Electric lights" they leave behind them when they quit their homes. They ask for no "platoons of police," nor to have their streets plastered with concrete." Pinaforically speaking the summer resident

"seeks the seclusion which the village grants  
And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

Far removed from the great commercial centres, Siasconset can never become the resort of fashion. If women, and children, and clergymen, and professors, and teachers, and students, and invalids can go to the bank, the man of business rarely can. Hence the disproportion between the sexes. Without an approximate balance of men and women no place can be a fashionable resort. 'Sconset is and has been a spot where men can doff their raiment of conventional stiffness and don old clothes and older hats far advanced in decomposition of shocking badness; there white shirts are thrown into the darkest recesses of the most inaccessible closets and owners move in the freedom of flannel shirts changed once a fortnight with or without coat or vest, as temperature demands; where the women can and do wear costumes loose, free and comfortable, but tasty even in their grotesqueness; where people live in close quarters in which the cares of house keeping are reduced to the minimum and families are freed from the burden of entertaining guests during the period set apart for rest.

In the 'Sconset litany, which is read each morning in every well regulated family, there is the clause:

"From purple and fine linen; from pic-nics; from hand organs and street bands; from theatrical combinations and club houses; from fast horses and showy equipages; and from every device that worketh cussedness unto him who seeketh rest by the shores of the sea; Good Lord deliver us."

The 'Sconset residents ask for nothing except that which shall instigate, aid and abet health, quiet, rest and comfort. They do want a few kerosene lamps in the streets, at least enough to make darkness visible. They humbly ask that a lonesome policeman be appointed to sit down on frisky youths from the continent; they ask that frequented highways be kept in a passable condition for man and beast, and women and beast-ess. And their demands are reasonable. Doubtless they will be granted.

I know that there are some men on Nantucket whose minds have run

aground on the shoals of inaction. The present prosperity of the island seems to them a dream, or if a reality they can't persuade themselves that it can last. And they are not all old men either. For there be old young men who have caught the infection of despair from those who look admiringly toward the retrospect and can't understand why Nantucket, which they loved so much for its past, should be more loved by strangers for its present. And there be young old men who to-day are as keenly alive to the grand opportunities for the island as the most sanguine visitor from the continent. With them is a generation of young men born on Nantucket, who perceive the changed conditions, and moved by the impulses of youth, would gladly act accordingly if they had the means. They see that the harpoon and try kettle are no longer the symbols of the island's prosperity. The plow and hoe; the hammer, chisel and plane; the yard-stick and counter scales; the steam-er and locomotive; the yacht and dory; the seine and drail are their present symbols and each year they more and more assert their supremacy. And no man can make me believe that nearly twenty thousand acres of land a hundred and twenty miles from Boston, is only fitted for a seaside resort, the most sinister prognostics of those who bemoan the advent of strangers to the contrary notwithstanding. They are not Nantucket men who have made Nantucket known. Casual visitors told of its splendid climate, its wholesome air and its charming and restful surroundings, and year after year it has become better known until now, 'Sconset, its next to it oldest child has become a place of seaside residence and each year is increasing in popularity.

Of the natives of the island the live men are to-day in the majority. They have had their bellies full of catching blue fish and peddling them out at ten cents a piece, fishing for cod in the fall and spring and bartering off their fares for provisions and working at ten cents an hour at hard labor and thus getting the bare necessities of life. They see that with the increasing number of strangers their subsistence is more liberal, that their lives are richer, and that their savings are each year more and more above zero point. Let them put their best men into the control of affairs and supplement the efforts of those who come among them and advance the prosperity of the island, and relegate into retirement those who see nothing but its past greatness and can't believe that the world moves.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

New York, Sept. 12th, 1887.

As the season changes the members of the "Club House" begins to resort thither evenings to enjoy the papers and other literary matters that is being contributed by the friends of the association. There is talk of plastering the room, an improvement that is much needed to make it comfortable during the coming winter.

There are 75 cottages still open, though several of them will close during the week. Quite a number of families will remain until October.

Capt. C. C. Hamblin and family are to occupy one of the cottages in White's Hamlet and Capt. Benjamin F. Brown, and family that belonging to the Aaron Coffin estate while the new houses are being constructed at Sankaty.

The "Sconset Ghost" is the all absorbing topic in some circles. We hope to give a full account of its doings next week.

Next Sunday is to be the last service held in the chapel this season, the service is to be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Little, of St. Paul's church, Nantucket, commencing at 3.30 P. M.

Many of the cottages are engaged for next season, and several are to be erected during the winter.

ATURE OF THE  
Y COMMANDER.

**SALE OF REAL ESTATE.**—Mr. T. G. Macy has purchased of Mr. Philip Macy and the heirs of Isaac Macy the farm known as the Cherry Grove place, formerly owned by the late Thomas Macy.

**AN ERUPTION.**—A cask of molasses in F. J. Crosby's grocery store, on being tapped yesterday, vented like a pent up Vesuvius, covering all in the immediate vicinity with a coating of yellow foam.

**RESIGNED.**—Miss Ida Swain has resigned her school at Leominster, Mass., to accept a more lucrative position as teacher in the Waltham public schools.

**Dr. W. H. Workman's** new house at the Cliff is designed to meet the requirements of invalids, and will have piazzas on three sides, be heated by steam, lighted with gas, and provided with hot and cold water. The building contract has been awarded to Mr. E. R. Smith, and the mason work will be done by Brown & Ring.

#### For the Journal.

As a consolation to the bereaved relatives and friends of Mrs. Sarah D. Mitchell, whose death was recorded in the last issue of your Journal, (September 8th), will the editor have the kindness to publish the following choice lines cherished as a tender memento of the deceased?

The poem, being one very precious to her and carefully preserved as expressive of her sentiments, to those who knew and loved her, it will ever remain sacredly associated with her memory.

G.

#### Our Welcome Home.

BY MRS. N. P. CHICK.

When we cross the silent river,  
When we climb the golden stair  
To the mansion of our Father,  
Who will bid us welcome there?

'Mid the throng of shining angels  
That around the portal wait,  
Who will be the first to greet us  
When we reach the pearly gate?

Shall we meet the loved and lost ones  
That have left our household band?  
Will they be the first to greet us  
When we reach the better land?

We in tears and sadness parted  
As we laid them in the tomb;  
Shall we know them robed in beauty,  
And in heaven's immortal bloom?

When our tired hands are folded,  
When our feet have ceased to roam,  
In the mansion of our Father  
Who will bid us welcome home?

Ah methinks that Elder Brother  
Who for us His life laid down,  
He will be the first to greet us,  
Give to us the robe and crown.

While the billows surge around us,  
Ere we reach the other side,  
He with loving arms will greet us,  
Gently bear us o'er the tide.

When our hands have ceased to labor,  
When our feet have ceased to roam,  
In the mansion of our Father  
He will bid us welcome home.

**POLITICAL.**—Pursuant to call the local Democrats met in Smith's hall Tuesday evening and organized with Mr. D. C. Brayton in the chair. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the chairman, out of respect to Isaac H. Folger, Secretary of the County Committee, then lying at the point of death.

The Prohibitory State Convention meets in Worcester to-day (Wednesday). Allen Coffin, Esq., of this town, has been prominently mentioned by several of the leading daily papers as a candidate for the Attorney-Generalship.

**LABOR DAY.**—The observance of the first labor day in Nantucket on Monday was marked only by the closing of the banks and newspaper offices. The stores were open throughout the day as usual, and many failed to remember that it was a legal holiday, while a still larger number couldn't have told why it was to save their souls.

**APPOINTMENTS.**—Miss Ida S. Russell of this town and a recent graduate from the Bridgewater State Normal school, has been appointed teacher of the Intermediate department at Cottage City.

Mr. George H. Cary, formerly of this town, and recently teacher of the Grammar school at South Natick, has been appointed master of the New English High School at Lynn, Mass.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER, 8, 1887.

**RETIREMENT.**—Mr. Henry D. Robinson, senior proprietor of the *Inquirer and Mirror*, has severed his connection with that paper, and disposed of his interest to Mr. Roland B. Hussey, the junior partner, who now assumes sole charge. The firm of Hussey & Robinson was the oldest one doing business on the island, the co-partnership having been formed in July, 1849, when Messrs. Samuel S. Hussey and Henry D. Robinson, two young men employed as journeymen printers on the *Nantucket Inquirer*, purchased the *Weekly Mirror* from the late Hon. John Morrissey. The *Inquirer*, the oldest, and for many years the leading paper on the island, had long since attained the zenith of its prosperity, and was then on the wane, for being a radically partisan paper, its fortunes were materially affected by the political mutations during the decade prior to 1850. Profiting by their contemporary's experience, the young publishers shrewdly steered clear of the shoals which had proved so disastrous not only to it but to several other publications which had been stranded and abandoned at previous intervals, and adopted a strictly, but at that time anomalous non-partisan or neutral policy which soon commended it to the support of all factions. The policy has been rigidly adhered to up to the present time. By energy and strict attention to business the young firm quickly gained the confidence of the community, a good standing in financial circles, and prospered correspondingly, until in 1865 they were enabled to buy out their contemporary and consolidated the two papers under the present title of *Inquirer and Mirror*. In 1879 Mr. Hussey, the senior partner, being in feeble health, relinquished his interest to his son, Mr. Roland B. Hussey, and retired practically from the business, though the partnership was maintained nominally up to the time of his death which occurred some three years since, and the old firm name has since been continued. As a practical printer, and particularly as a compositor, Mr. Robinson had few equals—certainly no superiors, and now after a successful journalistic career of nearly forty years he retires from business with an honorable record for integrity, industry and courtesy, and with the best wishes of hosts of friends and former patrons to whom the name of Hussey & Robinson has become as familiar as household words. Mr. Hussey, the present proprietor, takes control of the paper under most favorable auspices, and we doubt not will prove fully equal to the additional responsibilities assumed. For its continued success our contemporary has the best wishes of the JOURNAL, and under its new management, we trust that the same fraternal relations may continue which has ever existed heretofore.

**HEARING.**—The County Commissioners granted a hearing at the bridge in Siasconset on Saturday last on the petition of a number of non-resident tax-payers for the re-building of the foot bridge across the "gully." The petitioners were represented by Allen Coffin, Esq., who briefly reviewed the history of the bridge and the causes which first led to its construction as a private enterprise for the furtherance of individual interests, the growth of the village south of the "gully" which had caused the bridge to become a public convenience if not necessity, and referred to the claim of the non-resident tax-payers for consideration. He cited cases in point to illustrate the advisability of the Town or County assuming charge of and improving highways which had originally been laid out by private individuals or corporations, when public necessity or convenience warranted, and urged that the present case was one which called for similar action.

Mr. Edward F. Underhill pointed out

the pecuniary benefit which the town in general and Siasconset in particular derived from the advent of strangers, not only from the large amount paid into the treasury by non-resident tax-payers, but from the increased market for the island products, and demand for all kinds of labor. He referred to the growth of Siasconset during the past ten years, the generally prosperous condition of permanent residents of the village as compared with a dozen years ago, and asserted that not a single individual claiming residence at Siasconset was now supported in the almshouse or received a penny's worth of charitable assistance.

Messrs. William J. Chittenden and A. B. Lamberton also made pertinent remarks in support of the petition, the latter urging the County Commissioners to act with the authority vested in them and not shirk responsibility by referring the matter to a town meeting held at a time when the petitioners were absent from the island, and where if present, they could have no voice or vote. The petitioners appealed to the County Commissioners as the only body clothed with authority before whom they could obtain a personal hearing.

Invitation was then extended for remonstrants to present their side, but after waiting a suitable length of time and no one appearing, the hearing was declared closed, and the County Commissioners promised to take the matter under advisement at their next meeting.

**Schooner North Star**, which arrived at City Island, N. Y., 30th ult., from Nantucket, reports that on August 28, at 9 P. M., about 12 miles south of Sankaty Head, passed a square rigged vessel, supposed a ship sunk in 11 fathoms of water. She had two yards standing.

#### THE HOUSE-TOP WALK.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

[Along the ridge of the roof of many houses in Nantucket there is a platform railed in, called "the walk," from which the families of the sailors were wont to watch the outgoing and incoming ships.]

Weather-stained and beaten and empty now,  
The long, long vigil is o'er;  
No longer the ships go out to sea,  
And the watchers wait no more;  
Sailors and watchers are resting now,  
Some on this sandy lea,  
And some with the sea-grass round them twined,  
Are asleep in the wandering sea.

But it comes to me, as I walk the street  
Of the quaint historic town,  
A vision these scenes have looked upon  
In the years so long ago;  
A vision of struggle with storm and tide  
By the brave ones, called to roam  
On the wrathful way of the ocean wide,  
And a vision of love at home.

On the house-top walk in the morning gray  
And yet in the deepening night,  
They watch for the flash of a homeward sail  
Or the swing of a masthead light.  
It is morn again, and again 'tis eve,  
So the days drag one by one,  
And the steadfast thing in the changeable scene  
Is the love that will have its own.

So the hair grows gray and the faces thin,  
For the sea is empty still;  
And the lonely years will have their way  
And God will have his will.  
But the watch is o'er—what matters now  
Though the ships drift endlessly,  
Though some are asleep in the graveyard there,  
And some in the wandering sea?  
NANTUCKET, July. Chicago Interior.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST, 11, 1887.

### A MARINE MONSTER.

Becomes Entangled in Blue-fish Nets off Smith's Point.

And is Killed after an Exciting Battle.

On Friday morning last, when Messrs Arthur C. Barrett and James Sandsbury visited their blue-fish seine just outside of Smith's point, near Tuckernuck, they found a huge monster entangled in its meshes, and floundering about lively in its frantic efforts to escape. Fortunately

the boat was provided with sword-fish irons, and one of these was darted at the strange monster, striking him on the head. Blinded with pain and rage he made straight for the boat, his huge jaw extended menacingly and lashing the sea into foam with his propellers. Then ensued an exciting battle between the monster of the deep and the occupants of the boat, who at first thought they had encountered a devil-fish, but soon discovered they were combatting something of the turtle species. While seeking to pierce the monster in a vulnerable spot the boatmen were obliged to be constantly on the alert to prevent their frail craft from being capsized, which meant sure death for them. Once indeed, in his struggles one of his huge "flippers" came over the gunwale of the dory heeling the boat to the water's edge, but a hasty leap of both parties to the opposite side righted her again and the fin slid off. One moment the huge monster would elude his assailants by diving, and the next rush at the boat open-mouthed, on bent annihilating his tormentors, who were at times obliged to assume the defensive, and would than again return to the attack. So the contest was waged for nearly an hour when by a lucky movement a lance was driven into his neck and the young monster had the satisfaction of seeing him "spout" thick blood and soon succumb. The towed him ashore at Tuckernuck in triumph and later in the day brought him to town. To get him into the boat the dory was sunk under him and the water then bailed out.

He proved to be a huge sea turtle wholly unknown in these waters, and was sometime before any one could determine its species. It was alleged to some to be a "loggerhead" and as stoutly denied by others. The matter was finally referred to Prof. Morse who proved conclusively that it was known in Natural History as *Sphargis*, or soft-shelled sea turtle, a species found in the Mediterranean sea and parts of the Atlantic ocean. It is the largest of all sea turtles, sometimes weighing 2000 pounds. This opinion was farther confirmed by one or two old whalers, who had known it by the title of "trunk turtle," which appellation seemed particularly appropriate.

The monster was seven feet long and eight feet across from tip to tip and weighed 610 pounds. The body was six feet long and eight feet in circumference. In place of legs it had four huge fins, called "flippers." The two forward ones were just back of the head and were about three feet long, one foot wide, and six inches thick at the largest part, gradually tapering down smaller. The after ones which were four feet further back, were flat-ironed shaped, about a foot and half long by one foot wide. The tail was similar shape and about two feet long. The back was covered with a thick leathery substance, which at the rear was slightly raised and separate from the body. Extending lengthwise of the back were six distinct ridges. The head protruded about a foot from the body. The jaws were nine inches long and were distended about a foot. The teeth resembled those of the shark except that they were soft, indicating that the creature sucked in his food like the right whale. The neck was nine inches in circumference and covered with white spots as was the body on the under side. The rest of the creature was black with the exception of a small white spot on the top of the head. The eyes were set in either side of the head about five inches back from the tip of the nose.

The monster was placed on exhibition in a small building on steamboat wharf for a couple of days, in charge of Messrs Alfred Howard and Alvin Hull, the minimum sum of 5 cents admission being charged to enable the young men to purchase a new seine, their's having been entirely destroyed by the creature. On Monday he was cleaned and stuffed by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and his owners propose to take him away on exhibition and will sell him if a satisfactory amount can be obtained. The Turtle is now all skinned and mounted and will be on exhibition at the same place during the remainder

of the present week. On Monday it was taken to Cottage City.

Inasmuch as it was found in our waters and is one of the rarest specimens of natural history ever seen in the parts, it would seem that the Athenæum Society should if possible obtain possession of it and we sincerely hope that the trustees will take steps to secure its permanent retention in the Museum.

It has been suggested that inasmuch as this turtle swims with head above water leaving a long wake astern, it might from its spotted neck, readily be mistaken for an immense sea-serpent, especially smooth water, and the presence of the creature in our waters may account for the numerous reports of the appearance of the sea-serpent on the New England coast the past year. In further support of this theory Mr. Thomas informs that on removing the skin two well-defined bullet holes were discovered, one the top of the head, the other entering one side of the body and extending transversely across, indicating that some had had a shot at him.

Blue-fish in schools have gathered round the Island of Nantucket. Rumor says all those within the three mile limit are protected by the strong arm of the law, vested in the selectmen whom it is said mete out indulgences. Fair play.—*Barnstable Patriot.*

The Selectmen have granted permits to seine to every applicant, without reservation or discrimination. Whether this course has been wise or not the fishermen themselves are divided in opinion, but the general sentiment appears to be not, and in this we are inclined to concur. The Selectmen, however only followed out the precedent established by previous boards, with the exception that in response to petition they abolished a single restriction which had hitherto existed. In compliance with a kind of unwritten law which had been observed among themselves the fishermen in previous years had abstained from setting their nets at the south side of the island, but this year no restrictions were observed and the result of the indiscriminate seining this season will likely be a demand for local restrictive legislation another year.

And now Nantucket has its "August meeting," whereof we wish it much joy. The non-resident tax payers of Siasconset assembled at that place last Monday and agreed upon a petition to the town asking for the forthwith performance of about half a column of things therein enumerated, winding up with the inevitable complaint that they were being discriminated against in the matter of taxation and that the residents of the town "proper" were sucking them dry for their own nourishment. It's the old old story; and our neighbors of Nantucket might as well understand at once that if they don't open up a half a dozen highways, and put in a few hundred electric lights, and garrison the village with a platoon of police, and plaster the place with concrete from center to circumference, they'll be lugged off down to Boston about a year from next winter to witness the dismemberment of their old burg.

And they're just as likely to be if they do.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

The old sore seems to be still unhealed. Nevertheless Nantucket may take warning from Edgartown's experience and act discreetly. Thus far the actual demands of Siasconset have been very moderate and have been met in a spirit which has maintained perfect amity between the two sections. So long as non-resident tax-payers and the Town meet one another in the proper spirit there will be no "jar." It behooves the former to remember that their stay among us is transient and that any permanent improvement they may ask for will benefit but a very small percentage of the inhabitants during eight months of the year, while in its disbursements the Town must be governed by the amount of benefit to be derived therefrom as well as the number to be benefited. The Town on the other

hand must not forget that Siasconset is a part of itself and entitled to the same consideration as though contiguous to the town proper and not separated from it by seven miles of heather. It should be borne in mind that a considerable percentage of our income tax is derived from non-residents, and that the advent of summer visitors furnishes a ready market for the farmer and the fisherman and creates a demand for the labor of the mechanic, in fact every branch of domestic industry, to say nothing of the increased consumption of groceries and provisions, and the chief supply for the whole island must come through or from the town proper. Hence it behooves us from policy, if not from hospitable motives, to encourage immigration by meeting those who do come in a reasonably liberal spirit. Siasconset has no desire to secede at present, and never will desire to until tax-payers feel that they are not receiving from the general fund a proportionate amount of benefit with the Town proper. But of one thing we may be sure: If ever Siasconset should manifest a desire to secede that would be just the time when for pecuniary reasons we should want to hold on to her.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1887.

SIASCONSET UNION CHAPEL.—The first movement toward securing a place of worship for this ancient village was made in August, 1882. Application was then made for a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Massachusetts which was duly accomplished and the Board organized. They however proceeded to solicit contributions and an amount sufficient to justify getting a plan and making a contract was secured by the summer of 1883. The chapel was ready and opened for divine service, and it answered the purpose for a time. As the village grew it became too small, so that last year it failed to meet the requirements, and the trustees resolved to enlarge it to double its former size. They procured a plan and made a contract with William B. Gardner who has completed the work to the satisfaction of the Trustees, and the visitors have this year enjoyed an ample, pleasant, airy and convenient place in which to worship. The entire cost of the enlargement has been \$1303, which has all been paid except \$200, which will be left for next season's visitors to pay. The village and friends have done nobly this year. The pulpit has been ably filled by visiting clergymen who have given their services gratuitously.

On the inward passage of the 9 o'clock train Friday, between Surf-Side and Nantucket, one of the train men spied an owl in a hole near the rails. The train slowed up and his owlship was taken on board and subsequently stuffed. In future it will adorn the parlor of conductor Chase. The same day a gentleman's hat blew off. He immediately jumped off, secured the hat, and got back again without injury to the hat, the owner, or the railroad.

Poor George! It was only last week that we chronicled the fact of his sitting in state in front of Col. Yorke's cottage, with drooping eyes apparently from the too liberal use of peach and honey, when Thursday he starts off on another debauchery and spends the night on the village pump.

We often see the need of a village improvement society, especially after the exodus of the herd-boy.

## COMMUNICATED.

SIASCONSET, September 2d, 1887.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been informed last evening that Dr. Stephen Hasbrook, an extensive traveller in Egypt and the coast of the Mediterranean, would give a lecture in the chapel, illustrated with stereopticon views of the Sphinx, pyramids and more interesting than all the lately discovered tombs of the Pharaohs, I improved the opportunity to be present. The Doctor is a remarkably interesting gentleman, with superior descriptive powers, and I may add that I never attended a more interesting and instructive entertainment. Among the more striking illustrations were the views on all four sides of the Sphinx as well as the aspect of the great Pyramid. The description of the tomb discovered four or five years since, wherein have quietly reposed nearly all the reigning kings of Egypt for thousands of years, with photographs of King Pharaoh, who pursued the Children of Israel on their memorable passage across the Red Sea, together with his ancestors, kings and queens, was very instructive and interesting. It appears that King Pharaoh, like many other kings and military characters of a more modern date must have been fortunate in escaping that terrible disaster to his host, as he was found as neatly embalmed as the balance of his ancestors, and while time naturally has made sad inroads on his beauty, if he ever possessed any, it must be a sort of satisfaction to members of the chosen tribe to look on his photo, as well as those of the more elderly gentlemen of his line and thank their stars that on that memorable day the tide and other favorable circumstances so highly favored the Israelites and proved so utterly disastrous to the members of Pharaoh's army, the like of which I do aver is so infrequent as to cause me to digress a little and moralize on this subject. Dr. Hasbrook has a splendid instrument and throughout the entire entertainment, held his audience spell bound as it were. The Chapel was not well filled, as the Dr. had no intention of exhibiting his views at 'Sconset, he being here for the present, as all are, in pursuit of quiet and change, and as he sent out no flaming postcards, only a few of his friends here were duly notified. This evening he gives another entertainment which without doubt will be more fully attended. I think in a few days his intention is to return, and I believe he has an idea of exhibiting, should it seem desirable, in our town, probably at the Athenæum. I would add that to the portion of our community of a reading, reflective turn of mind I think the entertainment will be one that can not fail to be highly entertaining as it throws light and information of a very superior cast on the scenery of the older parts of our globe, that many of us from force of circumstances can never expect to visit. Should you care to insert this in your next issue I have no doubt you will oblige many of your readers who others wise might miss the opportunity of this rare treat in every way.

JOSEPH W. CLAPP,

## Reminiscences of Siasconset.

To apologize for errors of my last letter is very much like forgetting to invite a friend to a party or wedding, and then trying to make amends. But if you recall the word "Adam" in it, please substitute the word *Aden* (a town) by the Red Sea, and we will let the sentence alone which was "tacked on" in the wrong place. It was all due to the wretched chirography which I gave "*currente calamo*" to the press, and to the very short time given for printing.

The fog is lifted from 'Sconset and the little hamlet by the sea is returning to its own brown element of clear skies, clear and dark blue waters, which are occasionally snow-capped.

Is there a spot in the wide, wide world where one could be safe and alone (save by the little songster perhaps, the brown thrasher, who is bound to carol his sweet little song to you) and enjoy the romance of a walk upon the bluff to Sanctoty at sundown? On one side of the bank is the boundless ocean with its tumbling, roaring, splashing surf—on the other the sinking sun in the horizon, which is constantly varying the hues of the soft fleecy clouds, as it drops down so slowly to light up another part of the world. Not long does the black night reign for with the blinking orbs of night close upon the Eastern horizon rises slowly a half moon clearing a wide path to the shore with a silver sheen lighting the sea. As year after year we take our accustomed stroll by the sea we realize fully the measure of content and happiness meted out to the stranger.

Although the bluff is fast filling up with cottages we can but hope that the time is far distant which will shut us out from our beloved sunset ramble. In the village we can still listen, if we wish, to the tar-incrusted fisherman reeling off his tissue of improbable abominations:

Ever and anon are stories of recent wrecks and of dead men picked up by the lone traveller on the beach sand.

Many years ago there were three hermits living at 'Sconset. One cottage now named "Nonantum" was the home of Franklin Folger, and contained but two small rooms, surrounded by a high fence and so thoroughly secure from the world, it might have been called *No-man-tum-in*. In another is "the Gem" of 'Sconset, where once dwelt in a small seven by nine room, an old weather-beaten individual by the cognomen of Reuben Ramsdell, and the first woman he ever courted he saw at midnight in the sky, for during a very heavy S. E. gale the roof of his dwelling blew off, and being as deaf as a stone he heard nothing, but suddenly awaking saw Cassiopea in her chair. Another was familiarly known as "Uncle Nat," but to whom he was uncle is yet a mystery. The little low building (near the village pump which claims to be 114 years old) was his dwelling.

In these days we saw "wonders" (crul-lers) in the milk-room, stewed green cranberries in the skillet, told the time of day by the door sill as there were no clocks at 'Sconset. The store was the fisherman's dray, out of which we bought fish tongues by the quart, and a bluefish for 10 cents. We hired a horse and cart at Nantucket and if the owner was sympathetic, by weeping lustily we could get a discount of twenty-five cents off the regular price of one dollar and when it was ours to command, the glowing signals of intelligence were comprehended by none other persons but us four!

No one could come to 'Sconset then without something to "manger," as there was no bakery and no store. Now there are two bakeries and three grocery stores—one small one on wheels, having but one small article of merchandise—a boy who is "for sale" in the morning, but in the afternoon "for sail." Nevertheless in the larger store of Crosby's we are amply and kindly supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Such beacon lights of patience are rarely met with in stores. It might be well to change the sign of the very best oil, to "the very best wholesail and retail oil, and the "Sconset store" to 'Sconset's tore! In the other in the village centre near a "Daisy Cot" the groceries are done up *Brown*.

We hope the genial sunshine always found in Maddequecham will ever adorn the handsome and ornamental parlors there. This year we miss the Dame who bears the honor of giving a 'Sconset cottage the first name of Utopia. The eagle took flight from this and landed upon the old Samuel B. Folger house. Columbia the gem of the Ocean has ever been liberal with its *Cash*, and in the dark night sweet name "*Casa Marina*" furnishes the fuel (Wood) and light to the residents. Next comes a real "White" lady who goes her daily round of a good angel, administering to the sick. A certain man who has a very gloomy name, but not nature, wishes to sell his house and all thereto belonging except the little Coffins.

The first piano in 'Sconset came ashore from the British ship Queen in 1812 and was landed in sections in the house once owned by Ebenezer Gardner and now called the Hurst property. In my next I hope to give you more

OLD SEAWEEDES.

PICKEREL.—In a window at Congdon's pharmacy, Wednesday evening, was exhibited a dish containing several large pickerel and "pow-wows," taken that day from Maxcy's pond by Mr. Sidney Starbuck, of New York. The pickerel were handsome, and bore evidence that the waters of the pond afforded them ample sustenance. They weighed 2 pounds. Maxcy's will hereafter be the rendezvous for anglers.

On Thursday Mr. Starbuck's record was beaten by Mr. Charles F. Hammond, who enticed a pickerel weighing three pounds and fourteen ounces from the same pond. It was a beauty. Capt. George C. Allen also caught one which measured twenty-two inches and three-quarters.

# SIASCONSET ITEMS.

## On A Lark.

An outrage was committed at Siasconset, on Thursday night last which demands and merits prompt and condign punishment. Late at night a dozen or so of young fellows belonging to families visiting the island from the continent, evidently by a preconcerted arrangement sallied forth and began depredations on the property of residents, and in some instances of visitors. A dishonor to their parents, they are a disgrace to themselves. Education seems to have only aggravated their desire for outrage. Most of the property affected by their predatory acts was that of the permanent residents on the island. As a class our people there are relatively poor. Their little houses they let at small rents for the summer season, to help give them a very moderate subsistence during the residue of the year. They hold out to tenants, that 'Sconset, above all other places on the coast, is a village where rest and quiet are assured, and where property is absolutely safe; where houses may be left without being locked with an assurance that nothing will be disturbed. The idea that a peace officer is needed there has been scouted by the authorities of the town, and especially to protect property from the depredations of visiting strangers. But last Thursday's operations puts a different aspect on the matter. Not only is a policeman needed but a lock-up as well. Near a dozen gates were unswung and carried hither and thither: wagons were drawn from the places where they were left by their owners, and were sought for at great inconvenience, and in one instance caused a detention of an hour in leaving for town. Chairs were taken from piazzas and placed on roofs; effigies, figures and toys that had been bought or constructed to decorate the grounds around cottages, were borne elsewhere, and had to be returned at the expense of their owners or the occupants of the cottages. Among the articles disturbed were a bust of Washington in front of the residence of Mr. Frank McArthur of New York. Several gates were unhung and removed. A buggy was stolen from the residence of George H. Sylvester, and another from F. J. Crosby, and signs of Mr. A. T. Mowry, announcing property for sale. All these were left at the village pump. Several gates were removed and left in other localities. A wheelbarrow of wood belonging to Asa P. Jones, was carried off and a wagon belonging to Frederick M. Pitman was thrown down the bank. Had these acts been perpetrated by young men resident on the island, a howl would have been heard from one end of the bank to the other. It was only two or three years since that some young men from town did similar acts at 'Sconset but in a far less aggravated form. They were arrested, tried, convicted and fined in a most summary manner. Is it to be said that a conspiracy to perpetrate outrages extending over the entire village is to be allowed to pass unpunished under the suggestion that it was a boyish prank done thoughtlessly and without malice? Are their crimes to be condoned on any such flimsy plea when Nantucket boys are given no mercy?

It is to the credit of Mr. Underhill that he has taken up the matter in behalf of the outraged residents. They must work during the season to cater to the wants of visitors and have not time to seek out or prosecute the offenders. An hour after he learned of the

crime he offered twenty dollars for information which would lead to the convictions of the scoundrels. He has acted in a true public spirit and every person in 'Sconset, native or visitor should aid him with evidence to secure the punishment of the wrong doers. He has the names of several who were concerned in the outrage. Others who know of the facts will be called to testify against them. In some instances they will do it reluctantly. As a prosecutor it is to be hoped that he will not spare the feelings of any one. The guilty parties felt so safe in the thought that the people would look with generous eyes on their conduct, that they were bold in boasting of their acts. Their arrest and trial it is to be hoped will teach them that there is a stern justice on Nantucket that will not brook criminal acts by those who seek it hospitality and that the result will be that neither the present offenders nor presumptions young gentlemen from the "first" families of the continent will try the experiment again on the island.

A comparison of the temperatures of 'Sconset, Nantucket and New York for the month of July, the observations being taken daily in the three places at the hour of the maximum heat, shows the following result as the average for 31 days: 'Sconset, 71.96; Nantucket, 76.19; New York, 88.00. The figures for the town were furnished by Sergeant Blundon in charge of the Signal Service Station; those for 'Sconset by Mr. William Ballantyne, of Washington, who has kept this season an accurate record of the variations each day at his cottage on the Bank. The thermometer was placed in a situation like those at the Signal Service Stations, where the air could have free access to it, but where the sun's rays, either direct or reflected, could not touch the tube. Those for New York were furnished by Hudnut as reported by the world. They show an average maximum of 12 degrees higher than in the town and 16 degrees higher than in 'Sconset.

The other day a party called at the Post office and asked to be shown the points of interest. Our kind hearted postmistress, who is beset most of the time by such parties, looked up and with a smile said: "Look at me, and that old clock."

Kittens are very scarce in the village. They are now offered at 2 for \$5.00 to unsurfacing strangers.

"Papa, how do they catch Monkeys?" asked a youth of his parental protector. "The best way now-a-day, I think is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple-size cart wheel hat and a fancy parasol." "Yes!" remarked the youth's mother, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."

The village was favored with but one service Sunday which was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Little, of St. Paul's church, Nantucket, at the close of which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

A large building for religious worship was one of the essential requirements of the summer residents. The Chapel having been enlarged to double its former capacity at an outlay of about \$1200, is still in debt some \$800, which is to be raised by entertainments, concerts, and collections and the young people wishing to do their part have prepared an entertainment to be given next Friday evening in the depot. They have been rehearsing for several days and will doubtless present two very pleasing dramas on that occasion. As the seating capacity is small those wishing to attend must procure tickets early as the sale will be limited.

Mrs. Dr. Burdick, is the guest of Mrs. Clute at Larchmont Villa.

# SIASCONSET ITEMS.

## THE END OF THE 'SCONSET SENSATION.

—Four of the young men who, on the night of the 4th inst., exhibited on the Bank their exuberance of spirits by un-latching gates and carrying off various articles of personal property from the premises of their owners, were served on Thursday last by Officer Mooers with a summons to appear before Allen Coffin, Esq., Trial Justice, to answer to a charge of malicious mischief. The sight of the process was a whole Book of Revelations, revised edition, in suggesting to their minds that the people of the island have not an ardent admiration for jokers who consecrate their talents to the annoyance of our citizens or their guests. From the correspondence which we print elsewhere it seems that they sought the professional advice of Mr. Cutcheon, an eminent lawyer from Detroit, who has for several years passed his summers at Siasconset. As the result, the inculpated parties concluded that the best way to get out of the scrape was to apologize through him to Mr. Underhill, the complainant, pay him his disbursements, and the costs of the proceeding, on his consenting with the acquiescence of Justice Coffin, to let the matter drop. The course suggested has been pursued, and thus a public trial with its attendant disagreeable features to the persons charged has been avoided. In view of the course the parties have taken at the request of the complainant, we do not print the names of the four who were served with the summons. It may be that the young men were not actuated by special malice towards any of the persons, on whose property they practiced their "college boys' pranks" a specious phrase which, like charity covereth a multitude of sins. But where depredations of the kind are committed, and especially under circumstances so aggravating, the law always presumes malice. Doubtless, had they foreseen the result, they would have shown their friskiness in a less offensive form, and not as they did in acts against good order and public decency. And as it becomes known that the atmosphere of Nantucket is not healthy for invalids who suffer from *jokitis practicalis*, those afflicted with that unpleasant malady in its chronic form, or who are liable to acute attacks, will probably not visit the Island until they have assurance that they are permanently cured, unless they are prepared to submit to heroic treatment at the hands of local practitioners. For, whatever may be the fact on the continent, on Nantucket, the way of the practical joker is hard.

The following correspondence passed between Mr. Cutcheon and Mr. Underhill, in 'Sconset, in respect to the nocturnal foray of a number of young men in that village on Thursday week:

SIASCONSET, Mass, August 13, 1887.  
Mr. Underhill,

Dear Sir: The young men who engaged in a school boy frolic the other evening regret that any unpleasantness has grown out of it, or that you have been put to inconvenience or expense on account of it.

If all proceeding in the matter can be discontinued, I will pay the costs and expenses incurred, in order that no more publicity may be given to a matter frivolous in itself, but injurious to 'Sconset, if made too much of.

Very truly yours,

S. M. CUTCHEON.

SIASCONSET, Mass, August 14, 1887.  
S. M. Cutcheon, Esq.

Dear Sir: Yours of yesterday I received on my return from town late in the afternoon. Its contents are satisfactory.

It was with no feeling of pleasure that I felt impelled to begin the proceeding, but for three successive years, depredations of a similar character have been committed and each year increasing in magnitude, and I felt it to be a public duty, that such demonstrations

might be repressed or prevented, to appeal to the law, at no matter what cost to myself, either in money or personal popularity. Now that the young men have made a tardy reparation, I find that I am sustained by the sentiment, of many who, at first, discouraged me in the stand I took.

I think that the parties now realize that jokes should stop short of the point where injury, inconvenience or annoyance is reached. With a keen sense of fun which I have carried into approaching old age, I have never consciously violated this rule of action. So it will not come with an ill grace from me to suggest it for the guidance of others. The families and friends of the young men would feel incensed if they were the victims of such a raid as, thoughtlessly, perhaps, they made on my property and that of perhaps twenty others in the village, not one of whom had ever done them an injury.

But I am glad that they listened to your wise counsels. The ultimate result of the proceeding must have been a conviction, for I was prepared with affidavits as the basis of further prosecutions, if the first should fail either from insufficiency of evidence, or from any technicality or defect in pleading. And in the meantime, proofs were accumulating from sources that they did not even suspect.

But the matter is now in the past. I was so considerate of the reputations of the offending parties, that I resorted to a summons instead of a warrant or arrest, and on consultation with Judge Coffin, concluded to avoid the publication of their names in the local press in connection with the proceedings, until it should be inevitable.

In conclusion, it is my hope that the stay of the young men during the residue of the season will be happy and pleasant, and that nothing in the future will militate against their achieving an honorable success and prosperity.

Thanking you for the part you have taken in preventing the further spread of the unpleasant scandal which the young men so inconsiderately begun,

I am very respectfully yours.

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

## Reminiscences of Siasconset.

Romulus and Remus and the Miyan legends we can leave for maturer belief, but childhood goes on forever. Our juvenile sports and pastimes are embroidered so deeply with silver threads that they shine forth when the golden years are passing and light up the shadows and reveries of middle age.

It was a prevailing custom at 'Sconset in "old times," "no matter matter matter" if we had a scant pattern, to always share with an invalid or neighbor after dinner. On one of these occasions, during our summer season here, I was sent out with a plate of blackberry pudding, where upon the woman I handed it to said as she took it, "I am much obliged, a thousand time, Tell thy mother I am very fond of 'blag-berry pud-n' and also that I will retaliate the kindness." Her swivel eye being next to me gave me no opportunity to smile at the prospect of the retaliation, but I felt myself "obliged" too, to depart very quickly, or refuse to share her snuff bowl, the proffered pinch being a little too much for my olfactory nerves.

Near by where the engine house stands was the old bowling alley and we could hear the tumbling ninepins, and nearer still was the sound of a coffee mill and the hissing tea-kettle on the crane in the large fire place.

One of the old time stories was of the English ship Queen, (a prize to the General Armstrong) which came a shore near Maddequecham in two parts. All on board were lost and the wreckage was strewn along the shore from Pochick to 'Sconset. The ship contained an assorted cargo from a spinning wheel to a brass warming pan, which latter article was then first introduced to the island, so everybody's bed was warmed before retiring after that date, and since that time no one has ever taken cold here.

The log here changes to New 'Sconset where we see near Pochick one of the handsomest cottages in the village called "Larchmont Villa," adorned inside and out, and most lavishly with flowers of every hue. Near by is the great Suspension bridge, and still nearer the man who believe that "women do a great deal of

The growth of the "Sconset Visitor" has been phenomenal. Subscriptions continue to come in continually and the sales have nearly doubled each week.

Miss Emma Cartwright, of this town has successfully passed examination for the Normal School at New Britain, Conn., and enters the senior class unconditionally.

Nantucket has voted "no license," and all the signs point to a dry summer season on the tight little island. — Brockton Enterprise.

Mr. William Clark Myrick who returned home a few days since, has been visiting friends in Lawrence. During his stay he was under what is known as "mind treatment," and has returned greatly benefited in health.

Mr. W. F. Barnard has been re-elected superintendent of the New York Five Points House of Industry.

AB.

WITHOUT LEAVE.

Commissioned Officers.  
Enlisted Men.

unnecessary work" I think he must be an ap-Prentice at house keeping and has omitted to acknowledge like other men his proverbial philosophy which says "a babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, and was not acquainted with his own mother's household duties to see that she washed the frying pan oftener than he thought was necessary. He is probably content with his lot even if he be Under a Hill, and could rest easy during the anniversary of the siege of York town in which Rochambeau and De-Grasse got severely wounded.

What part of the earth's surface these people come from it is not easy to guess, who are constant in their refrain of quaint and queer. For my part if I wished I could say when in New York how very queer to look for a flat, and how queer to put a clothes line upon the roof! In Boston, how queer and quaint the old South Church! In Baltimore, how queer to string up mules. At Washington how quaint the White House. In Mt. Vernon how quaint the old fire places and cupboards. At northern New York old barns a thousand years old. At Niagara the old soldier at Lundy's lane, and St. Paul the old fur garments fairly moth eaten by age; how queer! now where do these humbugs dwell? Perhaps in hovels more ancient than among our OLD SEaweeds.

A LECTURE BY PRENTICE MULFORD. —The first of a series of entertainments to raise funds for the extinguishment of the chapel debt was given on Tuesday evening. It was a lecture by Prentice Mulford of New York, on "Old Nantucket." The chapel was well filled with a delighted audience. As the lecture was descriptive in its character, and covered a wide field, it is impossible to present it in an epitomised form. But it was a life-like description of what was to be seen in Nantucket when it was a whaling port in the height of its prosperity a half century since, with ships at its now deserted wharves, grounds now grass-grown covered with barrels of oil by the thousand, the hurrying movements of merchant, carpenter, shipsmith, caulker, cooper and stevedore, and the returned sailor with odd costumes, now seen only on the stage, in his wild enjoyment during a stay on shore, the wives without husbands except for perhaps three months out of three or four years remaining at home and caring for intermittent orphans, the heroic character of the men who year after year, sometimes near a half century battled with and killed the monsters of the deep, who went into unknown seas, discovered islands, and reefs, and currents, unheard of and announced them to the world, to be rediscovered by governmental expeditions and announced in pretentious official reports; and who when their industry went into decadence sought other fields of usefulness and gave the impress of Nantucket manhood upon affairs, events and institutions. Throughout the lecture there was a delightful vein of humor that kept the audience in a merry mood; But the climax of humorous description was at its close when he gave an account of his experience for a year as the cook on a whaler on the Pacific coast, and during which period, cabin and fore-castle were alike sufferers at his hands, and he was the most wretched man aboard because of the consciousness of the villany of his cookery.

Among the auditors, were Captain John Pitman now in his 90th year, and his amiable wife, and Captain George W. Coffin, in his 85th year, and none appreciated the vivid character of the descriptions more than they. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Mulford.

Ten fine hens, hard to beat,  
Lay dead and spoiled in the public street.  
Whence came these fowl, ten in row?  
What disaster laid them low?

The story thus to us is told:  
A neighbor's cur, ugly, bold,  
Had, 'tis claimed, killed off the chicks,  
Despite a shower of hard half-bricks.

Thought the owner, "Doggie fine,  
Your race is run, you dear canine."  
A fearful potion she then mixed up,  
And called the dog to eat it up.

He scoffed it in a few short sips,  
Wagged his tail and smacked his lips;  
But soon his face showed deep surprise—  
His heart seemed faint, and wild his eyes.

A pitiful yell escaped the pup;  
He lowered his head, and then came up  
The potion that had come so nigh  
Transferring his soul up to the sky.

Did Spot stay there? He did not.  
He hastily left the sickly spot.  
A wise old hen then stretched her neck,  
And at the potion commenced to peck.

Nine other hens, who saw this sight,  
Frantically rushed to have a bite.  
The potion this time did not fail,  
And has furnished us this feathered tale.

The storm of Thursday last was accompanied by a heavy surf at the south and east sides of the island, which increased with the day. Near Tom Never's Head the railroad track was for a space of several hundred feet completely submerged, and trains were delayed, the 12.20 train being unable to return on account of the washout. Trains were run during the afternoon to Surfside, and hundreds of people took advantage of the opportunity to see the raging billows. Shortly before 9 o'clock in the evening the train detained at 'Sconset' reached town, the sea having gone down sufficiently to allow repairs to be made on the damaged section, and at about 9.30 the regular steamboat train went out with mails and passengers, but could not return until 2 o'clock Friday morning.

#### Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror. THE HARBOR OF REFUGE. PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 18, 1887.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Nantucket is brought somewhat forward in an engineering way by the recent publication in the *Engineering News* of an abstract and map from the last report of the Chief of Engineers, concerning the harbor improvements. As the ideas of many Nantucketers concerning the details of the proposed harbor of refuge are vague and considerably indistinct on account of so much "officialness" in the regular report, I have prepared a brief transcript of the operations contemplated, devoid of technicalities, which may be of interest.

The original plan (estimated to cost \$224,000) proposed by Gen. Warren, contemplated building only one straight jetty from the shore to near the bell buoy, depending upon the erosion or scour of the ebb tide to deepen the channel off the end of the jetty. The scour of the ebb tide for some unknown reason is conceded to be superior to the scour of the incoming tide. The single jetty so far having proved a total failure as a means of increasing the depth of water, another jetty is required. Two plans for the eastern jetty were submitted by Col. Elliot to the chief of engineers. Plan A was proposed in case the channel was to be excavated by tidal scour throughout, and consisted of a long, narrow channel. Plan B was proposed for part tidal scour and part excavation by dredging. The Board of Engineers to whom was submitted the whole subject matter, suggested a modification of the latter plan, which was adopted by the chief, Gen. Newton. The present estimate for the entire completion of the scheme is \$265,000. The increased cost over the original estimate, results from the difficulty in depositing the stone in place, the proposed extensive dredging, and the additional second jetty, which is longer and more expensive than the first. The western jetty is now to be deflected to the west about 30 degrees, so that it will point in a direction about north by west. In this new direction it will be extended about 2000

feet. The Coatee jetty commences at the northwestern part of the head of Coatee, about 200 feet north of the southern experimental jetty already built, and sweeps with a curve of large radius to the northwest, until it comes to a point opposite and 1000 feet away from the point of deflection in the western jetty. Thence it runs parallel to the western jetty for nearly 2000 feet, making an entrance to the Nantucket harbor, 2000 feet long by 1000 feet wide. The jetties will both be built two feet above mean high water. The velocity of the water in this throat will be during ebb or flood about two miles per hour, and it is exceedingly probable that the inward and outward movements will be quite nearly equal. In Dublin harbor, where the jetty system has been successfully applied with a tidal velocity of three miles per hour, the scour which has deepened the water from 6-12 to 16 feet at low water, has only averaged a yearly rate of 13-4 inches. It would seem to the writer that after the harbor and channel have been completely dredged in the beginning, if the scour will merely preserve the advantage gained, it will be all that can be reasonably expected with ebb and flood tides of equal duration. The question of time is an important one to Nantucketers, and entirely governing that is the amount of the annual appropriation. If the money is meagrely parcelled out to this work as heretofore, it will be quite likely fifteen years before its completion. With \$100,000 to work with, as was asked for in 1886, no doubt one-half of the Coatee jetty could be built in one season, and the balance completed in two more seasons. It appears to me that the importance of this work demands its being hurried on to completion. A memorial, or some other presentation of its claims, would give momentum to the slightly rolling ball of legislative progress. By this means is Providence enabled to obtain each year a liberal amount for dredging its river and harbor. Few thought when in 1880 the bill was passed and our townspeople hailed it with such enthusiasm, that in 1887 no practical results would appear. With the present outlook, 1897 will catch us still bar-bound.

Commerce needs our land-surrounded harbor for a half-way house. Only one other harbor (at Hyannis) lies between Martha's Vineyard and Provincetown. Nantucket needs the deep harbor to invite the yacht clubs (a necessary attachment for a first-class summer resort) and the stimulus and even limited amount of trade which the harbored vessels would bring. Nantucket would embrace with its outstretched arms all vessels from far and near, but alas! is handicapped and crippled, and is fain to clasp only a tithe of what could rest on her matronly bosom, if she had her rights. It was always supposed the cable would come after and be auxiliary to the jetty, but here we are soon to have our signal station, with no jetty. The danger signal, instead of asking ships to "Come and be secure from the storm," must cry out, "Hurry off and save yourself," in time of storm. I trust, Messrs. Editors, that the remainder of the energy which caused this improvement to be begun will be unbottled and expended in speeding the work. Must this thing be years in being consummated?  
F. V. F.

#### Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror. Loss of the "Lexington," January 13th, 1840.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Forty-seven years ago, dating from to-day, I had "booked" as passenger on the steamboat "Lexington," from New York for Stonington. A business engagement prevented my taking passage in her as I had expected. A few days afterward—for our communication between New York and Boston was then comparatively unfrequent—I heard of her loss by fire, and that out of the one hundred and sixty souls on board, all but four had perished. The anniversary of the day never comes round without my being reminded of my fortunate delay in New York. Mr. George Hughes, also from Dorchester, and still living, had a much narrower escape, for he had ordered a carriage from his hotel to take him to the pier, arriving just in season to find that he was too

late for the boat. The hackman received a severe reprimand for his slow driving, but I have no doubt that later Mr. Hughes would have embraced him as his best friend. Captain Vanderbilt, an uncle of the late millionaire W. H. Vanderbilt and whom I had the pleasure of meeting recently, was confined at his home in New York by illness, and Captain Child took command. Everything went well, until reaching the vicinity of "Eaton's Neck," when the alarm of fire was given. The cargo, consisting largely of cotton, was ignited, and the fire spread with fearful rapidity until from fore to aft the steamer seemed to be enveloped in flames. The boats as fast as lowered were swamped, and the remaining passengers were helpless. Bales of cotton were then thrown overboard, and to them alone, under a kind Providence, were the four survivors indebted for their escape. Captain Mansfield, the pilot, Captain Hillard, a passenger, and (I think) Mr. Charles Smith, a fisherman, were picked up by the sloop "Merchant." Mr. David R. Crowley, the second mate, tried in vain to attract the attention of those on board the sloop, and whether or not he imagined he was stowed away in his bunk for the night I do not know, but he is reported as having said that he soon after fell asleep, and slept soundly until morning. The night was bitter cold; I remember it well. How mortal man could have slept on a bale of cotton in such a temperature and with such surroundings is beyond my comprehension. In my conversation with Captain Vanderbilt he said, "There never was, or could be a better officer than young Crowley. He was as tough as a pine knot." Mr. Crowley floated on a bale of cotton for forty-eight hours and then drifted ashore. Climbing up the steep embankment on his hands and knees, he with much difficulty reached a house, attracted by a light, a beacon light it proved, in a window. The family had placed it there, as they were expecting one of their number from New York. Here he was received with great kindness, and but a short time after his story of shipwreck was confirmed by the expected member, Mr. Crowley kept the cotton bale until tempted by the high prices which cotton had reached during the war of the rebellion, when he parted with it for the sum of \$500. He is now hale and hearty, and a valued employee of the Boston & Providence Railroad Company. Mr. Smith, I am told, is still living. These are the only survivors of the ill-fated "Lexington." W. C. C.

#### NATURE OF THE Y COMMANDER.

### The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER, 22, 1887.

#### The 'Sconset Visitor.

With next week's issue the 'Sconset Visitor will bid good-by for the season to its many friends and patrons now mostly scattered throughout the several states of the Union from whence they came in the early season to enjoy the salubrious air, the invigorating sea-baths and manifold charms of Siasconset.

Like its patrons the stay of the "Visitor" is transient and its advent periodical. It was launched this year as a speculative venture, but the favor with which it has been received and the pecuniary success attending its publication have been such that its appearance another year is no longer problematical, but assured and with the advent of another season (barring divine and other insurmountable dispensations to the contrary), the "Visitor" will be on hand to greet the earliest of the summer arrivals.

It is our purpose another year to make the Visitor even more distinctively a 'Sconset paper than heretofore, but of our plans and intentions in this respect we may speak more fully as the time approaches for putting them into practice.

In the meantime the interests of our Siasconset friends and the village itself will not be lost sight of but will be carefully looked after as heretofore, and all items of interest occurring in or pertaining to the village will be duly recorded in the Journal, and we cordially invite subscribers to the Visitor to transfer their patronage to the Journal during the intervening months before next July. The Journal will be forwarded postpaid to any address at the same rate as heretofore charged for the Visitor—50 cents for three months (\$2.00 year).

The incidents of every day life at Siasconset during the remainder of

—THANKSGIVING day passed quietly in Nantucket. The day was cloudy, with a raw easterly wind blowing, but the appearance of our streets indicated that the people were more interested with inside matters than out-of-door exercise. Family assemblies were numerous. These pleasant annual gatherings are what make the day so popular; and this alone should perpetuate the holiday for all time.

Miss Mary E. Starbuck has been invited to fill Miss Lizzie Riddell's place in the Coffin School during the latter's absence in California the next twelve-month.

\* \* In the happy bridal union of two of Nantucket's young women during the week, the tender couplet in Hiawatha was recalled to our remembrance:

Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us.

The codfishing season has commenced in good earnest. The boats are averaging about fifty a day when the weather will permit their floating. The fish are taken at a slack of the tide. A day's sport after them is exhilarating and it is well worth a trip to this island to try one's luck. The passage through the surf is exciting and at the same time safe, owing to the skillful management of those in charge of the boats. There are few localities where this occupation is pursued. The Norcross Bros. are prominently connected in the business at the east end of the island, and others as skillful at other points.

**MARRIED.**

In this town, 20th inst., by Rev. George E. Brightman, Mr. Samuel B. Smith to Miss Annie L. Ellis, both of this town.

In this town, on Thursday evening 1st, by Rev. L. S. Baker, assisted by Rev. G. E. Brightman, Mr. Frank M. Jones, of Stoughton, to Miss Lizzie A. Hussey of Nantucket.

**DIED.**

In Auburn, New York, 16th inst., Shubael Cottle Jr., son of Capt. Shubael Cottle, formerly of this town, aged 49 years.

In Roxbury, 19th inst., Mrs. Eunice, widow of Charles Weeks, formerly of Nantucket, aged 82 years, 6 months.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
**NANTUCKET, SS.**

**PROBATE COURT.**

To the Heirs-at-law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Hall, late of Nantucket, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate by John W. B. Hallett of Larchmont Manor, Westchester County, and Frederick G. Hallett of New York, in the County of New York, and State of New York, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety or sureties on their official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Nantucket, in said County of Nantucket, on the fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Inquirer and Mirror, printed at said Nantucket, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, THADDEUS C. DEERIEZ, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

SAMUEL SWAIN, Register.

**CANCERS REMOVED.**—Miss Harriet T. Ellis, of this town, who is now in Port Chester, N. Y., has been under treatment in New York for cancer, and has had two successfully drawn out by Dr. J. S. Comins, of that city, in sixteen days. She writes enthusiastically of his treatment of her case. We congratulate her upon the relief secured from the angry tormentors.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
**NANTUCKET, SS.**

**PROBATE COURT.**

To the Next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John P. Barnard late of Nantucket, in said county, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Franklin B. Murphy of Nantucket, in the County of Nantucket. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Nantucket, in said County of Nantucket, on the fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this Citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Inquirer and Mirror, printed at Nantucket, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, THADDEUS C. DEERIEZ, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this tenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

SAMUEL SWAIN, Register.

**Union Thanksgiving Services**

Were held in the Unitarian Church, the pastors of the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Unitarian Churches uniting. Rev. Mr. Roys opened with a reading service, responded to by the choir. Invocation by Rev. Mr. Dugdale; hymn by the choir; prayer by Rev. Miss Baker; reading of the hymn by Rev. Mr. Brightman. Miss Baker, by request, offered an impressive plea for a collection in behalf of the "Helping Hand Society." The sermon for the day was preached by Rev. George E. Brightman of the M. E. Church, from the 33d Psalm, part of the 12th verse, and it commanded the closest attention from a goodly number of hearers. The discourse was full of thought, applicable to the time-honored institution of Thanksgiving; delivered by a man in earnest; fearless to exalt the moral character of our American people above mere material prosperity, and to present political economy as above the trickery and duplicity of party politics, counselling always a holy trust in righteousness which exalted a nation.

**PERSONAL.**—Mrs. Roland Gardner has returned to Boston.

Mr. Arthur C. Wyer is passing the Thanksgiving holiday season at home. Dr. Harold Williams presided at a citizen's meeting at the Tremont House, Boston, recently convened, to take into consideration the advisability of making a citizen's nomination for mayor.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Congdon returned Wednesday from a visit to the continent.

Mr. William M. Barrett has gone to New York for the winter.

Miss M. P. Nye has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mr. David G. Hussey, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent.

**BIRTHDAY PARTY.**—Relatives and friends of Mrs. Eunice Pitman gathered at the residence of her son, Dr. B. F. Pitman, last Tuesday, to join in the celebration of the venerable lady's 84th birthday. Despite her great infirmity, which prevented her seeing the bright faces of her visitors, aunt Eunice, as she is familiarly called, could enjoy their glad voices and congratulatory remarks. It was a pleasant gathering, replete with homespun sociability, and Mrs. Pitman, although fourscore years and four, was gay as any there, and entertained her friends in a very hospitable manner. The following poem, by Rev. L. S. Baker, was read:

TO  
MRS. EUNICE F. PITMAN  
(BLIND.)

On her 84th birthday, November 22d, 1887.

Beyond the three-score years and ten,  
The days have swung their chorus bells,  
Till cadence loud and full again  
Repeats its rhythm of time and tells  
How four-score years and four are past,  
And still the dear old face belongs  
To us. The palmy hours of youth  
Have fled away, on winged feet.  
Though memory dwells in tender ruth  
Upon that time, and love will cast  
Her flowers, and croon her low-voiced songs  
Upon the old days seeming sweet.

Yet may a dew of pearly grace  
Enfold this anniversary hour,  
And, as the sunshine strikes the place,  
Reveal a beauteous autumn flower.

—FROM the last annual report of the State Board of Education, the following facts are taken: 331 towns pay a higher rate per cent. on the valuation of the town for school purposes than Nantucket; 16 pay a lower rate; 269 towns raise more school money for each pupil than Nantucket; 78 raise less. Newton leads with \$28.714 for each pupil. New Ashford is at the other end of the list with \$3.00. Nantucket's amount is \$8.37; 249 towns report a lower rate per cent. of attendance based upon average membership; 98 a higher rate; 266 towns pay their female teachers higher wages per month than Nantucket; 81 pay lower. The average wages of female teachers in the state is \$43.97; in this town \$28.16. Of the six Normal Schools of the state, the one nearest and most accessible to Nantucket is that at Bridgewater. It is also the oldest in its existence in the same locality. In its faculty, course of study, and general equipment, it is fully the equal of any in the state. Many of the Nantucket girls, after graduation from the local schools, should avail themselves of the Bridgewater Normal.

**OUR OCTAGON.**

"To give is to live,  
To deny is to die."

Athenaeum Hall was filled on Wednesday evening last, to encourage an organization in our town whose aim is to give the poor children of our midst a "Merry Christmas." The concert was a success. The curtain arose, disclosing the stage artistically adorned. A brilliant duett (piano) by Mrs. W. F. Codd and Miss Madeline Fish, prepared the generous audience for the good things to follow. "Marguerite," a solo, was sung with much musical expression and tenderness, by Miss Helen Locke. She was encored. Miss Minnie Smith recited "Concord Philosophy" in a most humorous vein, and the tumultuous applause brought her out in "Sam's Letter." Miss Addie King rendered with touching pathos her solo, "A Home by the Waves." A very appropriate selection for the evening was Whittier's beautiful poem, "Nauhaught, the Deacon," read by Miss Annie Chinery. Miss Chinery's reading was admirable, and the audience applauded. Miss Emma Cook was happy in her choice of a solo, entitled "My Song," which she sung with charming sweetness and feeling, receiving an encore. "Il Trovatore" was finely executed by the orchestra, Messrs. Wakeman and Smith and Mrs. Wakeman.

A unique feature of the delightful entertainment, was the Octagon Drill by the young ladies, led by Mr. Max Wagner. Every military movement was marked with rare precision, and the marches and kindred evolutions reflected great credit upon the expert teacher, who is an adept in soldierly manoeuvres. This exercise is worthy of special mention, and deserved the rounds of applause bestowed at the close. The sale of cream and cake was lively, and thus the treasury of this very worthy society was liberally replenished. Success attend them.

**THEIR SEATS NOT VACANT.**—Names of pupils in the public schools not absent during the term ending November 18, 1887:

**High School:** Susie E. Austin, Arthur T. Bearse, Annie A. Bennett, Mary D. Brown, George S. Burdick, Florence J. Ceely, Annie B. Coffin, Willie H. Cook, Ellouise A. Eldredge, Grace Fisher, Sarah L. Folger, Hannah G. Hatch, Mary E. Hatch, Fred B. Hussey, Florence E. Manter, Charlotte C. Nye, Marion Oberempt, Mary O'Connell, Mary B. Paddock, Mabel W. Parker, Nellie B. Pond, Edith M. Sandbury, Josie H. Smalley, Edgar S. Smith, Lizzie D. Smith, Lillian M. Worth.

**First Grammar:** Herbert Bennett, Charlie Chadwick, Florence Folger, Nathaniel Lowell, Lucy Manter, Lillian Murphy, Augustus Royott, Alice Rogers, Mabel Turner, Edward Woods.

**Second Grammar:** Helen G. Coleman, Mary C. Smith, William R. Macy, Frank Congdon, Arthur C. Barrett, Charles S. Chinery, Florence E. Stevens, Andrew M. Myrick, Charles S. Collins, Obed L. Hussey, Jr., Cassine H. Brown, Lelia C. M. Crocker, Hattie S. Wright, Elizabeth B. Keane, Mabel M. Jones.

**First Intermediate, Academy Hill:** Louise Baker, Bessie Chadwick, Nelson Coffin, Ernest Crocker, Donald Gray, Lottie Hamblen, Elliot Harris, Grace King, Willie Lewis, George H. Myrick, Katie O'Connell, Katie Robinson, Charlie Stackpole, Frank Sylvia, Harry Turner, Stella Wing.

**Second Intermediate, Academy Hill:** Melvin Brown, Wallace Coleman, Abby Congdon, Grace B. Gardner, Katie Johnson, Addie Macy, Carrie Macy, Willie Remsen, Alice Roberts, Grace Snow, Clifford Turner, Milton Wright.

**Primary, Academy Hill:** Thatcher Baker, George Johnson, Katie Kilen, Hattie Stackpole, John Stackpole.

**Intermediate, Orange Street:** Everett Backus, Charlie Cushman, Marianna Eldredge, Eliza Gardner, Everett Holmes, Harry Harps, Harry Jones, Charlie Lewis, Ida Long, Althea Macy, Arthur Marchant, Annie Mitchell, Ella Mitchell, Mattie Manter, Bertie Ray, Horace Spencer, George Tracy, Clara Turner, Mitchell Worth.

**Primary, Orange Street:** Walton Adams, Carl Appleton, Annie Eldredge, Charlie Ellis, Stanley Fisher, Katie Flood, Cornelius Johnson, Walter Keane, Reuben Manter, Lucinda Sylvia, Peter Sylvia, Jr., Lizzie Tracy, Harry Worth, James Worth.

**Siasconset:** Carrie Brown, David Brown, Ethel Coffin, Louis Coffin, Henry Coffin, Phoebe Coffin, Oscar Folger, Eugene Morris, Charlotte Owen, Lizzie Owen, Priscilla Owen, Winnie Owen, Lottie Pitman.

**Polpis:** Edith Worth, Frank Worth.

**Madaket:** Lillian E. Small, Rufus E. Small.

**FAIR AND BRAVE.**

**SMITH-ELLIS.**—On Sunday evening last, a large number of the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard P. Morris assembled at their home on Union Street to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Annie L. Ellis, to Mr. Samuel B. Smith of this town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George E. Brightman, of the M. E. Church, in a simple but impressive manner, after which the happy couple received the best wishes of the assembled guests. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents. The INQUIRER AND MIRROR extends congratulations.

**JONES-HUSSEY.**—The North Congregational Church was the scene of a charming wedding party, Thursday evening, when Mr. Frank M. Jones, of Stoughton, formerly of this town, claimed for his bride Miss Lizzie A. Hussey, daughter of Mr. Obed L. Hussey, of this town. The altar was tastefully adorned with a bank of ivy and flowers, presenting a handsome appearance. At the appointed hour the couple entered the church, preceded by the ushers (Messrs. R. C. Small, L. J. Ceely, C. C. Thomas, and H. C. Cathcart), marching up the centre aisle to the inspiring strains of the wedding march pealing from the organ. At the altar they were met by Revs. L. S. Baker and G. E. Brightman, who in a happy manner made the twain one, when they returned to their carriage, and were driven to the bride's home on Orange street, where they received their many friends. The bride wore a handsome dress of white albatross, with satin trimmings, becoming to her graceful figure, while the groom was attired in the customary suit of black. They were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents. They will make their home in Stoughton. We offer our congratulations.

**FARMERS' INSTITUTE.**—The farmers' institute last Wednesday evening was quite largely attended, and the discussion of the general subject of poultry was entertaining and profitable. A poem by Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks (which is presented below) was read previous to the essay by Mr. Thomas G. Macy, whose paper was of an entertaining character. The discussion was

AB.			
ON DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.	
Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.
Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.



Remarks for the Month of

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## ❧ CIRCULAR. ❧

RESOLUTIONS.—A meeting of members of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association was held on board steamer Island Home, August 19, 1881. Present at the meeting, fifty-seven non-resident members. Judge Owen Tristram Coffin was appointed Chairman, and Jared Coffin, Secretary. The following resolutions were introduced and passed to be enacted:

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Clan are due and are hereby tendered to the citizens of Nantucket for their kind, cordial and paternal welcome to the home of our ancestors, Tristram Coffin and Dionis, and for their efforts to enhance our enjoyment; and

*Resolved*, That we gratefully acknowledge the success of their endeavors.

*Voted*, That in view of the action of the Executive Committee this morning, that the Committee having in charge the matter of a testimonial to Allen Coffin, Secretary, be requested to send out circulars to non-resident members of the Clan inviting subscriptions to a fund, or to a memorial, to be presented to him as a testimony of their recognition of his faithful service in behalf of this Association.

The preamble and resolutions, as above, were duly received by the Executive Committee of the Association at Nantucket, and referred to the Sub-Committee previously appointed for the same object, consisting of the following persons, viz.: Mrs. Sarah F. C. Baxter, of Rutland, Vt., Arthur H. Gardner, Nantucket, and Andrew G. Coffin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and at a meeting of the Sub-Committee the entire matter was referred to A. G. Coffin, with authority to solicit subscriptions.

After a full discussion of the matter by said Committee, and a consultation with several members of the Executive Committee. it was decided that, in view of the valuable services rendered by Allen Coffin, Esq., a more suitable testimonial could not be presented than a solid Silver Service, consisting of, say a Salver, Pitcher and Goblets, having the "Coat-of-Arms," as he may select, engraved thereon; also an inscription as follows, viz.:

Presented to the Hon. Allen Coffin, of Nantucket, by the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, as a testimonial of their recognition of his arduous and faithful services in behalf of said Association.

## Old 'Sconset by the Sea.

PICTURESQUE OLD SEA-GIRT NANTUCKET.

About fifty miles easterly from New Bedford, Mass., and situated some thirty miles from the main land is the island of Nantucket. The method of access to the Island is both easy and delightful. Comfortable steamers run daily from New Bedford, stopping at Woods Holl, where Boston passengers are taken on board, and from thence to Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, and thence directly out to sea to Nantucket; the trip from New Bedford to Nantucket occupies about five hours. The town of Nantucket is finely situated on the western side of the Island, and presents a picturesque sight as the steamer enters the harbor. Years ago Nantucket was one of the most important whaling ports of the world, and contained a population of nearly 10,000; since the decadence of the whaling industry the population has gradually dwindled down to between 4,000 and 5,000. But the quaint town, full of historical associations still exists, unchanged, from the time when hundreds of sails dotted its horizon oceanward, filled its docks, and brought occupation and wealth to its citizens. Many old sea captains and whalers are still "on deck" here, hale, hearty, and full of their past reminiscences. The village is composed of plain but substantial, and many of them spacious, residences, occupied by the descendants of several generations; many of these houses are filled with fine old furniture made a century ago; ancient clocks and crockery, brass andirons and fenders, venerable looking sofas and chairs abound in promiscuous as well as delightful profusion. To the new comer it would seem as though the entire community were related, one meets so many bearing the name of Folger, Coffin, Gardner, Swain, Macy, Hussey, Starbuck, etc., etc. This was the home and birth place of the late Charles J. Folger, Chief Justice of the New York Court of appeals and afterward Secretary of the Treasury under President Arthur. Here were born Lucretia Mott, Phebe A. Hanaford, Walter Folger and the Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer. The late Charles O'Connor purchased a house and spent the last few years of his life here claiming he prolonged his life thereby; many are the anecdotes narrated by the Nantucketers of

THIS DISTINGUISHED LAWYER'S sojourn among them. On one occasion he seated himself in the barber's chair for a shave, and when asked by the barber "How will you be shaved, Mr. O'Connor?" "In silence, sir," was the reply. He was troubled considerably with his feet, and occasionally used to step into the boat houses on the dock and put his feet into warm salt water cheerfully furnished by the oldskippers, whose lounging place it was, and thus settled he would sit for an hour or two listening to the "talk" of the place. On one occasion he said jocularly, "You fellows all want to be called Captain." "Yes," one old skipper replied, "just as a New Yorker wants to be an alderman." Whereupon up rose O'Connor and gave his audience a two hour's lecture on the frailties and rascalities of New York Aldermen, based upon his fight against the Tweed ring. Mr. O'Connor used to walk back and forth for hours on the plank walk leading to the dock. One of the last acts of his life was to give the town a check of \$7,600 to pay the town debt, with the request that hereafter they keep out of debt. The old wind-mill built in 1746 is still shown to visitors. The Athenæum is also an object of interest, containing many valuable relics and mementos, but the old Athenæum or Museum, which with its contents was burned a few years ago, was one of the most interesting and replete museum of its kind

Salem. The town and State suffered a great loss by this fire. One finds in Nantucket also the school founded by Admiral Coffin (Sir Isaac Coffin). The TOWN-CRIER IS ALSO AN INSTITUTION here. He still exists and blows his horn and cries out matters of public interest with all his ancient prestige and grandeur. The people of Nantucket are conservative and hospitable; their dialect is noticeable for its purity and correctness; no one seems to be in a hurry; many of the stores close up an hour at noon while their owners go to dinner; the bank closes every day at 1 P. M. Its President, Frederick C. Sanford, Esq., is one of the old and respected residents of the Island; over 75 years of age, but in appearance a man of 63 or 64, with a remarkable memory. He is full of reminiscences of early days. We find in Nantucket two ably edited weekly Journals, the old *Inquirer and Mirror* and the more recent *Journal*. The former is owned and edited by Messrs. Samuel S. Hussey and Henry D. Robinson, and the latter by Mr. Arthur H. Gardner. Politically Nantucket is Republican, although one finds many energetic and hopeful Democrats within her limits. Among the latter is Mr. John M. Winslow, the recently appointed postmaster. This genial gentleman is about 45 years of age, and has distinguished himself in the ranks of his party by his ability, energy and loyalty. They do say that his predecessor, Mr. J. F. Murphey, who had the office for a number of years, presented a petition for reappointment signed by every one in Nantucket (a great many it is true, not knowing there was any other candidate), and that Mr. Winslow's petition was signed by only the Democratic County Committee. If this is so we have here a fine testimonial as to the worth and excellence of both gentlemen, viz: The humorously signed petition for Mr. Murphey's retention, and the fact notwithstanding the same, of Mr. Winslow's appointment. The exact truth of the matter, however, is that it a Republican was to have it, every one wanted Mr. Murphey, and if a Democrat, Mr. Winslow. The chief charm of Nantucket lies in its situation as a delightful sanitarium for the Summer tourist. There is something peculiarly

HEALTHFUL AND INVIGORATING in its atmosphere; statistics show it to be one of the healthiest places on the continent. To one coming from the sweltering heat of a July or August day on shore, it is especially refreshing. Until within a few years the Island was comparatively unknown as a Summer resort, but now it is frequented by crowds from all parts of the country while every year skillful artisans are erecting new and elegant cottages for those who, after searching in many places, have at last here found the gem of watering places.

But it is not the purpose of this article to loiter in Nantucket; we must go on to 'Sconset.

Situate on the eastern and southerly side of the Island and directly distant some eight miles from the village of Nantucket, is the

QUEEREST LITTLE HAMLET IN THE UNIVERSE,

called Siasconset, or 'Sconset in the vernacular of the natives. The Nantucket narrow-gauge railroad—which is *sui generis*—has been recently built and runs regularly every day during the season between Nantucket and 'Sconset. The latter place was originally composed of a few little fishermen's huts erected and sprawling about upon the banks in the most grotesque manner. Some of these huts were erected over 200 years ago as one of the natives confidentially informed me. They are little one-story cottages without any cellar, which have had additions built on at all kinds of angles, and have been improved and painted

during recent years for occupation by summer visitors. Since the railroad and other accompaniments of civilization invaded this quiet precinct, some of the distinctive features of old time cottage life have disappeared, although, fortunately, those who have for years frequented this spot, cling tenaciously to all their old prerogatives and frown severely on all modern innovations. Fashion, however, and all her tyrannical requirements, has not yet captured 'Sconset. 'Tis true men of wealth within recent years have been erecting costly modern cottages and coming here in greater numbers, yet many of the distinctive features of life at 'Sconset still remain. Fashion and dress are discarded; perfect independence reigns supreme; loose and comfortable fitting flannel shirts and dresses are the order of the day; every one does and dresses just as he or she pleases. Yet while this is so it must be whispered that the ladies do appear in

MOST LOVELY, TANTALIZING LITTLE COSTUMES

composed of all the colors of the rainbow, appropriate to the time and place, showing the inventive genius of their wearers, when not restricted by the stern edicts of fashion. And hats! oh what bewitching red hats; what angelic white hats, what enchanting blue hats, what seductive pink hats, what dainty captivating, ravishing, yellow, orange and amber hats, and head gear of every description, one sees at 'Sconset. But the air is superb, perfectly delicious, seems good enough to eat, in fact one can almost taste it. To the new comer 'Sconset is not attractive; the traveler alights upon the platform at the depot, for the first time and looks around in astonishment. "Can this be the place," he asks, "about which I have read such glowing accounts?" In fact the outlook is dreary; a very wide sandy beach like a small desert, composed of soft yielding sand; a number of small straggling houses, and narrow lanes, with here and there a more pretentious and modernized house interspersed; a bit pump in the center of the cluster of houses; a small chapel; two unpretentious appearing hotels; such is the appearance at first sight of this health-giving, life preserving Summer resort. Stranger, if you are in search of big, fashionable hotels, with "hops" and orchestras, and rounds of excitement and dissipation and desire to display your diamonds, don't come here? But if you want

A QUITE, RESTFUL PLACE, unsurpassed for its pure, balmy air, where you can recuperate your wasted energies then come to 'Sconset. The atmosphere here is several degrees lower than at Nantucket; hence for years many Nantucketers have been in the habit of passing the "heated spell" at 'Sconset although such heated spells as they have in Nantucket we landmen would consider quite refreshing. But if 'Sconset is unattractive at first, let the new comer persevere and "stay it out," then there will something gradually come o'er him mysterious in its influence, which will render the place more and more attractive the longer he stays till he goes away perfectly charmed with his surroundings; and one meets here people in character with the nature of the place; college presidents and professors, divines, men of science, of letters, tried litterateurs, professional and business men. There are two hotels here, the Ocean View, Levi S. Coffin, proprietor, and the Atlantic House, Mrs. Chadwick proprietress, where good rooms, comfortable board and courteous treatment can be obtained for moderate prices. The Atlantic is much smaller and is situated farther from the ocean, and for this reason is preferred by some, while others prefer the Ocean View because it is nearer the ocean and is more sightly. While the beach here has some drawbacks, it has

many advantages; most important of all the water is warm. Every morning from 11 till 12 o'clock, crowds of people GATHER AT THE BEACH TO WATCH THE BATHERS,

and what a spectacle is now witnessed! Nymphs in the most bewitching suits with lovely silk handkerchiefs and girdles wound around their heads and waists in the prettiest and sauciest of ways imaginable, sport about in the waters. To an impressionable individual of the male species it is as good as a series of electric shocks to witness their manœuvres; they swim, dive, plunge, float, and do everything in the water proper for a young lady, but dance the waltz. After the mid-day meal, most every one takes a nap, if they feel inclined; and then the people gather under their awnings on the beach to dream or while away the rest of the afternoon. These awnings of variable colors from a most novel and picturesque sight they are erected all along the beach a few feet apart, and are formed by simply stretching a piece of canvass over a horizontal pole, thereby shutting out the sun's rays, but allowing the people under them full enjoyment of the breezes, which are always existing here on the beach. And what delightful social assemblages one witnesses under these many colored canvass tops! Cards, visits, games and social pleasures occupy the time; young and old recline upon the sands in the most unconventional manner: pretty maidens and fascinated gallants hold converse; children of all ages, from little toddlers "tots" upward, with their shoes and stockings off, frolic on the sands and in the in-rolling surf; artists are observed trying to place on canvases the many hues and rich colors that come rippling shoreward o'er the surface of the ocean, from the distant horizon. Take it all in all, such a scene is not witnessed on any other beach in America. While the air is invigorating and productive of good appetites, there is also a balminess about it which

INDUCES TO A DELICIOUS LANGUOR and lulls one to sleep. Mention must also be made of the "moors," which lie just up and off from the beach and cliffs and extend for miles inland, to the base of "Saul's Hills," these moors present a wild aspect and have been the subject of much discussion. Here also the botanist and geologist find much to interest them, while the conchology of the island is worthy of study.

I found at 'Sconset a well-known New Yorker, Mr. Edward F. Underhill who came originally in search of health and found it, and was so charmed with the place that he invested largely in real estate on Sunset Heights and erected a number of inviting little cottages, in architecture similar to the old fishermen's huts above mentioned; these cosy little houses he has comfortably furnished with old and new-fashioned furniture and rents them for the season. The venture has proved most profitable as well as pleasant to Mr. Underhill, every "hut" being occupied at present.

Ere we take our leave of 'Sconset we must step in and pay our respects to Mrs. Almy, a very intelligent and estimable lady, the Post-mistress of the hamlet; it is now some three years since the Postoffice was established in 'Sconset; it is open but four months in the year, in June, July, August and September; and is erected in what was formerly the Old 'Sconset Tavern so called; some of my readers will remember that the Old 'Sconset Tavern

WAS SKETCHED AND RENDERED FAMOUS some thirty years ago by "Porte Crayon" for *Harper's Magazine*. The present Postmistress is an old resident of Nantucket and thoroughly posted on everything pertaining to the island, and to 'Sconset and her Summer visitors in

The regular Sunday evening temperance meeting will be held in the vestry of the North Congregational church next Sunday evening, commencing at 6.30. All are cordially invited to attend.

The crew of the whaling station on Smith's Point have seen whales twice lately and "put off" once but the monstrosities were making off too rapidly to warrant pursuit.

The writer of the interesting letter in respect to Nantucket and 'Sconset copied from the Troy Press, which was published in last week's Journal, is Mr. L. W. Redington, of Rutland, Vermont, who with his family passed the last season in 'Sconset.

Miss Ellen H. Coffin and Miss Emily R. Coffin left here Tuesday morning for New York, the former to purchase a stock of millinery and fancy articles, and the latter to enter Mrs. Salisbury's Boarding School on East 58th Street.

PERSONAL.—T. W. Barrally, Jr., of this town left North Madison, Ohio on the 21st inst., to join the senior class in Union College. Jesse B. Snow, also of this town, left Boston on the 14th inst., for the same college.

Enlisted Men.

particular; her office is a sort of bureau of information, where all comers go for enlightenment, as to the various points of interest in the vicinity. I suggested to the good lady the other day that Uncle Sam ought to allow her an extra salary for time spent answering inquiries such as the above. I was amused one morning while in the Postoffice by a lady coming in and saying: "Oh, Mrs. Almy, what is there to be seen here?" "Well," says the Postmistress, "we have neither a jail nor a cemetery; but we have the ocean, its sea breezes, and the 'moors,' and that is about all." A great old clock, manufactured in England in 1720, stands in one corner of the postoffice, while an air of antiquity pervades everything. Two mails arrive each day, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening at 8.30. At the latter mail nearly all the younger portion of 'Scoutset gather in the postoffice and yard and await its distribution. The annual increase in visitors has produced an increase in the mails and a consequent increase in the labors of the Postmistress. As a matter of interest, I send the following

**THERMOMETRIC FIGURES,**  
showing the state of the weather for 'Scoutset from July 19th up to and including August 9th, 1887:

	7 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.		7 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
July 19,	—	72	68	July 30,	74	82	76
July 20,	62	67	62	July 31,	76	83	—
July 21,	66	72	68	Aug. 1,	78	80	77
July 22,	68	73	70	Aug. 2,	72	72	70
July 23,	74	81	74	Aug. 3,	68	—	68
July 24,	77	81	74	Aug. 4,	69	72	67
July 25,	71	74	70	Aug. 5,	64	75	66
July 26,	66	74	68	Aug. 6,	73	79	74
July 27,	70	74	70	Aug. 7,	70	70	66
July 28,	67	71	69	Aug. 8,	67	69	65
July 29,	73	79	—	Aug. 9,	70	—	—

Much more might be said concerning the attractions of this queer village by the sea, but we will reserve it for a future communication.—*L. W. B. in Troy Press.*

#### For the Inquirer and Mirror. IN MEMORY.

Died in this town, 18th inst., Everett H. Swain, aged 26 years, 4 months.  
A noble son and brother stricken down!  
A shadow on the sill, where his firm step  
But lately gladdened a fond mother's heart;  
An honor to his father, and the pride  
Of a dear sister's love and confidence.  
So brief a span! Ere yet his kindly heart  
Could beat the measure of his soul's desire!  
Companions lay their modest offering  
On Memory's shrine; young men, who had  
respect  
For the kind spirit of their comrade, mourn  
Their loss; while all who ever knew him, or  
Stood near enough to feel the pulse of his  
Ingenious nature, and its tender side,—  
These are bereaved, to-day. God heal the hearts  
Within the broken circle of his home.  
And so may they, with resignation, say:  
"Thy will be done!"

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

**LENTEN LECTURES.**—The Rochester (N. Y.) *Post Express* publishes the following: "Talking of the Lenten season a church member said yesterday: It is true that the Lenten season is becoming more and more marked by devotional observation of it. Sermons by neighboring rectors are delivered on successive evenings in a number of our Episcopal churches. A new departure, calculated to supplement the work of the clergy in so sacred an observation is a series of Lenten lectures prepared by Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, of Nantucket, Mass., an Episcopal lay man of marked intellectual ability whose contributions to the church literature of the day instance exceptional spirituality of thought and expression. It is to be hoped that Dr. Jenks, whose lectures for the Lenten season have the sanction of both the clergy and the laity, may be heard in our city: such help as this by a layman may be a sign of a general spiritual movement in the minds of the most thoughtful and cultured students of the time. We predict for Dr. Jenks abundant success. His subjects need only to be announced, 'The Lenten Bell,' The English of the Bible, and the Prayer Book, and Music in Church Worship, Glory and Grandeur of the Te Deum.

**WEDDINGS.**—The Centre Street M. E. Church was well filled Sunday evening, and at the close of the regular service Mr. Bailey F. Cornish was joined in marriage to Miss Ida A., daughter of Mr. Washington I. Fisher, Rev. Mr. Brightman performing the ceremony in a simple but impressive manner. The bride was attired in a handsome dress of dark silk, with appropriate adornments, and was the centre of attraction to the guests in attendance. The happy couple will make Nantucket their home. We offer congratulations.

The spacious residence of Mrs. Martha Starbuck on Fair street was the scene of a pleasant social gathering on Tuesday evening, when Dr. George H. Gardner and Mrs. Phebe G. Royce were united in the bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was pleasingly performed by Rev. George E. Brightman, after which the newly-wedded pair received the congratulations of the large number of relatives and friends. Dr. and Mrs. Gardner were the recipients of numerous valuable and handsome presents.—*Journal.*

#### OBITUARY.

**MRS. JULIA T. SWIFT.**—The death of this estimable lady, an event which has been expected for many months past by herself and friends, occurred to-day in this city. For many years past the deceased was a resident of Brooklyn, but came here a year ago in June last to pass the remainder of her days with her niece, Mrs. M. A. Rathbun. Her husband, the late Edward Swift, died a few months previous to her removal to this place. His remains are interred in Riverside cemetery. Mr. Swift was the son of the late S. F. Swift, one of the old time merchants and a most highly respected resident of Oswego, and a brother of Mrs. Philo Stevens, of this city.

Mrs. Swift was a native of Connecticut, but resided in this city at the time of her marriage. When the deceased returned to this city it was with the full consciousness that her days for this world were nearly numbered; but she was fully prepared for the change. She was possessed of a strong religious nature and led a model Christian life. Her admirable traits of character impressed themselves upon all with whom she came in contact. The fortitude that she displayed through a long and painful illness won the sympathy of a wide circle of Christian people, and all that could be, was done to alleviate her sufferings. Mrs. Swift's only other relative in this city is her nephew, Mr. Charles D. Comstock. The funeral will occur from the residence of Mrs. Rathbun, but at this writing the time has not been fixed.—*Oswego Daily Times Express.*

[Edward Swift, husband of the deceased, was a son of Rev. Seth Swift, for whom the Unitarian Church of this place was erected.—*Ends.*]

**BENEFIT CONCERT.**—A benefit concert is to be given Miss Mary P. Nye, in Atheneum Hall, on Wednesday evening next. Miss Nye is one of the local vocalists who has been ever ready to lend her aid for charity and other purposes, and she is deserving a strong support on the occasion mentioned. The best local talent has volunteered help, and an interesting programme is sure to be presented. Tickets are on sale at the Pharmacy, and by present indications the seats are being rapidly taken.

**A GOOD RECORD.**—Every week for twenty years Mrs. Benjamin B. Gardner has written a letter to her sisters at Nantucket, Mass., and received one from them. Six years Mrs. Gardner lived in Michigan, six years in western Missouri, six years in Pennsylvania and two years in Atlantic City. In all that time only two letters have failed to reach their destination, so complete are the mail facilities of Uncle Sam. Papers also have been sent with the same record for certainty.—*Atlantic City Times.*

#### Here and There.

We've reason now to thank the fates,  
A live queen is within our gates,  
Visiting these United States,  
The Queen of the Hawaiian Islands!  
She brings along the Princess, too,  
As 'twas quite natural to do,  
That they may get an inside view  
Of democratic institu-

tions; Hoky, poky, wang a fum,  
Clear the track and let her come!  
Receive her with brass band and drum,  
The Queen of the Hawaiian Islands.  
Bring Kapiolani to the Hub,  
Invite her to each high-toned club,  
And feed her high on French-cooked grub,  
The Queen of the Hawaiian Islands.  
Now if the Queen had just her wish,  
Some po-ee in a wooden dish,  
And with it, too, a raw, live fish  
Would be to her the most delish-

ious. Hoky, poky, wang a fum,  
She thinks the Americans are "some"  
On strong cigars and chewing gum,  
This Queen of the Hawaiian Islands.  
She goes to the Legis-la-ture  
To let the sturdy Solons view her;  
She'll bear inspection, to be sure,  
This Queen of the Hawaiian Islands;  
She comes to see and to be seen,  
We hope she's every inch a queen,  
And neither stupid, dull, nor green;  
For if her head is shrewd and keen  
She'll understand what Yankees mean,  
And tell her people she has seen  
A land o'erflowed with kerosene  
And fat with oleo-margarine,  
And wind up with the same ingeen-

ious, "Hoky, poky, wang a fum,  
Your Queen is neither blind nor dumb,  
Nor undersized like Hop o' My Thumb,"  
Great Queen of the Hawaiian Islands!  
**A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.**—On Friday evening last a party of friends gathered at the residence of Capt. Charles G. Bunker, 44 Rush street, to congratulate him on the occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday. Preparations were made for the reception of the visitors, unknown to the Captain, who was much astonished and agreeably surprised to see the smiling faces of his old friends seated around the well-spread dining table, waiting for his arrival. Amid cheerful greetings and congratulatory speeches the elaborate dinner was partaken of with general satisfaction, after which all repaired to the parlor and enjoyed an entertainment provided by the children of the household. Those present were Capt. and Mrs. Bunker, Capt. and Mrs. Charles D. Coffin, Mrs. Nelson U. Elwood, Miss Maggie C. Swain, Miss Jennie Smith, Miss Emily Thompson, Mr. Charles G. Bunker, Jr., Miss Winifred C. Bunker, Cary and Harry Bunker. The programme was as follows: Miss Winnie Bunker, recitation about an erudite graduate from a ladies' college who knew

"All the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man,  
But couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner,  
For she never was constructed on the old domestic plan."

Master Cary Bunker, reading:

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,  
Have nothing to do with the case!"

Master Harry Bunker, in full toboggan uniform, related a story called "Big 'Fraid and little 'Fraid," and sang a song,

"Two foolish fellows went to slide."

Capt. Bunker then thanked his old friends for their kind remembrance of his natal anniversary, and by their request treated them to a recital of a few of his adventures in foreign lands during the past fifty years of seafaring life, remarking that his old friends Capt. and Mrs. Coffin were the first ones to call upon his family in this old home thirty years ago. Then, complimenting the members of his family for their efforts in amusing him and his guests, the old Captain bade a hearty farewell to all and retired, much gratified at the happy event.—*Brooklyn Times, Feb. 2.*

#### Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

**"SEE THE SIGNALS."**—A few men with picks and spades broke ground on Main street, at the southwest corner of the Pacific Club's building, Tuesday, and kept busily working towards the antipodes until they had gone ten feet in the direction of the earth's centre, when their work was discontinued. No person passed the spot without stopping to look into the hole, and few, if any, passed without making inquiry or suggestion. Wednesday, a substantial-looking spar, with cross-pieces fastened along nearly its entire length was landed beside it, and preparations were at once made to erect it with its butt resting on the sand at the foot of the excavation. Barrett & Gibbs, the contractors for this staff for the Government, were assisted in the work by Mr. Charles Manter. Straps, blocks, falls, etc., were brought into requisition, and about 11 o'clock in the forenoon the word was given to hoist away. Fully one hundred and fifty men were gathered about the spot, and we did not notice one who appeared to be neglecting his own business to lend a hand in raising the flag-staff or to do heavy looking-on. As the huge stick neared a perpendicular position, the earth caved in, filling up the hole about two feet. This dilemma was finally overcome by attaching hose to a convenient street hydrant and washing the sand from the base of the staff, until it rested at the required depth. The topmast has since been raised, and weather signals will hereafter float night and day at its top, just eighty feet from the face of the globe. William D. Clark will claim the honor of being the first man to break ground for the staff and hoist the first flag.

**CHURCH WEDDING.**—Mid-winter seldom produces such a glorious spring-like day as that of Thursday last, and wedding bells always sound sweeter on the evening of such a day. Mr. Willie F. Gibbs and Miss Cora E., daughter of Mr. Robert W. Coleman, were fortunate in having arranged for their wedding festivities on the date mentioned, and when the hour of 8 o'clock arrived, Centre street M. E. Church was well filled with friends, who had assembled to witness the ceremonies. Messrs. Horace L. Gibbs, Wallace Coleman, Arthur C. Easton and Lincoln Johnson, acted as ushers. Promptly at the hour, the contracting parties entered the church and proceeded up the centre aisle to the altar, where they were met by Rev. George E. Brightman. In a simple but impressive service he joined them in the holy bonds of matrimony, when they retraced their steps to their carriage, and were driven off amid a shower of warm congratulations. The bride was handsomely attired, and was the centre of attraction during the ceremony. Among those present were the members of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Island Lodge, D. of R., in full regalia. The congratulations of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR are tendered the happy couple.

**CONCERT.**—The concert given in Atheneum Hall Wednesday evening for the benefit of Miss Mary P. Nye, was quite largely attended, and the audience was enthusiastic during the entire evening, being liberal with their applause, and encoring several of the selections. The beneficiary was recalled after pleasantly rendering "The Lost Chord," responding with a selection full of sparkle. Miss Emma Cook's solo, "Queen of the Earth," was also encored, and she responded with a pretty selection. The same will also

NATURE OF THE  
Y COMMANDER.

apply to Miss Helen Locke, who sang sweetly a song entitled "Voices in the Woods." A trio (character sketch) by Messrs. Tobey, Smith and Freeborn, "The Serenaders," was well received, and Mr. Freeborn as "Little Ah Sid" was excellent. The instrumental selections by Mrs. Wakeman, and Masters Wakeman, Smith and Smith, were very nicely rendered, the young gentlemen evincing rapid improvement since their last public appearance. The dress drill by fourteen young ladies and one lad was fine, and an encore called them forth a second time. The concert was a success, and the audience gave substantial token of their appreciation.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

**OBITUARY.**—The sudden death of Mr. Everett H. Swain on Wednesday last, caused a feeling of deep sadness to fall upon the community, as it removed from our midst a young man apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, and one, too, of those genial natures who always win a host of friends by their uniform cordiality and good nature. Especially among the boatmen who make Steamboat wharf their rendezvous will be a sad loss, for with them as well as a host of their summer patrons he has been a great favorite. The blow is a severe one to Capt. Obed Swain and wife, his parents, and to a devoted sister. The funeral services, which were held Thursday afternoon, were very largely attended, and the sorrow manifested by the young companions of the deceased attested the severity of the blow to them. The bereaved household has the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. William H. Macy, whose death we record to-day, formerly belonged in Nantucket, but removed to New York in 1822, and was of the firm of Josiah Macy & Sons. He has been president of the Seaman's Savings Bank, of New York, many years, and occupied the position at the time of his decease.

**IN MEMORIAM.**—The death of Mrs. Abbie E. Lyner, which occurred March 20, 1887, at her uncle's, Mr. E. R. Worth of Melrose, recalls to the minds of the old residents of Winthrop, Miss Phinney, a loved and successful teacher who was well known at Point Shirley, Great Head and Winthrop. Miss Phinney was a native of Nantucket, where she taught previous to her coming to Winthrop. She first taught at Point Shirley, where she endeared herself to parents as well as children. Her success there was so apparent that she was promoted to the Higher-Intermediate school at Winthrop. She continued here as a most energetic and faithful teacher until the spring of 1877, when she resigned her position to marry Capt. John Lyner, whom she accompanied on his whaling voyages for seven years, sailing over many seas and visiting many foreign lands. Her health having failed, her husband brought her to the United States three years ago, hoping the return to loved relatives and friends with the advantages of skilled physicians might restore her health, but it was all unavailing. Her friends will remember her natural buoyancy of spirits, cheerful, happy face and ready wit at repartee, all which traits helped to make her an agreeable companion, especially during the long voyages when it has been at times six months from port to port. Her fearless spirit carried her through the peculiar incidents of those dangerous voyages, and this same trait in her character, strengthened by her faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, never deserted her, and she was able to meet death fearlessly.—*Winthrop Gazette.*

**ANNUAL SUPPER.**—The annual supper of the Helping Hand Society was held in Athenaeum Hall, Tuesday evening, and about two hundred and fifty people were seated at the well-laden tables, when the president, Mrs. Joseph Winslow, called upon Rev. C. A. Roys to offer a blessing. An attack was then made upon the viands, and if it is possible to judge from appearances, that portion of the evening's entertainment was successful and satisfactory. The glee club, Misses Emma Cook and Mary P. Nye, Messrs. B. G. Tobey and M. F. Freeborn, and Masters O. P. Smith, Willie Smith and F. Merwin Wakeman, sang a very pretty selection, Mrs. W. S. Wakeman playing the accompaniment. Remarks were offered by Revs. G. E. Brightman and L. S. Baker. A vocal duet by Miss Cook and Mr. Tobey, and instrumental selection by Masters O. P. Smith, Willie Smith and F. M. Wakeman, (which was very warmly applauded), and other selections by the glee club, lent additional pleasure to the evening's programme. The "Peak Sisters," in their graduated line, and with graduated fans, hats and kerchiefs, made much sport, and acknowledged the applause extended them by a simultaneous bow to the floor. The drill which completed the exercises, was much enjoyed. It was participated in by twelve young ladies and one lad, who had been instructed by Mrs. Elma Fisher, under whose leadership they appeared on this occasion. Many of the movements were very finely executed. This was especially the case in "wheeling," which was more than excellent. Many of the other tactics were nicely executed, and considering the limited time devoted to their instruction, Mrs. Fisher is entitled to credit for the excellent results shown.

The stage decorations deserve special mention, being very tasty. A large shield hung at the rear of the stage, beneath which was an oblong banner of red material, upon which was inscribed in gilt letters, "Helping Hand." From the shield to the rear corners of the stage hung streamers of red, white and blue, and beneath the shield were light draperies gracefully hung, representing a curtained window, in which stood a small table covered with ivy. To Mr. William H. Weston belongs the credit of the stage adornment.

But the greatest success of the affair was that achieved by the officers of the society, who carried out the details to the letter, and with perfect system in every particular. The Helping Hand supper for 1887 was a grand success.

**SOLD.**—A bright light shone just east of the Surf-side life-saving station, a few evenings since, and the rays cast a pleasant gleam across the cold moors in the direction of town. The patrolmen walked their lonely beats along by the surging billows, and everywhere was still, save the moaning of the waters on the sands. An alert wrecker mounted to his house-top, and gazed with straining eyes towards the lonely sea. An unusual ray of light met his vision. He looked again to make sure his eyes had not deceived him. No, there it was, a vessel's light, and from its position the ill-fated craft must have struck upon the dreaded rips; lives and property must be in danger. With a bound, the aroused wrecker rushed to the street, warned a few chosen companions, and getting into their team drove rapidly over the wintry plains towards the scene of the supposed disaster, only to find, to their intense disgust, that the ignis-fatuus was the cheery gleam from a lamp in the Surf-side cottage, where sat the wife of the keeper of the life-saving station, in blissful ignorance of the fact that her beacon light was the source of alarm to watchful wreckers.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. E. F. Underhill, was in town the early part of this week, and made us a pleasant call. His own observation thus far indicates a good season ahead for Sconset. Several of his cottages are already engaged.

Rev. Thomas Dawes, pastor of the Unitarian church in Brewster, has been unanimously invited by the Parish, to continue his labors with them another year. Mr. Dawes has been in charge of this church fourteen years.

Rev. George E. Brightman preached his farewell sermon at the Centre Street M. E. church last Sunday evening. During the year he has been among us he has won hosts of friends outside as well as within the church and the severing of his departure will be a matter of general regret, most especially to the church and society.

**RESIGNATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.**—Miss Lizzie G. Coggeshall, for many years a valued and efficient teacher in the public schools of this town, has tendered her resignation as teacher of Room No. 1, Academy Hill building. Miss Marion G. Chase, for several years past teacher of the Siasconset school, has been appointed to the vacancy and Miss Annie Ring has been transferred from the Tuckernuck school to that at Siasconset.

Mr. John Harps has tendered his resignation as one of the Assessors and a special town meeting is called for Monday next to fill the vacancy.

**OBITUARY.**—We chronicle this week the death of Isaac Macy, Esq., of this town, on the 16th inst., in New York city where he had been in the habit of spending his winters for a number of years. Mr. Macy was, in Nantucket's palmy days, a member of the firm of Thomas Macy & Sons, well-known ship merchants and manufacturers, and was subsequently senior member of the firm of I. & P. Macy. With the decline of the whaling industry he retired from business with a competency. Of late years, particularly since his wife's decease which occurred a few years since, he has divided his time between his home in Nantucket and his children in New York. He was a genial gentleman universally respected and highly esteemed by those with whom he was most intimately associated. His remains were brought here yesterday for interment.

Mr. Charles Parker, of this town who left here a short time since to visit his children in Boston and vicinity died quite suddenly on the 15th inst. His remains were brought here Friday for interment.

**THE VOTE ON LICENSE.**—At the monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society held at Boston on the 13th inst., Secretary Jewell stated that election returns have been received from all but 15 towns in the state. Just 18 towns have changed from license to no license. The net gain for no license was 7064. The no license majorities, including city votes to the several counties, was as follows: Barnstable, 844; Berkshire, 413; Bristol, 1338; Dukes, 137; Essex, 429; Franklin, 789; Hampden, 159; Hampshire, 1043; Middlesex, 7220; Nantucket, 96; Norfolk, 3244; Plymouth, 1945; Worcester, 2235. The license majority in Norfolk county was 4531. The total "yes" vote in the state (returns from 15 towns missing) was 92,013; the total "no" vote was 107,384. The majority for license in the cities was 4931 and the majority for no license in the towns 20,302.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1887.  
THE BI-CENTENNIAL.

Are we really to have a convention of Nantucket's sons and daughters during the year 1887? If they could all report themselves at the call, with their descendants of all the generations, they would swarm all over our little island, and tax our accommodations to the utmost, for really their name is Legion, and they are distributed far and wide over the surface of the globe.

The subject of a Reunion is being agitated and talked about and written upon, but the project has not as yet taken any definite or organized form. But everything must have a beginning, the little snowball must be set rolling before it will grow to a big one, and so the most effective initial step for bringing many people together is to form a nucleus or rallying-point. This must always be done by a few enthusiasts, and they will soon be able to judge whether or not the ball is likely to acquire greater velocity and increase its momentum as it moves onward. Man is, on the whole, a gregarious animal, and will hardly stay away when he finds that so many of his neighbors are going.

Our people have had some previous experience in this line of Reunions, for we do not forget the meetings of the High School pupils, the last of which was in 1869, and the Clan Coffin gathering of 1881. And we well know that to make these things really successful requires enthusiastic leaders, possessing nerve and courage, born of the faith that is in them, with a vast amount of hard work, and no small outlay of money. No other clan has yet ventured to follow the examples of the Coffins, and repeat the experiment, but the responses to such a call would be, to a considerable extent, from the same persons as before, for those of the old families are so connected by intermarriage that he who traces his ancestry back to Tristram can generally find also a small infusion of Thomas Macy or Peter Folger, or both.

But this may be as good a time as any for all the Nantucket offshoots without distinction of clan, tribe or party to visit the island in the early autumn of 1887, and commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the signing of the old Dongan parchment, and the incorporation of the town of Sherburne or Sharborn or howsoever the chronicles of the time may spell it. Old folks may very naturally prefer to come and visit their friends in a quiet way, rather than take part in public ceremonies or celebrations, but there are younger people to accompany them, and all must be considered, and provided for in the programme. Our columns are, as usual, open to all sorts of suggestions and communications upon the subject, and we wait to see who will have the faith and courage to take the initiative.

**NANTUCKET MUST HAVE ONE.**—To the Unitarian Monday Club, says the *Advertiser*, belongs the credit of having solved a problem which has long puzzled moderators of public meetings. That is, to furnish a speaker a means by which he may know that his allotted time has expired, without the presiding officer's interference. This valuable piece of apparatus is constructed on the plan of an hour-glass, with this exception, that the sands run down in three instead of sixty minutes. When the sands are exhausted, an automatic bell strikes sharply, much in the manner of the chestnut gong. The speaker takes the hint and ceases. With a crank ballot-box and a patent chin stopper our town meetings may be again improved.

ON		AB-	
DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.	
Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	
Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Will you allow me, through the columns of your paper, to express the great pleasure which was experienced by many ladies and a few gentlemen on Saturday last, at an examination of the Kindergarten School recently established in our town by Mrs. Elma Fisher, from New Jersey.

The training of the few children under her care (and I regret to say there are but few) shows that she has made an excellent beginning, and that it needs only the encouragement of numbers to render what she now considers an experiment a complete success. Mrs. Fisher brings to the work much experience, and accepts the responsibilities in a manner that inspires confidence in those parents who intrust their little ones to her care.

The beautiful system of Froebel's has met a want which has long been felt in our community. It is acknowledged that early childhood is most susceptible of impressions, and that external objects fix forever in the memory that which is revealed through the senses, before understanding and reason are called into action. They, indeed, serve as a foundation for the superstructure which is hereafter to be raised. We cannot, therefore, commence too early to direct the thoughts of our little ones in the right channel; not by erudite instruction, but by the very method so opportunely placed in our hands. Froebel begins with the sphere or ball, the simplest of forms, and from this object and the cylinder, lesson after lesson may be taught by the skillful educator. Then follows the cube, which contains the germs of all we hereafter know of mathematics, and so from the lesser to the greater the mind is led on. The interlacing slats, the drawing, the pricking, etc., are employment for little hands which are always seeking something to do. By these manipulations the fingers are taught the flexible movements so necessary in after life. The charming little songs and plays which accompany this teaching, which are a source of great delight and which instruct as well as amuse, have a softening and refining influence which cannot be over-estimated. The affections, as well as the intellect, are here cared for. It is astonishing how little children seize on facts revealed to them through the senses, and how intuition furnishes the logical conclusions.

We invite the attention of those who have studied the true nature of child-life to examine this theory, instinct with beauty and with truth. The fact is generally recognized by those best informed on the subject of education, that this system of instruction develops the first germs of thought in the infant mind, in a way superior to any other, laying the foundation for that education which will make or mar the man for all time, and I had almost said for eternity. We recognize in this charming mode of teaching just introduced here another reason for the schools of Nantucket to claim rank among the best in our State. Let us, therefore, use all our influence to make it permanent, and to ingraft it, if possible, into our public school system.

The question, "What shall be done with our boys and girls?" will not be asked if proper early training take the place of neglect. They will do for themselves.

S. B. WILLETS.

**WOMEN VOTERS OF NANTUCKET.**—The Assessors have returned the following list of women voters in the Town and County of Nantucket to the Board of Registrars:

Barney, Elizabeth G. M.	Folger, Sarah W.
Barrally, Sarah M.	Gardner, Annie
Burgess, Eliza B.	" Susan C.
Coffin, Anna S.	Jenkins, Angeline
Coleman, Mary F.	" Lydia B.
Chinery, Mary E.	King, Mary B.
" Annie S.	Long, Phebe B.
Cartwright, Annie	Norcross, Helen W.
Crocker, Eleanor	Pierson, Charlotte C.
Chadwick, Sarah M.	Remsen, Annie A.
Clark, Eliza T.	Robinson, Addie O.
Crosby, Elizabeth G.	Tracy, Susan J.
Coleman, Cora E.	Thomas, Maria E.
Devian, Sarah	Worth, Helen B.
Folger, Sarah S.	" Helen B. W.
	Vincent, Mary W. G.

# SIASCONSET ITEMS.

The Club House Association was in session Thursday evening with a full attendance when the mail arrived, and quite a huzza was raised when it was found to contain the first literary contribution in the shape of the NANTUCKET JOURNAL; also on Friday evening when they were the recipients of the *Inquirer and Mirror*. Thanks, gentlemen, for your very valuable contribution, is the expression of the Association. Call and see us. Last evening the members of the club were startled by the sudden entrance of the ladies of the village, who took possession of the club room and soon transformed it into a dining room. Tables were laden with the tempting viands, and a mysterious looking box was then placed on another table, which, on being opened, was found to contain a magnificent hanging lamp, a donation to the Association. Mrs. Samuel P. Pitman made the presentation speech and a unanimous vote of thanks was offered in return. After a nice supper, to which all did ample justice, the tables were removed, and songs, duets and choruses were interspersed with dancing. Mrs. Charles Norcross furnished music, and it was nearly 11 o'clock when the last chorus died on the air. A more pleasant social event was never held in this village.

[The parties responsible therefor will accept our hearty thanks for the bountiful donation of the cake which found its way to our sanctum yesterday noon. —ED.]

## OBITUARY.

**COFFIN.**—It is with keen regret we record to-day the death of Mr. George E. Coffin, who died Sunday of consumption, after a brief illness, at the home of his father, Mr. Alexander D. Coffin, on Orange street. Deceased was a printer, and received his early instructions in this office, subsequently being engaged upon the *New Bedford Standard*, where he continued until disease compelled him to desist. He was a person of exemplary habits and possessed of those good qualities which always win friendship, and that he was a favorite was shown by the handsome floral offerings sent here by his fellow printers of the *Standard* and by the members of Anawan Encampment, I. O. O. F., of New Bedford, of which he was a member. The funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon, services being held at the grave, conducted by Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this place.

**LOVELL.**—Asa E. Lovell, Esq., the well-known Register of Deeds for Barnstable County, died at his residence in Osterville, last Saturday, of pneumonia, after a brief illness, at the age of about 65 years.

**SURPRISE.**—The Club Association, of Sconset, was surprised Wednesday evening by the ladies of the village, who presented a handsome hanging lamp for the new club room. They not only sought to bring light to their lords, but appeared with well-laden baskets of edibles, which were spread temptingly before the club. It was a pleasant occasion throughout, and was enjoyed by all present. We thank the club for the kind remembrance to THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

—"The sheep has a golden hoof," and worn-out pastures, on which neat cattle have ranged, to the great deterioration of both stock and fields, may be renovated by the introduction of sheep, according to a statement of the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. It has been observed by some of our Nantucket farmers that the common land of the island is not as fertile as when sheep ranged over it at will.

## RECEPTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There was a very pleasant gathering at the Summer Street Baptist Church last Saturday evening. After the introduction of Rev. William Dugdale and wife to the church members, Mr. David B. Andrews extended them a hearty welcome in behalf of the church. In his remarks, he analyzed Brother Dugdale's name, expressing the hope that he "would be a digger in the vale of sin for precious souls." Mr. Dugdale replied, saying he hoped he might prove all that had been suggested by Brother Andrews' remarks. Misses Annie B. Coffin and Sarah L. Folger read selections, which were well received. Singing was interspersed, in which all joined heartily. After refreshments like all pleasant gatherings, we had to bid each other good night.

The week before February 5th, Mr. Dugdale received a unanimous call, which he accepted. He is highly spoken of by those who know him. The following is taken from the *Watchman*, the leading Baptist paper, which, after speaking of his ordination, etc., says: "Mr. Dugdale seems to be a thoroughly earnest man, who gives promise of much usefulness in the ministry. The churches from which he comes bear strong testimony to his Christian character, and to his success in work among them. He appears to have special qualification for direct personal work. His statement before the council was eminently satisfactory, showing exceptional familiarity with the word of the Scriptures, and exceptionally clear views of their doctrinal teachings." C.

**OUR NEW POSTMASTER.**—President Cleveland has appointed Capt. John M. Winslow as postmaster at Nantucket in place of Mr. Josiah F. Murphey, whose term expired in February last. The new postmaster will soon enter upon the duties of his office. The appointment is a very proper one, the chief magistrate recognizing one of the faithful of his party here as in other sections. We congratulate the new P. M., on his appointment, and wish him success in sailing the postal service of this community.

## THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

In the recent sudden death of Mrs. Lydia G. Gardner, a mother in Israel has passed on to her reward. Faithful over a few things, she is now ruler over many things. Her services in the sick room were invaluable. Cheerful, reliable, and unwearied, she plied her task, doing what she could to relieve suffering in others, herself a silent sufferer. She leaves one daughter, two sons, a grandchild, and near relatives to mourn her loss. True to her post, often a weary watcher, yet vigilant, she has at last folded her tired hands, and is at rest. Thus "He giveth His beloved sleep."

While others slept,  
She, ever watchful, kept her vigil sure;  
Nor breath, nor motion of her patient's pulse  
Escaped unnoticed; and each weary heart,  
O'er which she bent, with ever cheerful face,  
Gained, often a new lease of life for years!  
And now she sleeps, whose tired eyelids oft  
Would fain have closed—the faithful watcher sleeps!  
A. E. J.

**AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.**—A short time since Mr. Heman Eldredge, an employe of the *Brockton Enterprise* while on a visit to his home here, went up harbor on a graping cruise. At the same time his brother, Capt. Jesse Eldredge, was sailing by the island, and thinking he would like a few wild grapes, anchored his vessel off Squam and came ashore. Chance directed both brothers to the same spot, and in the depths of one of these almost impenetrable swamps they encountered each other. The surprise of both may be imagined, since neither imagined the other to be within a hundred miles of Nantucket.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I enclose you the following, if you wish them for your columns:

**Teaching an Office Boy.**—An office boy—a very verdant office boy—came into my counting room about a month ago, and asked, "Is Clark in?" "Is who in?" I inquired. "Clark," repeated the boy. I placed my hand to my ear counterfeiting deafness, and asked, "What Clark?" "Don't know," thundered the boy, "my boss said take this note to Clark's office." "Are you sure he did not say Mister Clark's office," I asked. "Guess he did," was the reply. "Young man," I said, impressively, "every hatchet should have a handle (I was thinking of the late George Washington's little one at the time) and every name a prefix. When you enter an office take off your cap, profit by my admonition, 'Mend your speech a little lest it may mar your fortunes,' and you may yet be President of these United States." The little fellow has been in my counting room several times since, always addressing me as Mr. Clark, and invariably taking off his cap as he enters. His chances for the Presidency, some future time, are fair.

"**Furriner, I guess!**"—A gentleman occupying an office in the same street with myself, had occasion to go out for a short time. He had that morning engaged a very small office boy, and as he opened the street door he addressed him thus: "David, should any one call, say I shall be here again ere the Leviathan can swim a league." The boy's look of amazement could not, by the best of artists, have been transferred to canvas. When the door closed, and the little fellow had caught his breath, all that could be distinctly heard was—"Furriner, (foreigner) I guess!" C.

## THE SWEETNESS OF A POEM.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I often think of that lovable apostle of Unitarianism, the late Rev. William Ellery Channing, and the following words of his: "Man should rise above himself, to a plane where he looks from an eminence on nature and providence, on society and life."

A dear old friend of mine, in the dental profession of twenty-five years ago, and I, were sitting one evening together in his cosy office, more like a poet's study than a dentist's room of inquisition—it was in a distant city—conversing upon spiritual affinities. "Why, my young friend," said old Dr. Stearns, "you, as well as myself, are a Swedenborgian!" I had, all unconsciously, imbibed an idea of Swedenborg—that all life flows from God, but it is modified by the medium receiving it.

It is my delight to leave the arid plains of the world's jargon, once in a while, to loiter among the flower-gemmed by-ways of the Muses. For there I often meet the kindred spirit of Whittier, or Holmes, or Longfellow, those priests of the heart's beatitudes, and I never return to the round of business and daily cares, without bringing with me a soul-refreshment that is ineffable to my senses. It was during one of these ideal rambles in my mind, a few evenings ago, that I plucked by the wayside, a charming new poem, whose sweetness was, as the breath of new-mown hay in this wild winter-time! It was the more charming because I know the writer, whose attractive summer home rises like a bonny castle on the hill of our North Shore, overlooking our land-locked bay, its Brant Point beacon, and the distant harbor-bar;

And far away at sea, the white sails of  
The ships that go about the world!

From her hospitable home in New York State—from a busy city whence the Vicks scatter broadcast their millions of flower-seeds, whose bloom in trellis, and rose-bush, and myriads flora, clambers over porch, and thatch, and roof of rural home, and city mansion, throughout New England—there floated downward to me, silently as a snow-flake, the accompanying poem, whose fragrance I now so freely offer to your many readers as a sweet rosette for the bosom of weary winter, coming fast.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

## NANTUCKET.

BY CAROLINE HILLS.

Whether in cloud or sunshine,  
Whether in storm or calm,  
Ever the island breezes  
Bring us their soothing balm.

And glad some is the daylight  
In summer's frolic reign,  
And happy is the fireside  
When winter winds complain.

Nor envy we the hill-sides,  
Nor miss the babbling brooks,  
Our velvet downs are fragrant  
Where fly the cawing rooks.

The dwarf-pine gives its perfume,  
A sisterhood of flowers  
Decks all the pathless moorland,  
And blooms in hidden bowers.

Weird music of the storm-king  
Makes home the brighter seem;  
Old friends, the tried and trusted,  
Sit by our fireside's gleam.

Here comes the weary pilgrim,  
His footsteps bitter tend;  
Here, hopes his life to brighten  
Till death shall bring the end.

ARTHUR E. JENKS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

**HONOR ROLL.**—The following-named pupils of the High School, having obtained an average of 95 per cent. or over in examination tests, attendance and deportment, are placed upon the Roll of Honor for the term ending January 28th, 1887:

Arthur T. Bearse,  
Mamie Beekman,  
George S. Burdick,  
Anna G. Fish,  
Sarah Lizzie Folger,  
Annie M. Gibbs,  
Mamie Hatch,  
Lottie C. Nye,  
Marion Oberemph,  
Mamie O'Connell,  
Mamie B. Paddock,  
Mamie L. Reyott,  
Edith M. Sandsbury,  
Josie H. Smalley,  
Ida R. Smith,  
Lizzie D. Smith.

The following-named pupils were not absent during the same term:

Addie L. Barney,  
Susie A. Barrett,  
Annie A. Bennett,  
George S. Burdick,  
Florence E. Cash,  
Anna G. Fish,  
Grace Fisher,  
Sarah Lizzie Folger,  
Annie M. Gibbs,  
Mamie Hatch,  
Marion Oberemph,  
Mamie O'Connell,  
Mamie B. Paddock,  
Ellen G. Parker,  
John J. Phelan,  
Nellie B. Pond,  
Mamie L. Reyott,  
Edith M. Sandsbury,  
Ella E. Sandsbury,  
Josie H. Smalley,  
Lizzie D. Smith,  
Chester M. Sylvia.

The following-named pupils were admitted to the High School this week:

Samuel W. Eldridge,  
Freddie B. Hussey,  
Herbert H. Coffin,  
James Johnson,  
John B. Gardner,  
Annie B. Coffin,  
Hannah G. Hatch,  
Lillian Worth,  
Florence Ceeley,  
Clara B. Thomas,  
Mabel Hall,  
Fannie Bradley,  
Willie Cook,  
Grace Horton,  
Cora Dunham,  
Edgar R. Smith,  
Willie R. Cathcart,  
Mabel Parker.

**THE ENGLISH SPARROW.**—From the complaint of a correspondent of the *Agricultural Gazette* (London), given below, it would seem that this much-discussed bird has as bad a reputation at home as he has among certain farmers in this country. He writes:

"You have often called the attention of readers to the general alarming increase of sparrows. The cause of this increase has received your attention. Many of your correspondents have waited over its effects; yet, so far, I think no prescription of drastic measures has been forthcoming to stay the scourge. We have in this neighborhood 'clouds' of sparrows. They follow the manure-cart, the drill, and are never absent in any distribution of corn-food. They devastate the harvest, and, locust-like, devour all the young newly grown green of winter. Beyond this, they disbud the fruit so effectually on extensive plantations, that a remunerative crop becomes impossible. What is to be done to stay the plague—for I assure you it is this to us—is the most pressing question of the day. The usual methods for lessening their numbers have been tried, and have failed. Nests have been systematically taken in the breeding season, gun and net have been unceasingly employed; and, despite last winter's severe weather, they are here—busy, destructive—in vastly increased numbers this year. The direct loss sustained by their ravages, I am assured, is incalculable; and I am not at all sure the indirect is not greater. Why is it that the past few years have been so notable for insect ravage? Why is it we have a lessening number of purely insectivorous birds? Am I wrong in my guessing? Sparrows! sparrows!! We should be

very glad if for us and for others some real remedy could be found."

The above is in some respects applicable to Nantucket. The song-birds that once came among us come hither no more, and fruit trees and other crops are despoiled by these constantly increasing marauders. It is time active measures were taken to rid the island of them, and there are those who are willing to purchase them for table use, as they are delicious eating, and in the South are sold as "reed birds." They cannot be driven away too soon if we desire a return of the robin and other spring and summer birds that are valuable as destroyers of insects.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. Horace Starbuck left here yesterday. He will sail next Wednesday for Europe in company with J. C. F. Gardner, Esq., of New York, and expects to be absent several months, visiting places of interest "over the sea."

Misses Eliza C. Hussey and Eva Gardner and Mrs. Charles E. Burgess are visiting friends on the continent.

Miss Lizzie Riddell, an assistant teacher at the Coffin School, has been confined at home several days by illness. We are glad to announce her convalescent.

Mr. Charles Lovell, who has been confined at home by illness several months, was on the street Wednesday—his first "outing" since he was taken sick.

Mr. Moses Joy, Jr., is in town. He is at present engaged in establishing a water works system at Bennington, Vt., and reports that he is arranging for an extensive system at Petersburg, Va., the charter for which was granted by George II., in 1741. It will be next to the largest water company in the United States.

Dr. Madison Bunker, of Newton, has been elected one of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College Alumni.

G. H. R. Plumb, Esq., of Wilkes-barre, Pa., has removed to this place, and will open a law office. Mr. Plumb comes here for the benefit of his health.

Mr. W. W. McIntosh, who recently sustained a severe fracture of one of his ankles, is doing well, and will be able to attend the Annual Meeting, at which gathering he is always a prominent figure.

"BJORNSON" is the style of fixing this name, so, of course, it is intended to signify a literary genius. There is as much shoddy pretence in literature as in other callings, and it is quite as readily detected. This writer doubtless received at Nantucket during the past summer some attention and courtesies from our people. He was, no doubt, kindly treated by all who came in contact with him, and the number was not a few. He has seen fit to write a letter about Nantucket to a Western newspaper, in which he exhibits a low attempt at caricature of the very parties who endeavored to make his visit agreeable. He has willfully misrepresented persons and things, distorted facts, and stated untruths with a reckless abandon, disgustingly incompatible with a moderate pretence for literary ability, and shockingly below the dead level of an arrant humbug. The newspaper that pays for such contributions gets imposed upon, and the publication of such articles is an imposition upon the reading public. We do not write this paragraph as a defense of our citizens, because they need no defense; but simply to rebuke a literary snob and pretender.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

**OBITUARY.**

**CAPT. JOHN P. BARNARD**, who died Monday morning at the age of eighty-one years, passed the whole prime of his life on the ocean, making several voyages as first officer, and from 1840 to 1844 was in command of ship Massachusetts of New Bedford. Since his retirement from the sea, he was, for many years, employed in the gas works, until disabled by the infirmities of age. He was highly esteemed and leaves an honorable record among us. He had two sons in the country's service, one of whom is now a pensioner, having been severely wounded in the war, and the other, a most promising young man, was captured and died a lingering death in a Southern prison.

**CAPT. PRINCE W. EWER**, a successful ship-master of the old school, died on Friday morning at the age of seventy-eight years. When a mere lad he went to sea on his first voyage in the Constitution of this port, in 1824. His father was second officer of the ship, and was killed by a whale during the voyage, his death being witnessed by the son, who was pulling the stroke oar in his father's boat. But nothing daunted, he pursued his career with energy, and rose through the several grades of promotion to the quarter-deck.

From 1837 to 1841 he was first officer of ship Emily Morgan, of New Bedford, with the late Capt. Shubael Clark, when she brought home upwards of 3000 barrels of sperm oil. He then took command of the Emily Morgan and made three voyages to the Pacific Ocean between the years 1842 and 1854.

In 1855 he sailed in the new ship Henry Taber of New Bedford, making a very successful voyage, and retired with a competency in 1859. Capt. Ewer has been twice married and leaves a widow, also a son by the first marriage who now resides in Ohio.

Dr. George Otis Allen, who died suddenly at his residence in West Roxbury on Monday evening, was born in Norton, Mass., Oct. 25, 1838. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Cyrus W. and Mary F. Allen. He spent one year in the medical department of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., and then became a member of the Harvard Medical School. Soon after the breaking out of the civil war he received the appointment of Medical Cadet in the army, and spent a year in Louisville, Ky., in that capacity. He then returned to Cambridge Medical School to finish his studies. After being graduated he was appointed Volunteer Assistant Surgeon in the navy in the Mississippi squadron. At the close of the war he was for some time in the Naval Hospital, Chelsea, and was also on the Franklin, the flagship of the European squadron, for three years. On his return to this country he was again stationed at the Naval Hospital, Chelsea. He resigned his position in the navy, 1872, to enter into private practice. He went to West Roxbury in 1874. He had been a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society since 1866. He was married to Elizabeth A. Stockbridge of Hanover, Mass., January, 1878. She died in less than a year.—*Boston Journal*, Oct. 5.

**SIASCONSET BRIDGE.**—The County Commissioners, at their regular meeting last Wednesday evening, voted to grant the prayer of the petitioners on the construction and maintenance of a bridge across the ravine which now separates the old village from Sunset Heights. A bridge built by private parties was once maintained over this ravine, but, having been allowed to pass into "innocuous disuse," the public convenience seemed to demand its reconstruction under such authority as would prevent the possibility of its again falling into disuse for want of repairs.



**THE STORY OF THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE BARQUE NAPOLEON'S CREW.**—Full details have been received of the rescue of the sailor Vincent, a Martha's Vineyard man, who is the only survivor of the whaling barque Napoleon, lost in the Arctic seas three years ago. Vincent was found in an Indian village near Natarin. He was in a deplorable condition when rescued. The miserable Indian clothing which partly covered him was tied upon his body in order to keep it from falling off, and his head was shaven in Indian style. When properly clothed and nourished the unfortunate man was able to give a history of his terrible suffering. When the Napoleon was crushed in the ice all hands took to the boats without procuring provisions of any description. Soon after leaving the barque the boats became separated, the one in which Vincent was and another going together. Each of those boats contained nine men who were sometimes on ice and sometimes in the boats for many days. During this time their food consisted of two small seals and the leather of their boots. The weather was bitterly cold and hands, feet, ears and noses became frozen and dropped off. When the boats finally reached the shore only five of the eighteen men comprising their crews remained. Of these, Vincent was the only one who was able to walk. Two of the men who landed died shortly after going ashore, and the natives reported that the survivors ate the flesh off the body of their dead companions. Vincent, the mate, and a sailor alone remained. The two latter succumbed to death during the first winter, and Vincent was left among the natives. He had lived with the Indians for two years and a half.

**PICKING UP THE NAPOLEON'S CREW.**—Hiram Nye, formerly master of bark Fleetwing, of New Bedford, writes to the Boston Journal as follows:

The saying is, "Honor to whom honor is due," and therefore I would correct a mistake in regard to the barque Napoleon and her crew. Whenever there has been mention made of the Napoleon and the rescue of her crew, the cutter T. Corwin has received the credit of picking the men up. I don't think there is any credit or honor in saving human life when you run no risk of your own. I was in the Behring sea in the spring and summer of 1885, and picked up two boats containing fourteen men from the Napoleon, all that was saved at that time, the T. Corwin not being within a thousand miles of the wreck. The first boat I picked up had one dead man, having just breathed his last. When I got the boat alongside I divided the men with other ships, the Thomas Corwin taking them on board later in the season and bringing them to San Francisco.

BETTER BE SOON THAN SORRY, OR, A TALE OF TWO COUPLES.—Rumors of a silver wedding in vogue last week set the news-hungry reporters of both local papers on the *qui vive*, and the results of their enterprising vigilance are given below:

*From the Inquirer and Mirror.*

A worthy couple, dressed in Sunday clothes, set out from their abode Wednesday evening to attend a silver wedding that was set down for the next (Thursday) evening. But the house where the festivities were to occur was in darkness, and the surprised couple went back home to consult their cards of invitation as to the correct date. We have decided to say "nothing as to the identity of the parties, and trust Bro. Gardner of the *Journal*, won't show 'em up."

*What the Journal Reporter Learned.*

A worthy couple, dressed in Sunday clothes, set out from their abode Thursday evening to attend a silver wedding. The house where the festivities were to occur was a blaze of light, but as they ascended the steps the measured tones of a single well-modulated voice instead of the confused chatter of many voices arrested their progress, and by placing their ears to the keyhole they were enabled to hear the closing words of the minister's benediction. Slowly and sadly they wended their way homeward and devoted the remainder of the evening hours to framing a plausible apology for their non-attendance. We have decided to say nothing as to the identity of the parties and trust Bro. Hussey of the *Inquirer and Mirror* won't show 'em up.

A NEW BEDFORD SENSATION.—Considerable excitement was created on Union Street New Bedford, about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon by W. Ferdinand Maey, a well-known artist, who threw open the window of his studio, in the second story of Masonic Building and leaped out. He landed on the awning of Briggs & Lawrence's furniture store. This split under him, and he fell to the sidewalk. The awning broke his fall, and he was not seriously injured. A crowd gathered, and in response to questions he said he jumped to save his life. His clothes were badly torn and his face bruised and bloody. He was in his studio attending to his business, when Alexander Cumming, a brother of Arthur Cumming, teacher of drawing in the public schools, came in and accused him of calling him (Alexander) and his brother liars and cowards. Mr. Maey said that what trouble he had was with Arthur, and he had made an apology for what he said to him. Alexander then struck Mr. Maey, knocked him down and then dragged him around the room by his collar and kicked and otherwise maltreated him. Mr. Maey stood no chance of defending himself from his assailant, who is a very powerful man, and, as he could not escape by the door, when he broke away he jumped from the window. After reaching the sidewalk Mr. Maey went to a drug store and had his wounds dressed and then swore out a warrant against Cumming, who was summoned to the Police Office and allowed to go upon his promise to appear in the District Court next day, when he was fined one cent and costs for assault.

TRAVERSE JURORS.—The following jurors have been drawn to serve as Traverse Jurors at the October sitting of the Superior Court: Richard E. Burgess, William C. Cathcart, Robert B. Coffin, William T. Devlan, George M. Hatch, William S. Hussey, Francis B. Keene, George W. Hooper, Wallace C. Marden, George E. Orpin, Warren F. Ramsdell, Charles M. Thomas, Benjamin F. Wyer 2d, Samuel P. Winslow.

SILVER WEDDING.—A large number of the relatives and friends of Allen Coffin, Esq., and his estimable lady assembled at their residence on Main street last Thursday evening to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Felicitous remarks were offered by Revs. George E. Lightman and Cyrus A. Roys, and Dr. Arthur E. Jenks added a few words of congratulation, closing his remarks by introducing Mr. B. G. Tobey who sang the following verses written for the occasion:

**Silver Wedding Chime.**

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Allen Coffin, on the 25th anniversary of their marriage day.

How beautiful in life's fair morn  
To climb its hill together,  
And thus ascending to its noon  
To hope a longer tether,  
Its hallowed ties bind heart with heart  
In chains that will not sever;  
Then whispering low, "Death cannot part!"  
"Affection lives forever."

And as each hour its sunshine brings,  
Each cloud its "silver lining,"  
Times flies apace on eagle wings,  
God's purposes divining;  
So its sunset bodes a richer glow  
Than morn or noon hath given;  
May yours be wreathed with golden skies,  
A fore-gleam here of Heaven.

The company then personally paid their respects and congratulations to the host and hostess, and the remainder of the evening was passed in social intercourse, enlivened by excellent music by the Sextette orchestra. During the evening a bountiful collation was served and it was at a late hour when the company dispersed. Mr. and Mrs. Coffin were the recipients of many valuable and handsome tokens of esteem.

DEATH OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ESSEX.—"S" (presumably F. C. Sanford, Esq.,) contributes the following to the *Inquirer and Mirror*:

Died in Osterville, Mass., September 12, Mr. Seth Weeks, the last survivor of the ill-fated ship Essex.

His eventful life commenced here in 1819, when he was 16 years old. I say eventful, as he was a junior member of the ill-fated ship Essex, Capt. George Pollard, Jr., which sailed from here in August, 68 years ago, for the Pacific Ocean, and was exceedingly successful until November 20, 1821, when a school of whales was reported by the mast-head, and the boats were soon in pursuit. The first mate, Mr. Owen Chase, attacked one huge fellow, and in the encounter his boat was stove, and he was compelled to make for the ship and take her on board for repairs. While at work upon his boat, the huge, enraged whale came savagely for the ship striking her upon the port bow, making her reel and shake like an aspen leaf. The pumps were tried and the ship was found to be leaking slightly. The whale, after going a short distance, turned and came again for the ship, striking her upon the bow, just below the cat-head, staying a prodigious hole. The ship settled down, turned over upon her side and was soon a sunken wreck. The boats had been called, and soon came up to witness the horrid spectacle.

Capt. Pollard, as soon as possible, arranged the boats, visited the wreck and cut holes in her and procured provisions for what proved a momentous voyage to the coast of Chili. Capt. Pollard and Mr. Chase were picked up in their boats off St. Mary's in February and March, 1821. The sufferings in the 90 days were beyond anything we ever read of. Mr. Week's was one of three of the crew left at Duce's Island on the way up the coast. When the captain and mate were brought into Valparaiso, Commodore John Downs had just arrived from the United States in the frigate Macedonian, to relieve Commodore Ridgley, in the Constellation, upon that coast, and agreed with an English shipmaster to stop on his way to Sidney, N. S. W., and take these three men off, which he did, carrying them to Sidney, and then to London. Weeks and Wright took passage in the ship "London Packet," and arrived in Boston in June, 1822. Weeks has remained at his home. He became blind for some years past, and ended his life in sweet peace and quiet among his own people, always highly respected and honored.

**'Sconset Visitor**

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER, 22, 1887.

**The Deserted Seaside.**

AUTUMN FEATURES OF 'SCONSET—COLD SURF BATHS, ABANDONED CATS, &C.

Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Sept. 24, 1887.—'Sconset by degrees is becoming the deserted village. The summer tents are being folded up. The cottagers are stealing away. A large summer house near where these lines are written closed yesterday. To-night its lights no longer shine. It stands now alone, a barred up, gloomy shell, and will so remain till next June. It was tenanted by a large family—mostly females.

Yes, 'Sconset is folding up. In a few weeks the eleven miles and a quarter Nantucket railroad will cease to run. A pleasant railroad it is—a family, one-horse, narrow-gauge railroad, and its trains roll—jiggle, jiggle, joggle—over the sand hills, always in sight of the surf on one side, a few feet distant, while on the other Nantucket's flat expanse stretches out mile on mile, blotched with patches of color in appearance the very counterpart of the old time Illinois prairie before tree culture thereon had reached its present development. People from the continent of America, sick, nervous and necessarily ill-tempered people; sick children, in fact, who want everything that was not good for them and who would cry for it the more in proportion as it was bad for them, come here and grumble because the Nantucket stomach shaking and health agitating railroad is so rough and does not shoot them with rifle ball speed from Nantucket to 'Sconset, and vice versa. They can't see that the gentle roughness of the road is giving their stomachs the very motion and exercise those stomachs need in order to digest their food. The people who run this road know better what's good for the stranger's health than does the stranger himself.

**CATCHING AN OWL.**

The train was on its way one morning and the fireman or engineer saw a young owl near the track, and he wanted to catch it and he stopped the train to catch it and did catch it. It was a young owl, a brown owl, with big, glittering eyes and a beak sharp enough to snap a small chop out of your finger just as you would bite a piece out of an apple. They kept him in the baggage car tool chest all day. When it was opened he winked and blinked at everybody as grave looking, wise and dignified as any other owl on the Supreme Court, and at night the humane engineer let him go to his original field of darkness.

**THE EVER PRESENT SKETCHER.**

One who tarries here now misses many of the past summer's acquaintance. He misses the lady artist who was always sketching the 'Sconset village pump. It was not always the same lady artist. Sometimes she was young, sometimes not so young, but a lady artist was always there in a certain corner of the street firing her artistic soul at the pump. She had been told the pump was both venerable and picturesque, and that the native 'Sconseters had drawn what little water they used from that well for over a hundred years. Hence she must sketch it.

Now she has gone. The corner where she sat is cold. The fire is out. Only the pump remains, brooding over the past.

**AUTUMNAL SURF BATHING.**

Compared with a few weeks since the beach is quite deserted. A few of the more courageous now venture a noon bath in the surf and emerge into the autumn air. They are tough, bold, hardy men. They go in chattering and shivering and when out in the air again they become blue as old cheese, and when you get at what they endeavor to say, as their teeth chatter, you will discover that they are trying to tell you what a healthy, invigorating thing is a sea bath on a Sep-

tember day. Then they go to their cottages, sit in a blanket by the kitchen stove and swallow more or less rum to get up a reaction. You have no idea what an invigorating thing is an autumnal salt sea bath, providing you take a half pint of old Medford rum just before you go in, and another half pint immediately on coming out. It seems to clinch into you all the life and vigor and inspiration of the rolling surf and the deep blue sea.

The mercury here stands at midday only three or four degrees above a "temperate."

**DESERTED CATS.**

Another peculiarity of the declining season is cats—cats left behind by departed cottagers; pretty cats, cruelly deserted by former masters and mistresses; cats which now hang about these barred up houses and howl and lament night and day, but more especially at night; cats which wander to houses still occupied, in search of food, shelter and consolation. It is a cruel thing so to leave one's cat behind. It would be more merciful to give him or her a dose of chloroform, and so release whatever soul or spirit a cat may have and allow it to get to and remain in whatever spiritual world belongs to cats.

**'SCONSET'S AUTUMNAL CLIMATE.**

The 'Sconset climate and its mental influence is more dreamy now than in mid-summer. It predisposes even more to eating sleeping and a certain restful and healthy lethargy. It tends to do away with all sense of the passage of time or the necessity of marking its passages by timepieces. People here wonder where the day goes. It is eight o'clock A. M., and the next minute, apparently, it is nine, and the first thing you know it is noon, and then night. "Where does the day go?" Well a good deal of it goes for digestion.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

With to-day's issue the publication of the *SCONSET VISITOR* ceases for the season. Its patrons are invited to transfer their subscriptions to the *Nantucket Journal* for the remainder of the year.

**COMMUNICATED.**

Luckily I brought home with me the words "quaint" and "queer" which have ill graced the articles written upon Nantucket and 'Sconset, and hope either to place them alongside of Farthing street or a moss-covered roof upon North Main street, or upon the big chimney or brass door knocker in Pawtucket, or invite the students of Brown to bury them with Whately, hoping the season of 1888 to be devoid of the showers of the "queer."

Who, if possessed with any inborn element of affection of memory, does not through his whole life cherish some hidden treasure kept sacred from an occasional idle hour to brighten a rainy day for himself? Be it my token to have the beloved land of 'Sconset buried deep in my heart and if I must take credence and pride in the world's progress let it come where it belongs in our cities, in our commercial ports where there is wealth to aid and strengthen them without battling for it.

Tho' Providence has blest me with a happy home, and Narragansett bay has its charms and Newport is now unsurpassed in loveliness of shadow and shade, by autumnal tints, tho' a ride to Roger Williams Park is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, I turn from the enchantment of Reeves' band as it sends its sweet notes across Crystal lake, through the tall cedars, and from the silken mane of my ever willing and beautiful "Chiquita," to Nantucket, for

"I love that dear old home my mother lived there Her first sweet marriage years and last sad widow ones,

The sunlight there seems to me brighter far Than wheresoever else, I know the forms Of every shrub and bill, vale and dell

It is my home."  
We leave this home in youth  
No matter to what end  
And coming back in a few short years we find  
All as we left it outside the old house  
The grass, the gates and latches' self same creak  
But lift that latchet!

Ah let me not add that  
'All is changed as doom."

Let me behold the home as one memento which shall forever remain unchanged, through the long vista of years, let me cherish that hand which shall have kept the home of

RESIGNATION.—Mr. F. B. Smith has tendered his resignation as keeper of Brant Point light, which position he has held for the last nine years.

From a table recently printed, it appears that Nantucket has sixty-four pensioners, and receives quarterly the sum of \$2276. Two of the pensioners are widows of soldiers who served in war of 1813.

Unmelted in the bottom lay  
To shine again when all drunk up  
The bitterness should pass away."  
Unblessed and swiftly pass the days, but  
not too soon will the roses bloom again only  
as a reminder perhaps that Nantucket's blessings follow.

my youth, the one loving heart, tender and true to the sacred home fireside of my mother. Some one lingers to bid us farewell and a stifled "God bless you" as we depart from the good shore of Nantucket, and sailing away over the big waves we trust bravely that the precious pearl of Hope in sorrow's cup

## Tuckernuck's Side of the Bluefish Question.

TUCKERNUCK, Sept. 27th, 1887.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Why are the people of Nantucket down on the Tuckernuck people? The majority of these islanders are sober, hard-working men.

It is said by a correspondent in your paper, that Tuckernucks were to blame for the scarcity of bluefish. Are not the people of Nantucket as much to blame as the Tuckernucks? It is a well-known fact that there are more nets set by Nantucket people from Dry Shoal, (off Eel Point) to Great Point than there are by Tuckernucks—yes, more than double. When permits were given to sets nets on the south side of Nantucket and Tuckernuck, the people of Tuckernuck petitioned the Selectmen to revoke those permits, but they would not do so. Who were the first to set nets on the south side? The Fish Wardens put in by the people of Nantucket.

A great deal has been said about the "spawning-ground of the bluefish between Tuckernuck, Muskeget and Gravelly islands," which is all nonsense. There is not a man living who knows where they spawn. The act takes place where Nature overtakes them, whether it be in inside waters or outside. They are found in all stages during the summer; some that have just spawned, others nearly ready, while still others would not be ready for some time. Bluefish follow the bait, whether it be inside or out. The fish that were taken inside last year, were full of crabs found lying between Tuckernuck and Muskeget; when they had gathered these all up, they left for other feeding grounds. A few men caught good furs for two or three days; those who set their nets after the show was over and did not get much of a catch, kicked up a muss about the lines of said fishing grounds.

"There is not one-twentieth part of the fish that were on our coast twenty years ago." Why? Because so many along our coast are after them and the bait they feed on. The menhaden, which were the best food known for the bluefish, are no longer around our shores. They are either caught or driven to sea. Where there is no bait, a fleet of boats will drive off bluefish about as quickly as nets will. The boatmen do not seem to realize this fact. Once men could go on the south side of Nantucket and Tuckernuck with sail boats and get good fares of fish, but the last six or seven years they could do nothing with them in sail boats, though the dories did well, sometimes loading. Then they began to fall off, not because there was any scarcity of fish, but because they would not bite; yet there were no nets set on the south side then, as has been said to be the case this year.

Which is best for the town, a few strangers and a dozen boats to catch the fish for pleasure, or the protection of those who fish for a living? I was told by the cashier of your bank that \$75,000 worth of business was done yearly through the bank by fishermen. How much is left on the island by strangers? The most is carried away when the summer season is over. The pleasure boats, in a good season, bring in perhaps \$5,000; the fishermen \$75,000. Now, Mr. Editor, which leaves the most money in Nantucket, fishermen or strangers?

Nantucket may make laws to protect bluefish for the benefit of strangers, debarring her own people from catching them with nets to eke out a living, while strangers come all around the island and catch them for pleasure and the markets, and nothing be said. So long as bluefish are worth the prices they bring now, just so long will they be caught with nets and any other appliances that fishermen can bring to bear upon them. If they diminish in the next five years as they have in the last five, all the laws Nantucket can make will not save them. But she will cry when too late, "Why didn't I catch them while they were to be had for the catching?"

The whole cause of bluefish being scarce is the scarcity of menhaden on our shores, and the general harassing of the fish from one end of our coast to the other, by all the appliances that man can invent.

All that can give us any real help is the United States. If she will make laws to sweep everything from our waters, except lines, then we may have bluefish as we did twenty-five years ago, but not for ten or fifteen cents apiece, as one of your correspondents suggests; that is past, they are too widely known now to be sold so low.

Respectfully,

A TUCKERNUCKER,

Who has fished for thirty years.

HENRY B. WORTH,

Attorney-at-Law,

WATER STREET,

NEW BEDFORD,

MASS.

WITH JUDGE PRESCOTT.

107-15

ANOTHER OPINION.—"I read your article of a fortnight ago about the absence of the bluefish," remarked a thoughtful gentleman to a reporter of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, Thursday, "and I believe with the majority of those interviewed,—that nets have done it. But I have seen other causes act in connection with nets to produce this result (drive away the fish), and will name it. When seines were first being introduced in these waters, I used to be boating considerable, and I noticed that every time one of the smacks would come down near Tuckernuck and drop her nets, our boat fishing would cease, and we would catch no more fish while these seines were in the water. When they were taken up, the fish were there again. One day, when in the vicinity mentioned, it was calm and I noticed the nets were full of fish, and at the same time saw the fins of several sharks near by. This set me to thinking, and I questioned if these hungry monsters, attracted by the fish in the nets, did not also tend to drive the bluefish away, and I am satisfied such was the case at that time, for the numbers increased while I remained there. Again this influence of the shark was made apparent to me on another occasion when one or two men were catching bluefish lively from the beach. Suddenly the fish were gone. What's the matter, I asked. The reply from an old-timer was that a shark had come along. I laughed. You wait and see, said the veteran, and he cast a well-baited hook into the sea. It was not ten minutes before he had a big shark captured, and not twenty minutes after that the fish were biting lively again. This assured me that the nets caught fish, which tolled the sharks, and together they demoralized the fishery. And that's all there is to it. The bait theory is all nonsense. Take out the nets and we'll have plenty of bluefish to eat again at fifteen cents each and not have to go bluefish hungry for the lack of a Rothschild's pocket-book to draw upon to appease it."

CONCERT.—The concert to be given next week for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society promises to be something unique as well as entertaining. The Scandinavian Quartette, of Boston, have been engaged for the occasion. The quartette is made up as follows: Sopranos, Miss Maude Nichols, Miss Ella Marie Stevens; altos, Miss M. Gertrude Hillman, Miss Greta Roosen. These artistes will appear in the distinctive national costume of Sweden, and are said to be extremely prepossessing in their dresses and quaint head-gear. The small bills will give full particulars.

Mrs. R. Gardner Chase, of Boston, has donated to the Nantucket Atheneum a number of volumes adapted and selected with great care especially for the juvenile mind. The trustees have accepted the donation with thanks, and the book committee has been instructed to have them arranged in a special alcove, to be called the "Chase Alcove."

OBITUARY.—Capt. Timothy H. Fisher, who died on Wednesday evening last at the age of sixty-four years, had spent a large portion of his life on the sea, and bore a high reputation as a daring and skillful whaler. He first went to sea with the late Capt. William Plaskett, in the ship Clarkson of this port, in 1834, and rose through all the grades of his profession. He was first officer with the late Capt. Elisha H. Fisher, in ship China, of New Bedford, and afterwards first officer in the ship Sylph, of Fairhaven, when she was shipwrecked at one of the Cape Verde Islands.

In 1854 he sailed in command of bark Osprey, of New Bedford, and subsequently had charge of bark Clara Bell from the same port, making also some voyages in the merchant service. For a number of years past he has kept a popular boarding house at his residence on Union street. He leaves a widow, and one son who has also followed the profession of a seaman, and is now absent in foreign parts.

At his home, "Sunnyside Apiary," five miles northeast of Napa, Joseph D. Enas died at 2, a. m., Saturday morning, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Enas was a native of Massachusetts, aged 53 years. He was an active, enterprising citizen and since his settlement in Napa county had given much of his attention to the handling of honey bees. On all matters bearing upon the apiary he was considered excellent authority. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—An entertainment in legerdemain and conjuring was given by Master Wilfred Bancroft, of Philadelphia, at the Sea Cliff, last Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society of Nantucket. The proceeds of the entertainment amounted to \$7.25, and will be forwarded to the Society at an early date. The young conjurer, although only thirteen years of age, performed with the utmost self-possession and skill.

That piratical tale is a hoax,  
But it furnishes food for rough jokes;  
They're enjoyed just the same  
If the freebooter's name  
Was Baxter, or Johnson, or Stokes.

As no craft of that name, "Nancy Jo,"  
From the port of Nantucket did go,  
The whole yarn is a myth  
Like that of John Smith,  
And won't stand any kind of a show.

It makes the heart stop, then beat faster,  
To recall the "Globe's" tragic disaster;  
And the fact is too clear  
That that arch mutineer  
Was the son of our Quaker schoolmaster.

It doesn't by any means low  
That each bloody yarn we must swallow,  
The Globe's mutiny was true  
As too many men knew,  
And truth may beat fiction all hollow.

The last yarn so far back is dated  
Is scarcely worth being related;  
Don't rake up old lies  
To throw dust in our eyes,  
And let Baxter be exonerated.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

Guaranteed Circulation, 1350 Copies.

—DURING the recent heated term, a western story came to us that two thermometers had to be spliced to record the correct measurement of the heat. Our Zip at once commenced experimenting on the splice, with the following result: "Monday, August 1. First thermometer—Hot, hotter, hottest. Second thermometer—Hottentot, hottentotist, hottentotistical." At this point he was ordered to put away the machine, because such weather no more deserved a record than an Arab a sun umbrella.

THE FUNERAL of Mr. Joseph S. Doyle, late proprietor of The Nantucket, occurred Monday afternoon. Services were held at his late residence on North Water street, Rev. L. S. Baker officiating. There was a lengthy funeral procession. The remains were entombed at Prospect Hill Cemetery, where they will be buried.

T. E. Bowman & Co., being on the ground and doing a restricted business, to which they give personal care, after loaning over a million and a half of dollars, have not a single loan in process of foreclosure or one that is not amply secured. See their advertisement.

THIEVING IN 'SCONSET.—On Thursday night some thieves made an excursion through the village, committing depredations upon the property of residents. Some ornaments decorating the grounds in front of the residence of Col. P. J. Yorke, of New York city, were removed. Also a bust of Washington in front of the residence of Mr. Frank McArthur of New York. Several gates were unswung and removed. A buggy was stolen from the residence of George H. Sylvester, and another from F. J. Crosby, and signs of Mr. A. T. Mowry, announcing property for sale. All these were taken and left at the village pump. Several gates were taken and left in other localities. They also took a wheelbarrow of wood of Asa P. Jones. A wagon belonging to Frederick Pitman was thrown down the bank. Mr. E. F. Underhill has offered a reward of twenty dollars for information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

YACHT TILLIE.—The other day Mr. Ives sent his check for \$87,000 to William H. Starbuck for the steamer yacht Tillie. The yacht has quite a history. She was formerly known as the Polynia, and was built by Mr. James Gordon Bennett before he wanted the Namouna, at a cost of \$150,000. One day Mr. Bennett telegraphed instructions to sell the Polynia, then lying in the Erie basin, at auction, to the highest bidder. There was only a small attendance at the sale. Among those in attendance was William H. Starbuck, who is just now prominent in connection with the purchase of the control of the little Derby railroad from the city of New Haven, as a connection of the New York and New England Railroad, of which he is a director. The auctioneer appealed to Mr. Starbuck, and he bid \$16,000, and there being no other bid and no reserved price, the floating palace was promptly knocked down to him for that insignificant sum. Mr. Starbuck had the yacht shortened about one-third, by cutting her in two aft of the engines, at an outlay of \$40,000. Last season he sailed her under the flag of the American Steam Yacht Club.

ROBERT B. COFFIN,

Agent for the purchase and sale of

REAL ESTATE IN SCONSET,

NANTUCKET, MASS.

Offers his house and land on Main street; also, many desirable house lots in various locations. One furnished cottage to let for the season. je1-17

CROWELL G. MACY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

261 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.

Collections made in all parts of the country. Investments made and estates managed. je1-17

OBITUARY.

Capt. Allen H. Gifford, whose death we record to-day, passed away on Tuesday morning last after a brief illness with pneumonia. Capt. Gifford was for many years engaged in the coasting trade. Prior to the employment of steamers for that purpose, he commanded the U. S. supply schooner Active, which carried supplies to the various government stations in this district. Later he commanded the South Shoal lightship, and also commanded yacht Sea Drift for a number of years. As a pilot Capt. Gifford was widely known. For the past dozen years or more Capt. Gifford has resided on shore. He has been twice married and leaves a widow and two children—a son and daughter.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. William C. Ray cut his wrist severely with a hatchet, Wednesday, while at work upon Dr. W. H. Workman's new building at the Cliff.

The County Commissioners on Saturday laid out a road as petition for from the head of Main St., to Madaket, via Massasoit bridge.

DEATHS.

In this town, 18th inst., Capt. Allen H. Gifford, aged 76 years, 10 months, 15 days.  
In Sandwich, 17th inst., Lucy, widow of George Parker of this town, aged 79 years, 17 days.  
In Boston, 10th inst., Caroline G., widow of Abraham Lovell, aged 72 years, 7 months.—The remains were brought here Wednesday for interment.

SIASCONSET ITEMS.

On the 5th inst., Mrs. A. P. Jones celebrated her 70th birthday, by entertaining a large number of her town friends. Capt. Stephen Bailey & wife are sojourning at Castle Comfort.

A unique kind of social entertainment styled the "Bubble Party," was held one evening last week. At a late hour the bubble bursted, and the party left for their homes much pleased with their entertainment.

Through the kindness of Mr. R. B. Hussey of the *Inquirer and Mirror* who is making his annual visit, the village receives its mail every night.

Monday evening of last week one of the Broadway parlors was brilliantly illuminated for a few invited guests to enjoy a "Donkey Party."

A Donkey Party is a very interesting parlor entertainment, the object being to blindfold in turn, each person present and then place in their hands a tail and pin, turn them around a few times and leave them to find the donkey, which is painted on a piece of cloth, and a pin on the tail where they think it belongs. The one getting the nearest right has the first prize, and the one the farthest off gets the second or booby prize. These pleasing entertainments tend to enliven the long fall evenings.

Under the head "Cape Cod Items," the Boston Globe groups five paragraphs. They refer in their order to events in the following places: Acushnet, Mattapoisett, Nantucket, Onset, and Marion. The density of ignorance in Boston newspaper offices concerning southern Massachusetts geography astonishes the primary school children of this end of the state.

COD-FISH.—The first cod-fish of the season were taken off Sconset Monday and large fares followed the succeeding day.

Ice half an inch thick was reported in some localities on the island Sunday morning.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Ladies' Howard Society was held at their rooms on the 12th inst. Officers were chosen for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck; vice-presidents, Mrs. Charlotte A. Brock, Mrs. Judith J. Fish; secretary, Mrs. Mary R. Freeborn; treasurer, Mrs. Ann M. Coffin. The superintending committee were reelected with the addition of Mrs. Mary A. Starbuck and Mrs. Sarah C. Raymond. Visiting committee same as last year.

POLPIS ROAD.—In consequence of the vast amount of trucking required to transport lumber to Sankaty, the new Sconset road via Polpis has become badly rutted and cut up in many places. It should receive prompt attention, for in view of the amount of money already spent upon it, it is too bad to allow this fine road to remain out of repair and grow worse, as it necessarily must if not attended to.

REAL ESTATE.—The William B. Chase house on Academy Hill has been sold to Miss Madeleine C. Mixer, of Boston.

A. T. Mowry, real estate agent, reports the sale of four cottage lots at the Cliff, to Mr. A. T. Pierce, of Waltham, Mass.

The John Gardner homestead, more recently known as the Dr. Ellis estate, on Broad street, has been sold to Mrs. George W. Hooper.

For a tract of land on the north shore of the island, which less than five years ago was purchased for \$300, an offer of \$6000 has recently been made and refused, the asking price, it is said, being \$1000 in advance of the sum offered.

For The *Inquirer and Mirror*.

MERITED TRIBUTE.

Editor of The *Inquirer and Mirror*:

In the retirement of Mrs. Benjamin Robinson, as organist of St. Paul's Church, it is justly her due to say that her services have been marked by fidelity and musical ability. Visiting church-people have often spoken of her faithful labors, and her work shall not go unrewarded. Called to "pass under the rod" of bereavement, she continued her service, patiently enduring; and with a resignation known only to Him "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." Let it be recorded of Mrs. Robinson, that as a capable and efficient organist of St. Paul's Church, "she hath done what she could."

A. E. J.

THE SEASON ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—"C. C. C." writes from Nantucket to the *American Angler* under date of October 4th, as follows:

It is something unusual for blue-fish to be caught so late in the season around this island. The boats average about twenty-five a day. Bait is reported plenty, which may account for their presence so late. The prospects of a good codfishing season are encouraging. The revenue from these fish alone foots up some thousands of dollars in this place. The class of people deriving a benefit from fishing are those who need it most. The skill which our fishermen display in passing through the surf is something wonderful—hardly ever an accident of any kind occurs. The South Sea Islanders have been noted for their skill in handling their canoes in the surf of islands. Our fishermen are fully equal to them. Some years ago, during an ice embargo, our mail steamers were compelled to land the mails on the outside of our island. The surf at times was unusually rough. The Norcross brothers were employed to board the steamer to transport the mails ashore. They passed through the surf fourteen times without (comparatively speaking) getting a drop of water in their boats. The crews of our life-saving stations are composed of such men on this island who, if there is a ghost of a chance to render assistance to distressed vessels, will do it. The incidents related may be foreign to fishing, but it shows the class of men who command our yachts and carry parties out fishing.

Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

A gray horse belonging to Mr. R. B. Coffin, Sconset, died of colic, Wednesday.

Large quantities of large mackerel were caught in the outer bay Wednesday by the fishermen.

The new lantern for Sankaty Head lighthouse has arrived, and is being transported to that point.

A sharp air Thursday morning, and ice formed of window-glass thickness during the night previous.

The Island Home put out yesterday, but was obliged to return, owing to the stormy northwest gale.

The annual harvest concert will be held in the North Church vestry Sunday evening, at 7.15 o'clock.

An original pension has been allowed Edward H. Wing, of Nantucket, who served in the United States Navy.

Our bulletins giving election returns were scanned during the evening, Tuesday, by an interested crowd of people.

Mr. Edward R. Folger has in his possession a cane made from a piece of wood that entered into the construction of the first printing press ever brought to the island. His father, Hon. Walter Folger, who formerly printed the bank bills thereon.

The prize, five dollars, offered by Leedom Sharp, Esq., to the pupils of the Coffin School for the best essay on "The Advantages of a Protective Tariff to Manufacturers," has been awarded to William A. Smith. Mr. Sharp now offers two prizes for the best essays on some subject, to be chosen soon.

PERSONAL.—Rev. J. B. Morrison, who has been visiting Nantucket, returned home by Thursday's steamer.

Mrs. A. E. Wilcox left Nantucket by last Thursday's boat, for New Brighton, Staten Island, New York.

Mr. James H. Cary, formerly of this town, has established himself at Woonsocket, R. I., as an electrical engineer and dealer in electrical supplies.

Rev. Arthur M. Knapp, son of the late Rev. Wm. H. Knapp, a representative of the American Unitarian Association, is about to embark for Japan to introduce Unitarianism there. Farewell exercises were held last Sunday, at the Second Church, Boston, in honor of the occasion. Mr. Knapp graduated first in the Boston Latin School class of 1859. He was a pupil in the Nantucket public schools during his father's pastorate here.

NANTUCKET OUT OF SEASON.

"Just as our mellowest days arrive, and the landscape is loveliest, our summer visitors depart," remarked an old resident of Nantucket to me, with a glance at the crowds on the wharf awaiting the steamer's departure one bright September day. He spoke the truth. Of the thousands who visited the island last summer few remained until mid-September, though the most enjoyable season was then just beginning. June is a pleasant month, but apt to be marred by cold storms. July and August are cool, but there is fog. September is the halcyon month. From the first to the twentieth one can count on crisp, golden days without a cloud, and after the "line storm" there comes another season of pleasant weather, so fine and so long continued that roses bloomed in the open air through the last fall until December 5, or perhaps December 6, until which date the first killing frost was deferred.

In such days more pleasant than ever is an excursion to "Sconset" over the little narrow-gauge railroad opened last season. "Sconset" (or Siasconset, to give it its baptismal name) lies, as so many of your readers know, away on the eastern side of the island, some eight miles in a direct line over the bare, breezy downs. Our railroad, however, skirts the straight line, and goes first across the island to the south side, and then along the ocean front to its destination, making eleven miles out of the eight. The ride is a unique one in many respects. The locomotive is small—about half the usual size—and the cars are light but clean and comfortable. We take them at the steamboat wharf and thread the old town by the waterside, through a narrow street once rutted deep by loads of oil

and "sparmecity," and barred by the shadows of tall spars of world-worn wharves lying at the wharf; but getting clear of the town, we plunge at once into the wild waste of slightly rolling downs that compose the larger part of the Island of Nantucket. It is a mystery that some race of farmers does not come and capture the island and utilize these thousands of acres of waste lands, which, I am told, with proper cultivation, can be made to produce abundantly. Under the early Quaker owners large flocks of sheep were pastured here, the annual washing and shearing in June being the great festival of the year, when wanderers and friends on the mainland made a point of being present, and much feasting and innocent mirth and jollity were indulged in; but of late the flocks have been gradually vanishing from the pastures, and the pastures themselves are as wild and desolate as a Montana prairie.

Our ambitious little locomotive speeds straight across the island, here but three miles wide, and stops at Surfside, on the southern shore. Here is a large summer hotel that finds no lack of patrons during the season. From Surfside to Siasconset, eight miles, there is not a house, except the stations of the Massachusetts Humane Society, which dot the coast at intervals of four miles, and serve as havens of refuge for such shipwrecked seamen as may reach the shore alive. The road goes down into the wave-like undulations which give the moors something of the appearance of a troubled sea, and climbs the opposing crest. Now it rattles along the strand close by the breakers, and the next moment skirts the edge of ragged, storm-beaten bluffs far above the tide. On one side is the illimitable ocean, and on the other the waste downs, with horizon unchecked except by the distant sea line. And in autumn these downs are literally covered with flowers; golden-rod, small, stunted, on the uplands, tall and luxuriant in the hollows, a purple bell-shaped flower called by the natives the century plant, another known as the purple Gerryda, and a fourth small yellow flower whose name I could not learn. These occur singly, but are generally disposed in large beds.

And after these charms of the waste comes "Sconset." The reader who has never looked on it has missed one of the corners of the earth. It is, or was, a little fishing hamlet of box-like cabins, perched on a mighty bluff forever engaged in buffeting the ocean and forever getting the worst of it. Now two large hotels and a hundred modern cottages, inhabited during the season by a little colony of pleasant people—literary, artistic, and otherwise—have subtracted somewhat from the fishy old-man-of-the-sea aspect of the place. Still the quaint picturesque element holds its own well, some of the new comers having taken pains to foster and develop it. A stroll down Broadway (the name is given in irony, for the way is so narrow that a dray-load of fish or furniture—the only commodities ever seen in it—can with difficulty pass), will introduce one at once to this feature. Most of the houses here are minute cottages, with the eaves so low that one can readily touch them with upstretched hand. Most of them bear the name of the cottage over the doorway lettered on a board or storm-beaten figurehead won from a wreck. "Heart's Ease," "Castle Bannock," "Clover Nook," "Nauticon Lodge," "Sandiland Villa," "Bonnie Castle," "Auld Lang Syne," "Barnaby Lodge," "Shanunga," "Nonantum, 1753," "Micawber's Retreat," "Wanacknamack Lodge," were a few of the names transferred to our note-book as we passed. These cottages are mostly occupied by summer visitors. Their antiquity is their chief charm. Enter one and you will see how space may be economized, and how prone the ancient architect was to build on the nautical plan. The sleeping chambers were reached by a step-ladder precisely like those used in descending to the cabin of a fishing smack or for climbing a vessel's side, while the "best room" was finished like a ship's cabin with projecting beams and corners beaded and ornamented with rude carving. They rent by the season for about as much as it must have cost to build them. There are a few old sea dogs left of the scores that once called "Sconset" home. By good luck we encountered one, on the sands under the bluffs, and sat down for a chat—friends at once by that subtle freemasonry which enables travelled men to recognize one another. Many were the tales he told of wrecks and strange sea adventures.

One proved quite distinctive. "I suppose I'm the only master," said he, "that ever lost a foremast on a fair day from pure rottenness. It happened on the clipper ship *Samuel Wright*, of Salem, bound in at the time for the coast of Peru. It was about 6 in the afternoon; there was a light breeze, so that fore'st, foretop'st, foretopmaststunnins'l, and foretopgallants'l were all set, when, chancing to glance up, there was daylight right through my foremast, and the next moment she came down with a crash, rotted and powder-posted clean off, just below the eyes of the rigging. Well, we had to jump; get up aftersails and mains'l to prevent the ship comin' to. Then we went to work clearing the wreck, and in four hours we had everything ship-shape again. But suppose that had happened in foul weather, and why it didn't Jack's good angel knows, for the ship had met more than one gale since leaving port."

"Sconset," however, is scarcely so prolific of ghostly fancies as Nantucket itself. The waterfront of this ancient town has been much modernized, and the streets adjacent half-way up the bluffs are given up to hotels, boarding-houses,

and dwellings of the more advanced and fashionable residents. One must climb to the top of the Mill Hills—so called because here once were the wind-mills which ground the islander's grain, and now may be seen one of the venerable structure, the last of its race—one must scale these hills to possess himself of the true flavor and glamour of the village. There has been little change here since the days of the island's greatest glory. Here on a corner you may still see the square upright and downright mansion of the old sea captain or merchant, with its garden and pleasure grounds in the rear, its flight of steps leading from the street to the front door, still bearing its old-fashioned brass knocker, and on the ridgepole about the chimney the railed platform, like a ship's bridge, whereon, back and forth the merchant was wont to pace, glass in hand, whenever a ship or ships were expected—to be perhaps his own first discoverer, though not always, for at such times there were sure to be scores of far-sighted eyes

NATURE OF THE P.Y. COMMANDER.

on the lookout. A whale-ship carried fifty of the best men on the island, each of whom left wife, children, sweetheart, or parent behind, and the return of such a ship after a three years' voyage interested the whole community.

Strolling up from this "lookout quarter," with a friend, to the bare, wind-swept hills above, he drew such a scene as was sometimes witnessed, when the town had a hundred stout whalers at sea, and two or three sometimes made the harbor at once, racing neck and heels together. "Whether the lookout who first discovered the little cloud-like sail far down the horizon was on the beacon at the mouth of the harbor, or on the tower of a windmill," he began, "the news spread with marvellous rapidity. The merchant left his counting-room, the tradesman his wares, the smith his bench or anvil, the housewife forgot her household affairs, rich and poor, young and old, crowded to the hills, leaving for the once the town depopulated. It was a strangely costumed crowd then gathered here. The broad brim and drab coat of the merchant contrasted with the paper cap and smutty overshirt of the artisan, and the drab bonnet or jaunty hat of the wealthy matron and maid with the housewife's whose only headgear was a handkerchief or corner of her homespun apron. But no one noticed the incongruity; all eyes were turned seaward where the coming ship had now raised her topsails and was seen to be a large three-master, with heavy spars, such as were built on the island in those days. The crowd waited breathlessly for some signal to denote the name and fortune of the craft; by and by one discerns in the foretop-sail the outlines of a huge fish painted in the canvas, and sings out, 'The Grampus, Capt. Seth Macy.' Then those with relatives on board clasp hands; but when a few minutes later, she sets signals which Jacob Rotch, the owner, translates by his pocket signal-book, 'All well, 3,000 barrels,' even Quaker human nature asserts itself, and a shout goes up that startles the flocks by Miacomet; it startles the ears of the far-off sailors too, who jump to the shrouds, show themselves on the tightly braced yards and on every other conspicuous point, and give a roar such as only the rough throats of men used to speaking in hurricanes can produce, while their stiff tarpaulins whirl frantically in answer to the waving broadbrims and handkerchiefs on shore. Thus in the good old days were the returning brave welcomed, and when once the noble craft dropped anchor outside the bar, every available craft was put in requisition to bear kinsfolk and acquaintance to her."

Those old days have gone, with the Quaker merchants and captains. In 1764 bluefish suddenly disappeared from the waters of Nantucket. The Indian prophets said this disappearance was a sign of the total extinction of their race. "But," said they, "when we are gone and our memory faded, the bluefish will return. Then let the 'shad belly' and the 'long tail' [their name for the Quaker] look out for his dwelling and his inheritance, that he give it not to the stranger as we have given ours." Strangely enough the bluefish has come again, and broadbrim and "long tail" have given place to the white choker, the yachting suit, and the tennis costume of the summer visitor. The stranger has captured the island.

Editor Inquirer and Mirror:

Your compositor has made some errors in my communication of last week which, I would be glad to have you correct, viz: "Certainly, Nantucket is no Atlantic island" should have been printed *Certainly Nantucket is no Atlantis island*. I referred to the fabled island Atlantis, whereof Lord Bacon so beautifully describes everything and everybody as perfection. Oliver Charlick should read *Oliver Charlick*, that famous mismanager of the Long Island Railroad, whose name became very unsavory thereabouts; and perhaps he will be remembered by some old Nantucketers as George Law's San Francisco steamship agent in the early California days. We are indebted to John Paul for having happily interpreted the O. C. Co. that we see painted on the Cape Cod cars. Instead of "Men will, if they can, launch their bark on more peaceful waters," I wrote *Many will*, etc.

Another thing: I didn't say I am the original Mark Tapley, but I said that perhaps I am constituted not altogether unlike that salient character portrayed by the immortal Dickens.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am sorry to trouble you with this request, but I do not wish to appear ridiculous, as I would be in saying that Nantucket is no Atlantic island; and, I assure you, I take more pride in my plain chirography than I do in my attainments in geography.

A FIVE YEARS' RESIDENT.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

Immense quantities of mackerel have been caught during the past week. Capt. A. H. Adams one day took 4200 from his nets, and others took from 300 upwards to Capt. Adams's figures. These fish have found a ready sale, and have supplied the nearly exhausted city markets, selling at good prices.

Hollyhocks in blossom in the open air is one of the unseasonable sights that have met our gaze this week.

Mr. Alvin Hull now rings the town bell in place of Mr. H. S. Valentine, resigned.

Capt. B. F. Morris, in landing his dory at Sconset Sunday morning unaided, had the misfortune to lose half a hundred codfish by an unfortunate sea breaking into his boat.

A meeting of the Loyal Legion was held in the North Vestry last Saturday afternoon from three to four o'clock. Mrs. M. F. Coffin presided. Miss L. S. Baker led the children in the Lord's Prayer, general exercises following. Several ladies were present, as teachers, and lent their hearty assistance to the work. The instructors are provided with a manual, and it is hoped to introduce music which will thoroughly interest the children.

At a meeting of the Nantucket Suffrage League, held at the residence of Miss Anna Gardner, on Thursday evening, it was voted to arrange for a table at the New England Woman Suffrage Bazaar, to be held at Music Hall, Boston, commencing Dec. 12. Mrs. Sarah S. Swain and Miss Anna Gardner were chosen delegates, with power to choose substitutes. Persons desiring to contribute fancy articles can send them to Mrs. Sarah S. Swain.

### MARRIED.

In Providence, 23d ult., Edward E. Raymond, of Nantucket, to Katie J. Carney, of Providence. In this town, 6th inst., by Rev. Father McSweeney, of Woods Holl, Mr. Albert P. Chase of this town, to Miss Nellie Gallagher, of Malone, N. Y. [Malone papers please copy.]

In West Harwich, 1st inst. Willis Baker of Dennisport, to Louise McNery of Nantucket. In this town, November 15, by Rev. George E. Brightman, George H. Spencer and Mrs. Mary N. Orpin.

### DIED.

In this town, on Monday, 14th inst., Sarah M., widow of the late Reuben Hallett, and daughter of the late John W. Barrett, aged 67 years, 8 months.

In Oakland, Cal., 4th inst., Capt. Oliver C. Swain, formerly of this town, aged 59 years, 6 months.

In Stockton, Cal., 3d inst., Alexander S. Chase, formerly of this town, aged 70 years.

UNION SERVICE.—Union service will be held on Thanksgiving morning, at 10.45, in the Unitarian Church.

A TRYING SITUATION.—The weather was threatening one day last week when Mrs. George Rogers and Miss Katie P. Morris left town for their home in Siasconset, about 4.30 o'clock. Before they had proceeded far the storm broke upon them, rain falling heavily and the wind howling fitfully. By the time they reached Bean Hill, the gloom of a stormy night had settled upon them, and their horse could scarcely be discerned. In some manner at this point the animal became headed into a diverging road, and they had proceeded some distance before noticing they were wrong. They alighted from the team to examine the roadway, but failed to make out their position. The horse finally became restive, and not daring to run any risk in the darkness, the animal was unhitched and let loose. Meantime the two women discussed the best means of securing relief, and Miss Morris finally decided to set out on foot to find the village, after seeing Mrs. Rogers seated in the vehicle, which offered little if any protection from the beating rain, as the curtains were up all the time. The village was reached and help secured, and after sitting for three long hours alone amid the darkness and storm, Mrs. Rogers was found and conveyed home, almost exhausted from her long exposure to the drenching rain. Both ladies have fortunately escaped ill effects from their exposure.

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

### REUNION OF NANTUCKETERS.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror.

The pleasant house of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Parker, on Princeton street, East Boston, was the scene, on Thursday evening last, of one of those gatherings which your columns are often called upon to record,—when a party of former residents of the island assemble for a social evening, and the interchange of fond recollection and reminiscence of the good old days of Nantucket's prosperity, or of more recent pleasant summer days spent on "the new Nantucket," of big hotels and summer tourists.

Between thirty and forty of Nantucket's sons and daughters were present on this occasion, with a range of about sixty years in age between the two extremes. After an agreeable hour spent in social converse, renewal of old acquaintance and the exchange of mutual congratulations, several tables were formed and the company engaged in whist for an hour or two longer. A collation of cake, cream and coffee was then discussed, shortly after which the party reluctantly broke up and scattered to their respective homes in and about "the Hub." The occasion will doubtless be pleasantly remembered by all present for a long time to come.

The old Nantucket families were well represented—the "silent Gardners" rather predominating, with the "knowing Folgers" and the "pudding-eating Macys" next in order. The ancient island poet, evidently forgot to mention the Parkers, but had he been entertained by mine host Freeman and family, he would certainly never have excluded them from his jingling catalogue of the characteristics of the island and clans.

M.  
SOMERVILLE, MASS., Nov. 17th, 1887.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.—The first of a series of Farmers' Institutes was held last Wednesday evening at North Hall. The attendance was not large, but considerable interest was manifested in the discussion of floriculture. Mr. Alex. Macy presided, and opened the subject. Other remarks were made by Miss Anna Gardner, Messrs. Albert Easton, William W. McIntosh, Thomas G. Macy, Mrs. Annie Blossom, Messrs. Joseph A. Johnson, Matthew Macy, and Allen Coffin. Next Wednesday evening, at the same place, the subject of poultry will be considered, to be opened by Mr. Thomas G. Macy. It was suggested (sotto voce) that to insure a large attendance and provoke a general discussion of the subject the poultry should be laid on the table well cooked.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—Very appropriate services commemorative of the annual harvest-time, were held in the North Congregational Church, on Sunday last. The regular order of service was observed, accompanied by choice musical selections by the choir, whose rendition was marked by exceptional sweetness. Rev. Miss Baker preached impressively from Mark iv, 26th to 30th verse, inclusive. Her sermon was a tender reminder of the Lord of the harvest, replete with suggestions of the bountiful season, and thoughtful in its application. The decorations were in keeping with the festival. The altar piece of fruits and vegetables was an artistic combination of harmonizing colors, simply beautiful, reflecting a deal of credit upon the floral committee.

In the evening, the old North Vestry was filled with happy children, parents and friends, in the event of the Harvest concert. Mrs. Susie Tracy, Superintendent of the Sunday School, read the opening Scripture lesson, and otherwise ably conducted the services, assisted by Mrs. C. A. Huxford. The programme was one to be remembered for its high order in readings, selections, and hymns. Miss Emma Cook had charge of the music, and was aided by the voluntary singing of the choir. Rev. Miss Baker opened the programme of the evening's exercises, with one of her felicitous addresses to children, pleasantly conceived, and happily applied. Dr. Arthur E. Jenks was invited to speak, and he closed the concert with a brief illustrative address to the children.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. A. Kenney, of North Attleboro, is visiting relatives on the island.

Mr. Charles F. Folger and wife, of Philadelphia, are in town, and will remain, having taken rooms in Mr. F. B. Murphey's house, Orange street. Mr. Folger is somewhat out of health, and seeks his native air for restoration to a normal physical condition.

Oliver P. Smith, son of Mr. F. B. Smith, leaves here this week to enter a course of study at the Boston Conservatory of Music. Master Smith has shown an uncommon taste for music since childhood, and is quite proficient in the use of various instruments.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith are visiting their son, Mr. Charles F. Smith, at Waltham.

Dr. J. A. Kite has returned home greatly improved in health by his rest, and enters again upon his practice with renewed vigor.

Miss Lizzie Riddell, a teacher in the Coffin School, has been granted a year's leave of absence, and will leave town soon to visit her brother, Mr. William S. Riddell, in California. We wish her a pleasant trip.

Joseph B. Swain, insurance agent, is absent for the winter, and his business has been left with David Folger, Esq.

Mr. William F. Macy, a graduate of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR office, has accepted a position in the industrial department of the Lyman Reform School, at Westboro, Mass., as instructor in the typographic art. All his friends will join with us in wishing him success.

Mr. Albert C. Bunker has returned from a brief visit to the continent.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN RESPONSE to numerous inquiries, I hereby inform the public that I will meet any person wishing to select goods at my store any evening between 7 and 8, if previously notified. Taber's illustrated catalogue, containing latest publication of Artotype Engravings, just received. My store will be opened about December 15, for the sale of holiday goods. A fresh lot of Nantucket Souvenir Cards will be offered. Those wishing artotypes and frames for Christmas are requested to give orders soon, to avoid disappointment.

629-2t

H. S. WYER,  
Federal Street.

AB.

ON DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.
Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.

HALLETT.—It is seldom we note the passing away of one so much beloved and respected in our community; one who had so much to live for, yet whose faith and trust buoyed her with a patience and resignation that was truly wonderful to witness, as were the last few months of the life of our dear friend, Mrs. Sarah M. Hallett, who died on the 13th of 11th month, aged 67 years, 8 months and 9 days. Gentle in her nature, she was calm and peaceful as her sun neared its horizon, in the assurance that she was journeying to that shore where loved ones were holding out their arms to greet her, now that she had almost crossed this sea of life. We feel that our community has experienced a great loss, in that she was one of our choicest citizens; the church a great loss, in that she was deeply interested in the cause of liberal christianity, and gave liberally of her means for its support.

She was a member of the "Ladies' Howard Society" (a benevolent institution) for many years and attended its meetings with conscientious fidelity and zeal. At a meeting of this society held on the 16th of 11th month, the following resolutions were offered and adopted:

*Resolved*, That in the death of our dear friend and co-worker, Mrs. Sarah M. Hallett, the "Ladies' Howard Society" has lost one of its most valued and efficient members. Ever present at its gatherings and active in its duties, she was deeply interested in this, as in all charitable movements. Her cheerful face lent the charm of sunshine to all its meetings, when she was present, and we mourn that this gleam of sunshine is forever obscured from our view.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with her sorrowing family in this great bereavement which has taken from them the light of home, and deprived them of the beautiful ministering spirit that sweetened every cup of their life and cheered and sustained them even in the prospect of her own departure.

*Resolved*, That the action of this meeting be printed in the local papers, and a copy sent to the family.

Per order Society.  
ELIZABETH STARBUCK, Pres't.

MACY.—Mr. Robert B. Macy, who died at his home in Brooklyn on Sunday, was born at Nantucket, Mass., in 1820, of Quaker parentage. When a boy he went to Boston and entered the dry goods house of F. A. Jones & Co. About 25 years ago he went to New York, becoming the head buyer of the Broadway firm of Rushmore & Co., wholesale dry goods dealers. In this capacity he crossed the ocean many times and visited the principal commercial cities of Europe. Subsequently Mr. Macy joined with Mr. Seligman in establishing the wholesale dry goods house of Seligman & Macy. When this firm dissolved, 12 years ago, Mr. Macy became connected with the house of R. H. Macy & Co., in which he continued until his death. Mr. Macy was a brother of the former head of the firm. He has been unable, on account of sickness, to attend to business for about a year. For the last 12 years he has been a resident of Brooklyn. Mr. Macy leaves a widow, but no children.

SWAIN.—California papers note the death, on the 4th instant, at Oakland, of Capt. Oliver C. Swain, formerly of Nantucket. Capt. Swain early followed the sea, and became a shipmaster in the whaling service, commanding ships Potomac and Molawk, in which he made successful voyages, in the employ of Thomas Macy & Sons, of this port. He removed to California about thirty years ago. He has been employed in the Custom House at San Francisco many years as Chinese interpreter. Capt. Swain was a genial gentleman, and leaves a widow and wide circle of friends.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

SOME ISLAND REMINISCENCES.

SUMMER-DAY visitors can have little conception of the shock of one of Nantucket's winter storms, when the solid earth trembles under the assault of sea and wind. Spray, sand, grass, branches of trees fly over the town, the bell-buoys, marking the shoals, clamor fiercely, and the old mill tower on the hill squeaks and gibbers like sheeted dead in the Roman streets.

In the town the gale makes itself felt more markedly, shrieks down the chimneys, twirls weather-cocks, seizes signs, awnings, shutters, and gets off with them on a mad waltz down the empty streets. No one is abroad save those who are forced to be—the old light-keeper, who watches his lamp more warily, and the life-saving patrol, who forces his way over the thundering strand, alert for the alarm gun, with eyes strained for the dancing spars and groaning hull of the ship embayed in the treacherous shoals. The islanders in their comfortable homes care little for the storm. I remember one of these homes whose owner had been a leader in commercial affairs in the days when we had a commerce, who had dared the perils of every sea and land, had made and lost a dozen fortunes, and yet had retired a wealthy man. He delighted in reminiscence, and while the firelight played on treasures gathered through all the world, and on pictures of famous ships, he related these anecdotes and historical facts, which I hastened to preserve, since with his death—and he is nearly eighty—they would be lost to us.

"I was born in 1809," he observed. "The brightest days of Nantucket within my recollection were between the years 1820 and 1845. The busiest one day that I remember was in November, 1827, when seventy-two vessels passed Brant Point Light, outward bound, some to the Pacific on a three-years' whaling voyage, some to the coast of Chili for seals, thence to China for teas, others oil-laden to London, to Havre, to the Hague, and to almost every port on the Atlantic coast and West Indies. You who see the port in its decadence can have little idea of the scene of activity it then presented. A thousand workmen hurried down to the docks of a morning. The sound of hammer and adze began at sunrise, and ceased only at sunset. The multitudinous din of the docks continued often the night through. I love to stand now on the wharves where the huge oil-blackened hulls of the whalers once swung, and recall the scene. Heavy-timbered three-storied warehouses filled the heads of the wharves, beside which half-a-hundred vessels would lie, discharging or taking in cargo. Overhead were the sail-lofts, with the riggers and sailmakers busy sewing the white canvas or shaping spars. Then there were the blacksmiths' shops, where the ironwork for the ships and tools used in fishing were made; and the coopers' shops, that turned out their hundreds of butts and casks per day, and the huge rope-walks, seven in number, where men spun, walking to and fro, all the cordage used in ship-building and for repairs. It was indeed a busy scene.

"We built our own ships, too, in those times. Brant Point was lined with ship-yards, and there were ship-ways, where we took up ships for repairs. Some famous vessels we turned out—stout, oak-bowed whalers, clipper ships, and fleet schooners that would run down to Havana and be back with a cargo of fruit in less than no time. There was the *Rose*, built in 1803, one of the fastest sailers afloat. Coming down the China Sea in one of her voyages (in charge of the mate, the captain having died in China,) she was taken by a British frigate and carried to Mauritius, and afterwards used by John Bull for a despatch boat, or in any capacity where speed was a requisite. Then came the *Charles Carroll*, built by myself and partners, and our ship *Lexington*, in 1836. Next the *Nantucket*, built by H. G. O'Dunham, of live oak and copper-fastened—a crack ship, as was the *Joseph Starbuck*, turned out of our yards in 1838.

"The *Bedford*, however, was Nantucket's bravest ship. I have the last receipt for her cabin work, given William Rotch in 1772. She made several voyages and then went out of commission, laid up by the war of the Revolution. Seven years she lay with her bowsprit up in what is now J. B. Macy's store. By and by, in 1782, the ship *Maria*, Capt. Mooers, just off the stocks at Scituate, came in to refit. As she did so, Mr. Rotch got news from London that the preliminary articles of peace would soon be signed, and at the same time learned that a cargo of oil delivered in London at that time would 'make a strike.' The *Maria* wasn't ready, so he hauled down the *Bedford*, loaded her, put Capt. Mooers in command, and she sailed for London, and arrived there February 7, 1780, with 488 butts of oil in her hold, as this manifest in my hand states. Well, the pith of the story is, that this ship was the first to fly the American flag in England. It appears by a letter from William Rotch, jr., that she arrived in the Downs February 23, the day of the signing of the preliminary treaty of peace between the United States, France and England, and hearing of this, displayed in London the first United States flag. The colors caused the Admiralty no little vexation and debate as to whether she should be admitted or not. In London the *Bedford* and her flag made the sensation of the day, and scores of people visited the ship to inspect the new piece of bunting.

"The dim interiors of those old warehouses often recur to me as I walk the wharves. Always fragrant, always mysterious from the strange store of old-world treasures and commodities they held. Cassia and sandalwood, liquorice, spices of India and Ceylon, tea-chests covered with strange hieroglyphics, puncheons of Jamaica, rare old Madeira in butts, fabric of Persia and India, boxes of pure white sperm-ceti, Arabian coffee, bales of whalebone and cotton—a boy might have learned of the products of the whole earth by studying our world in miniature. And what a multitude of clerks, factors, and stevedores was necessary to the handling of this great body of merchandise—for Nantucket was a great distributing as well as receiving port then—the products that came to us in exchange for our seal oil and bone being reshipped to all our domestic ports and also abroad. The trade created a special model of swift and graceful vessels called coasters, two or three of which were always to be seen lying in the docks taking in cargo. But those old

days are gone" concluded my friend with a sigh. "This picture that we old people see as we walk about the wharves will never be visible again to the outward sense."

"I have some quaint fancies while looking into my sea-coal fire," he observed on another occasion. "About ships, now—I love to think of them as having an individuality like men. Some are prosperous, you know, and some never earn their owners a penny. Some achieve fame, others have it thrust upon them; some are continually meeting squalls and hurricanes, and others float on as uneventfully as some human lives.

"I have known many famous ships in my day, and have heard gossip of others. One of Gen. Grant's gifts from the people of San Francisco was a cane turned from the portion of the rudder post of the old ship *John Jay*, which was dismantled and her hull burned in San Antonio creek some years since. This vessel is said to

have conveyed Franklin to France in 1776 as ambassador from the United States.

"At Monterey again one may see at low tide the timbers of a sunken ship—the wreck of the brig *Natalie*, the very ship on which Napoleon the Great made his escape from the Island of Elba, just before the final collapse of his empire at Waterloo. The *Natalie* brought to California in 1834 the colony of Huiyas from their home in Mexico, to be settled on the frontiers of Sonoma County. They grew homesick, however, on arriving in sight of their new home, and forced the captain to return with them to Monterey, where the *Natalie* was wrecked as she was entering the harbor.

"Within the Golden Gate at San Francisco, I saw in the year 1852 a thousand ships, few of which ever went to sea again. They were mostly old vessels, chartered in the East to bring flour to hungry miners, and were either condemned on arriving at San Francisco, or left to decay, or to be broken up for firewood and old metal. Perhaps you will relish a little gossip about them. There was the *Cadmus*, which brought Lafayette to this country in 1824; the *General Jackson* and *Balance*, two ships taken by James De Wolfe's privateer, *True-Blued Yankee*, in the war of 1814. The latter ship was near 100 years old. Both were built in Calcutta of teak timber, and the *Balance* had the same masts in her which were put in in Calcutta almost a century before. There was, too, the celebrated *Lady Amherst*, an English whaler of repute, belonging to Samuel Enderby & Sons of London, which in six consecutive voyages, with an average time of thirty-four months each, obtained 16,000 barrels of sperm oil—a catch never equalled by any ship from our own ports. There also entered the port, Thomas H. Perkins's splendid clipper *Nile* of Boston from China, laden with silks, teas, and frankincense (sandalwood), seeking a market first among the Peruvians. There were also the *Martha*, a London packet from Nantucket in 1809; *Montano*, a French packet from New York in 1824; the *Henry Astor*, one of John Jacob Astor's famed Northwest fur traders to China; the *Deucalion*, *Hibernian*, and *Ontario* of the Liverpool packets, the *Niantic*, Goodhue & Co.'s China ship from New York, which was moved up into the centre of the city, and was for a long time a famous hotel; the *Friendship* of Salem, once cut off by the Malays to chastise whom our Government sent out the frigate *Potomac* under Commodore Downs, in 1832; the *Morrison*, one of Stephen Girard's famous tea ships; the *Palladium*, one of Thorndike's ships of Boston, with scores of others, thrown aside in the scramble for gold.

"A great many old ships went to form the stone blockade of Charleston, S. C., in 1862, when the Anglo-rebel privateers made fearful havoc. Among the interesting old ships was the *Barclay*, built in 1794 for William Rotch & Sons by George Claghorn, the same who built the frigate *Constitution*. The *Barclay* was gallantly cut out of Callao from under the guns of the Spanish fortifications in 1813 by Commodore David Porter, then commanding the frigate *Essex* with our famous Farragut at the time a midshipman under him. After an eventful career she was broken up at New Bedford in 1864. Also the ship *Canada*, famous in her day when in the Liverpool trade for making her passage from New York to Liverpool in from thirteen to sixteen days, and delivering Gen. Jackson's messages in Liverpool as promptly as steamers do others in these days. This ship was seized by the Brazilian Government while ashore near Pernambuco in 1856, and has since been paid for, costing that Government \$100,000.

"Among ships none were fleet or more graceful than the American clippers. With their sharp, trim hulls, and top-hamper spread and swelling to the breeze, they were the most beautiful of ocean racers, the pride and joy of the merchant's heart. The clippers originated in Baltimore in the war of 1812, having been constructed first as privateers. After the war they were put in the Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso trade from that city. The ships *Corinthian* and *Ann McKim* were the most famous of this fleet, the latter once making the passage from Valparaiso to Baltimore in fifty-eight days. The *Corinthian* was broken up at Stonington, Conn., in 1847, and the *McKim* at San Francisco in 1853. In 1842 Warren Delano came from China and built the ship *Mennon* in Smith & Diamond's yard, New York, who were famous ship-builders in that day. She was the best ship I ever saw in every particular, and after sailing the sea for twelve years was lost in 1854 with a cargo of 2,000,000 pounds of tea for London, for which she was to have had \$70,000 freight.

"Very soon the English began to build clippers, and then there was international rivalry and racing. Large space in the newspapers of the day was devoted to accounts of the voyages of the splendid clippers that plied between New York and London, New York and San Francisco, New York and China, and England and China. The *Sea Witch*, Capt. Robert Waterman, made the shortest China passage—seventy-four days—from Hong Kong to New York, beating his own previous time in the ship *Natchez* by four days. The *Flying Cloud*, built by Donald McKay at East Boston, in 1851, made the passage from Sandy Hook light to San Francisco in eighty-nine days, twenty-one hours—the shortest on record. On his return, however, Capt. Cressy beat his own record, reaching San Francisco in eighty-nine days, nineteen hours.

"In May, 1856, five English clippers started

from China for a race to London. The affair excited great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The ships engaged were the *Ariel*, 853 tons, the *Fiery Cross*, 689 tons, the *Taeeping*, 767 tons, the *Taitung*, 815 tons, and the *Sirica*, 708 tons. They were laden with the first of the season's teas, and an additional freight of ten shillings per ton was promised the first ship arriving in dock, hence the competition.

"The *Sirica*, *Ariel*, and *Taeeping* passed Foochow Bar for London on the same day, May 30. The *Fiery Cross* sailed the day before, and the *Taitung* the day after. The next heard of them was at Angier, Straits of Sunda, as follows: '*Fiery Cross* passed through on the 19th of June, the others on the 22d, all within a few hours of each other, running the distance from Foochow—2,780 miles—in twenty-three days.' The next was this bit of ship news from London: 'Yesterday, September 21, 1856, Lloyd's agent telegraphed

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I see, by one of your "here and there" items, that

"A chiel's among us, takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent 'em"

in the forthcoming circulars, to be scattered, I suppose, by the well-named *Oliver Charliet* railroad company, touching the comforts and delights of residence on Nantucket. I suppose he came to enjoy the glorious October days that we read about, but which we haven't seen in this year of our Lord.

Isn't this the same man for whom it was promised, in your journal, last spring, that he was taking observations with a view to a scientific dissertation on the climatic influence here of the Gulf Stream. Perhaps he found on investigation that the Gulf Stream had been knocked out by the icebergs, for we had iceberg weather almost continuously through the spring months. Why not give us a chapter on the cold and fog brought hither by the icebergs? We endured the discomfort of a disagreeable spring, and promised ourselves compensation in the equable and delightful weather of autumn, but it cometh not. The past fortnight has given us, instead, a cold and howling storm, and the cyclones that of late so frequently sweep over the island, suggest the idea of our building safety cellars, like those of the blizzard country. Talk about farming and gardening; one might as well think of cultivating a plantation on the fore-castle of a ship making a voyage around Cape Horn.

Certainly, Nantucket is no Atlantic island, and yet it has advantages:—a sea voyage benefits some people, and here we have all the good without getting seasick. And this is about what Nantucket is. A residence here is a cruise in the tempestuous Atlantic, sometimes smooth, but oftener rough. I know we are taught to take things rough and smooth alike, but men will, if they can, launch their bark for a cruise in more peaceful waters.

Nothing is gained by claiming for this island what it does not possess, viz: a mild and equable climate. It agrees with me, yes, for I am used to hard knocks, and perhaps I am constituted not unlike Mark Tapley. But, seriously, I like it because, for me, there is a soothing influence in the air, a freedom from the petty annoyances that infest more crowded places, and a refreshing independence in the style of living. It is true that Nantucketers are awfully given to gossip, but their concern about their neighbors is confined to mere talk; not very loud talk, but gossip talk.

Yes, Nantucket is a quaint old place, and we come here, at a jog trot, in a quaint old steamboat, commanded by a quaint old captain, who never had on a pair of stockings, and never took a glass of grog.

But Nantucket has no nuisances—bar-ring roads laid out on the Central American plan, where if an obstructive tree is blown down, a new way is made around; streets that are never watered nor cleaned, and no blessing, like Central America, of turkey buzzards, to do the work of public scavengers; promiscuous dumping-grounds, where lie scattered generations of discarded pots and pans and old boots and shoes; some pretty lively mosquitos; and a miserable lot of curs that roam the streets at will; and the wonder is that dogs are so numerous and yet sausages so plenty.

A FIVE YEARS' RESIDENT.

NATURE OF THE  
IPY COMMANDER.

## AN ANTI-SLAVERY PIONEER.

My old Nantucket friend produced one evening an ancient, time-worn pamphlet, whose full title I found to read:

"A testimony against that anti-Christian practice of making slaves of men, wherein it is shown to be contrary to the dispensation of the Law and Time of the Gospel, and very opposite both to Grace and Nature. By Elihu Coleman, printed in the year 1733."

"I suppose it to be," he remarked, "one of the earliest, as well as most earnest and fearless, denunciations of human slavery ever published. Its author, Elihu Coleman, was a minister of the Society of Friends (born on Nantucket, December, 1699, died January, 1789), and an able and fearless preacher here for nearly the whole of his career. Beginning with his day, the island continued very hostile to the institution to the end. The Friends were the dominant sect on Nantucket in those days, and their influence was always exerted against slavery. The famous Prince Boston case, you remember, made Massachusetts a free state, and Prince Boston was a Nantucket slave. His owner, Elisha Folger, had for some reason shipped him and sent him out in Mr. Rotch's whale-ship. On arrival home he claimed and received as his own Prince's share in the voyage. But in 1780, while the ship was absent, the Constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, and Mr. Rotch, on reading it, at once saw that it abolished slavery; at least he determined to make a test case of it. Pretty soon Prince's ship came in, and Mr. Folger applied for his slave's 'voyage.'"

"There has no voyage here," said Mr. Rotch calmly, making Folger as hot as a South Carolinian—so wrath that he sued in the courts, and a famous case it became; he lost his suit, and not only Prince Boston, but 4,700 other slaves in Massachusetts were set free.

"We had an exciting fugitive slave case in 1822. There were several runaway slaves from Virginia living here and at New Bedford at the time, supporting themselves and their families, owning little freehold properties, when suddenly one Camillus Griffith appeared and demanded their surrender as escaped slaves of certain parties living near Alexandria, Va. Griffith in his sworn statement before the court gives so clear and succinct a statement of the proceedings at Nantucket, that I quote him:

"On my arrival at Boston," he says, "I addressed a respectful memorial to Judge Davis of the United States District Court, enumerating the slaves I was in pursuit of, and praying him to grant a process for their apprehension. Being unsuccessful in this respect from the defect in the law of 1793, I requested Judge Davis to state his objections, which you will find on the back of the memorial. I then appealed to Col. Harris, the Marshal of Massachusetts, for one of his deputies, and proceeded to the Island of Nantucket, where we found the family of negroes belonging to Mr. David Ricketts, and were in the act of removing them, when a large assemblage of persons collected round the house, and seemed to set us at defiance. I remonstrated with them on the course they were pursuing, and stated to some of the leading men in the mob that I had arrested these slaves under a law of the United States; and to satisfy the people of Nantucket that the course we were pursuing was legal, we had brought the Deputy Marshal with us. A man calling himself Francis G. Macy insisted that if we had any authority it should be produced, and as he seemed to have the most influence with the mob, I produced the power of attorney of Mr. Ricketts. Before I commenced reading it I placed Mr. Taylor, with two men, at the back part of the house, to prevent the negroes from escaping. Mr. Taylor did not remain there long. The threats of the mob alarmed him, and on his retiring to join me in the front part of the house, I was informed that Thomas Mackerel Macy put his Quaker coat and hat on George, and assisted him and his wife and children out of the window and carried them off to a place of greater security. While these things were going on, and I was engaged with the party in front of the house, one man, Sylvanus Macy, observed that the power of attorney of Ricketts might be a forgery, and afterwards said there was no doubt that it was a forgery, and also observed:

"We were not in Virginia now, but in Yankee town—that they wanted those colored people to man their whale ship and would not suffer them to be carried back to bondage." He was proceeding in this manner and with other abusive language when the arrival of Sig. Folger was announced, who I understood had been sent for. His first inquiry was where the slaves were, and F. G. Macy answered, "We have them in our possession and they are now in the house." Folger then observed to me that the laws of this State did not recognize any persons as slaves, and if I attempted to molest these people or remove them, he should consider it his duty as a magistrate to arrest me and my party. I then informed Mr. Folger that I had arrested these people as slaves, who had run away from a gentleman in Virginia, and that the law of the United States authorized the arrest, and called upon him as a magistrate to suppress the mob, and allow us to bring the negroes before him or suffer Mr. Bass, the Deputy Marshal, to take them to Boston before Judge Davis for trial. I also asked Mr. Folger if he did not consider the State laws of Massachusetts subordinate to the laws of the United States. His answer was "No," and that if we attempted to molest these people any further, he would put us all in jail.

"Remark the manliness and pure grit of those old magistrates and freemen, defying the power of the whole national Government, then wielded by slave-holders, for the protection of the weak and helpless, and driving the spoiler off without his prey—for Griffith, finding the men of Nantucket so defiant and threatening, relinquished his quest and set sail for New Bedford. There he fell into more desperate straits at the hands of those sturdy Quakers, Thomas Rotch and William W. Swain, being thrown into prison, and after many hardships missing his object as he had in Nantucket."

An old corroded bullet, passed from hand to hand one evening, led my friend into an entirely different train of reflections. "That," said he, "is a memento of the sea-fight off Maddequecham in 1814. There were several stirring actions along the eastern coast in the naval war of 1814. That of the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* off Portland

and the chase of the *Constitution* into Marblehead are no doubt familiar to you, but here on the south side, perhaps four miles from town, as gallant an action as any of them was fought, of which no mention whatever is made in the books. Cooper, even, in his 'Naval History,' has no account of it.

"One mellow October day of that year—1814—the town was startled by the news that an American privateer brig was off the south shore with a large British frigate in pursuit, and scores of

people streamed over the downs to watch the chase and possible battle. They saw not only the privateer, but a large ship, her prize, lying abreast of Maddequecham Pond, and away off to the southwest a large frigate in sight, hull down and nearly becalmed in the light breeze playing from northward. A concise account of the affair and of the events preceding it is given in the marine columns of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of October 17, 1814, evidently taken from the privateer's log-book. I quote: 'July 4. Sailed from Cherbourg. Made in all fifteen captures, many of them in the British and Irish channels; burnt and scuttled most of them. Among others, September 6, captured ship *Douglas*, of and for Liverpool from Demerara, cargo, rum, sugar, cotton, and coffee, 420 tons, in latitude 41 1-2°, longitude 45°. Kept company with the *Douglas*, made Nantucket 9th inst., in company. On the 11th, Nantucket bearing N. about a quarter of a mile distant, discovered a frigate off Gay Head, which gave chase and came up with a fresh breeze, while we were becalmed. At three P. M. we got the breeze and took the *Douglas* in tow, the frigate then about four leagues from us. At sunset it died away calm. At seven P. M. was obliged to come to anchor, and supposing the frigate would send her boats to attempt to capture us, prepared accordingly. At eight P. M. signal was made from the prize that the boats were coming. Soon after discovered them, five in number, and in a few minutes they were alongside.

"The attacking boats carried 104 men, to whom the *Prince of Neufchatel* could oppose but 38. A launch containing 48 men was sunk by the privateer's first fire, and only 2 men were saved. Two boats' crews attempted to board at the bows, but were swept away, all except the leader, the Second Lieutenant of the *Endymion*, who walked the whole length of the privateer amid his foes unrecognized, and jumped through the port into his own boat. Then the privateer's men poured their fire into the boats alongside. In twenty minutes the fight was over. Three boats drifted away from the brig, every man killed. The other was captured, and of her thirty-six men eight were found to be killed, twenty wounded, and only eight unhurt. The privateer, too, had suffered. Of her thirty-eight men six were killed and twenty-one wounded. The dead were buried on shore; the wounded were brought to town, and taken to Mr. Edward Dixon's on Cross Wharf, and to Obed Pinkam's house on Broad Street, where our women attended them. I remember standing in with the surgeons when they came, and watching, with eyes as big as saucers, the bullets extracted from the wounds.

"A day or two later a launch came up the harbor filled with officers in their grand uniforms, the crew pulling with man-of-war precision, sent from the *Endymion* to look after her wounded people. I happened to be in the room when I heard them coming up the narrow stairs, their scabbards clanking, and fled with the women to the pantry, scared at such company. I gained courage to peep out before they departed, however, and one rolled this bullet to me across the floor, and told me to keep it as a memento of the fight. It was a sad affair for the *Endymion*—her First Lieutenant and a master's mate killed, the Third Lieutenant, two master's mates, and one midshipman wounded, 33 men killed, 37 wounded, and 30 prisoners. Well might her Captain—Hope—complain that he had suffered as badly as though engaged with a frigate of equal calibre.

"Ordronaux, the little French Captain of the *Neufchatel*, seems to have been a veritable Hotspur. He declared that if he could get the men to man his brig, he would take the *Endymion* in the cove where she lay. No doubt he had the requisite pluck, but it would have been foolhardy, unless by surprise, for the *Endymion* was a forty-gun frigate with a broadside of twenty-fours, and notwithstanding her severe losses, had quite men enough left to man her batteries. This old frigate, the *Endymion*, well deserves to be classed among the historic ships of the British Navy. Three months later, January 15, 1815, she sustained a desperate fight with the *President*, frigate, Commodore Decatur, off Sandy Hook. She got the worst of it, the *President* being a heavier ship, and probably would have been obliged to strike her colors but for the arrival of her consorts, when the *President* was captured and both ships were sent to Bermuda. Before reaching that port, however, both were dismasted in a gale, and the *Endymion* came near foundering, being obliged to throw overboard all her upper-deck guns."

"The *Dartmouth*, came down here after the tea difficulty and loaded with sperm oil, and sailed for London, April 4, 1774, consigned to Champion & Dickerson, of that city, William Rotch, shipper. I could adduce 100 of these voyages, but I fancy this will be enough; if not, will give you some even more convincing that the brothers worked together, even if they lived apart.

Mr. Francis Rotch purchased his first wife in England, buying a man off from his engagement. She, however, did not live long. After she died he became interested in Madam Haley, a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes. She was rich. She wanted to come to America, and Mr. Rotch wanting to do the gallant thing—accompanied her to Boston. While there, Charlestown bridge was completed, and Madam offered a hundred pounds (\$500) for the privilege to walk across it; or, in other words, to open it. This was granted to her with great enthusiasm by those in authority. About this time Mr. Rotch had an elegant man as clerk. Madam Haley solicited the services of this gentleman to go out to England to transact

mission to Francis Rotch, of Dartmouth, and Aaron Lopez, of Rhode Island, "to put to sea the Vessels in which they are interested on a Whaling Voyage," provided all "the Oil and bone by them taken" be landed in any port of the colony "except the Ports of Boston and Nantucket."

The author of the paper in the *Evening Post* says it is a pity that the life of William Rotch, of Nantucket, could not be fully written. It was fully written, in 1814, by himself, in his eightieth year—"Autobiographical Memoirs"—and has been published in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* of 1878. Further information about his life may be found in 'Nantucket in the Revolution,' by Alexander Starbuck, published in 1875. These Memoirs are very interesting. They disclose the iron-handed tyranny which during the Revolution throttled all personal opinions that did not agree with those of the Boston politicians. The old man says: "But there were so many petty officers as Committees of Safety, Inspection, etc., in all parts, and too many of them chosen much upon the principle of Jeroboam's Priests, that we were sorely afflicted." W. R. B.

SHORT HILLS, N. J., Friday Evening, January 8th.

[We have referred the foregoing letter to our Nantucket authority, whose reply we print below.—Ed. *Evening Post*.]

to the Editor of The Evening Post:

SIR: Joseph Rotch came to Nantucket early in the last century and married Love Macy, daughter of Henry and Deborah Coffin. She was born in 1713. Their children were: William, born 1734, who became the great New England merchant; none that I ever read of surpassed him. The next son was Joseph, born 1746, who died while in England in 1767, the same year his mother died here. The next son was Francis, who was born in 1750 and died in New Bedford 1822.

Joseph Rotch (the elder), moved to New Bedford, then called Dartmouth, in 1764. Francis, his son, soon followed him. The old gentleman was burnt out by the British and came back to Nantucket. He died in 1784 in New Bedford. Francis built the *Dartmouth* on Hazard's wharf, where John and James Howland's store now stands; William was interested in all of his brother's enterprises, as my books indicate—oil, candles, merchandise in general.

In 1773 the *Beaver* was loaded here with sperm oil, and sailed on June 26 for London. In London the East India Company loaded the ships with tea. I have the invoices outward. When they came into Boston, Mr. Francis Rotch met these ships, and went through what Bancroft relates in his sixth volume, page 474. When the ships were unloaded, the *Beaver*, Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, came down to Nantucket and was fitted for Brazil Banks, accompanied by a sister ship, the famed *Bedford*, Capt. Robert Meader; both ships filled, the *Beaver* going to London, where Francis Rotch met her and disposed of her oil in 1776. The *Bedford* came here to Nantucket to William Rotch, and here she lay till 1782, when she was hauled down and filled with 487 butts of oil, and sailed for London under charge of Captain William Mooers, arriving in London on the 7th of February, 1783, giving the officials much trouble and perplexity, as she was a "rebel," and Trinity House did not know how to proceed in her case, and applied for advice of the Crown officers. Captain Coffin died in London, 1778. While they were upon the Brazil coast, one Seymour, a hand on board of Captain Coffin, wanted to exchange places with a sailor on board of Captain Meader, which had the consent of the captains. On the American arriving in London, he claimed more than the papers he held called, as each had exchanged, taking each other's place in everything. Captain Coffin dying, they could not settle this matter until they sent to Nantucket for facts in the case. I have the affidavits taken before Hon. George Gardner, who was the first Custom-house officer appointed here under the United States in 1783.

The *Dartmouth* came down here after the tea difficulty and loaded with sperm oil, and sailed for London, April 4, 1774, consigned to Champion & Dickerson, of that city, William Rotch, shipper. I could adduce 100 of these voyages, but I fancy this will be enough; if not, will give you some even more convincing that the brothers worked together, even if they lived apart.

Mr. Francis Rotch purchased his first wife in England, buying a man off from his engagement. She, however, did not live long. After she died he became interested in Madam Haley, a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes. She was rich. She wanted to come to America, and Mr. Rotch wanting to do the gallant thing—accompanied her to Boston. While there, Charlestown bridge was completed, and Madam offered a hundred pounds (\$500) for the privilege to walk across it; or, in other words, to open it. This was granted to her with great enthusiasm by those in authority. About this time Mr. Rotch had an elegant man as clerk. Madam Haley solicited the services of this gentleman to go out to England to transact

some important business. Mr. Rotch readily assented. After he arrived out, Madam Haley soon took hasty leave and departed for Europe. Arriving out, she soon met the young man and married him, to the great chagrin of Mr. Rotch. Mr. Rotch soon after married for his second wife his cousin, Nancy, who survived him, she dying in 1864, ninety-two years old. She was the person who gave Benjamin Rodman, a grandson of William Rotch, information that the East India Company paid all the freight money for that fragrant tea, some of which is now upon the island.

William Rotch died in New Bedford, May, 1828, near ninety-four years of age. I have his autobiography, published by the Genealogical Society, in Boston, 1874. F. C. SANFORD.

—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S exercise of executive clemency in commuting the sentence of William H. Chadwick, now confined in our county jail, from a five years' sentence to three years, is a gracious favor, and, as the telegram announced, purely an act of mercy to his aged parents, and his wife and children, the judge who sentenced him having recommended his pardon. So far as the action of the President will tend to relieve the burden from the innocent, suffering victims of the cashier's wrong-doing, to that extent it will be approved and commended in this community, where most of the financial sufferers reside. The embezzling of the funds and making false entries in the books of the Pacific National Bank, for which the cashier was convicted and sentenced on a plea of guilty, constituted only a part of a series of irregularities, which extended beyond the radius of the banking domain; yet we apprehend that no one who suffered in any way could desire at this day, under all the circumstances, to impose a longer sentence than the President has mercifully indicated.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. James Moy and three children, of Revere Beach, are spending a short vacation here.

Miss Eveline Sturtevant and Mrs. Helen Burg, nee Ellis, both natives of our island, made a pleasant visit to our shores last week. The ladies are residents of East Boston, where they removed with their parents some thirty-five years ago, this being their first visit since leaving here.

Messrs. John F. Ward, purses, and Alexander Barney, freight clerk of steamer Providence, made a flying visit here early in the week.

Mr. John A. Coffin, of Gloucester, was in town early this week.

Mr. John A. Easton, who has been here for a brief vacation, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. C. B. Hallett and son, of Winsted, Conn., are in town.

Messrs. A. B. Whipple and W. A. Spinney, formerly teachers of our High School, are in town.

Mr. Daniel Ames made us a pleasant call, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dunham, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mooers, of Brockton, are guests of Capt. C. C. Mooers.

Mr. T. G. Macy has nearly completed the gas plant at Asheville, N. C., and expects to return home next month.

Cromwell G. Macy, Esq., is with his family at their summer home, Main street.

Mr. Edward W. Perry returned Saturday from a trip "down East."

Mr. William E. Earle, the prominent attorney in the French Spoliation Claims, and Dr. P. J. Murphey, Surgeon-in-Chief at Columbia Hospital, Washington, D. C., are guests of Mr. H. A. Willard, at his house on Orange street.

Ho Shen Chee, secretary of the Chinese Legation, at Washington, is at the Springfield House.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

## Francis Rotch and William Rotch.

SIR: I notice in the interesting paper called "Nantucket Memories," published in the *Evening Post* of January 8, two historical errors concerning the famous ship *Dartmouth* and her owner, which I beg to correct.

The *Dartmouth*, one of the Boston tea-ships, was neither built nor owned in Nantucket. She was built in 1767 in what is now the city of New Bedford, then the township of Dartmouth, and was owned by Francis Rotch, a merchant of that town. She made her first voyage to London with a cargo of whale oil. When she brought the 114 chests of tea to Boston in 1773, creating the famous tempest in that teapot, she was still owned by Francis Rotch, although the historians of those times call him Rotch merely, as if he were not entitled to a Christian name; and he it was who waited upon the mob in the Old South Meeting-house.

August 16, 1775, the General Court of Massachusetts passed a resolve "that from and after the 15th day of August instant, no ship or vessel should sail out of any port of this Colony on any Whaling Voyage whatever without leave first had and obtained" from the said court. On the 30th of the same month the court gave per-



**SALE OF PROPERTY.**—The land and hotel known as the Surf-side Hotel property, situated at Surf-side, were sold by auction last Tuesday on foreclosure, by G. E. Mooers. But one bid was offered, that being by Mr. Arthur W. Tufts, of Boston, the mortgagee, who purchased the property in the name of M. McLoud, of Boston, for the small sum of \$2000. Whatever the purchaser's intentions are, he quietly withholds them from the public.

#### DOWN AT NANTUCKET.

News and Gossip of the Week—New England Arrivals, 1887

**NANTUCKET, July 30.**—Although the season is not at its height, it is well under way, and the thoroughfares present a very lively appearance. The sight at the pier at the time of the arrival of the evening boat is very interesting. The long promenade is lined with ladies in their pretty evening costumes, while here and there can be seen the ever-present dude, a genus which is ever found in unconventional Nantucket. The seats around the boathouse opposite are monopolized by the veteran captains, who sit and ponder at the changes wrought by time, and recall the halcyon past. Nantucket depended on her men and not upon her climatic attractions for her success.

The number of yachts visiting here is larger this season than ever before. Three members of the New York Yacht Club were in the harbor Thursday. They attracted much attention by their beautiful and profuse displays of bunting.

H. N. Childs, manager of the City Hotel, Providence, will conduct the Nantucket House during the illness of Landford Hoyle. His head clerk will manage the Ocean House the remainder of the season.

Dr. W. H. Workman of Worcester is to have a very extensive and elegantly appointed cottage erected at the Cliff for his occupancy next season.

Clerk Bacon of the steamer Nantucket reports the passenger list during the month of June to be 600 in excess of that of last year.

Much interest is manifested in the base ball championship series. The Cliff nine lead, having won two and lost none. Nantuckets and Sconsets have each won and lost one game.

Professor N. S. Shaler, the eminent geologist of Harvard University, is at the Springfield House.

The annual midsummer hop, given by the Nantucket young men resident in Boston, was enjoyed Friday evening by a select company of invited guests, and proved a decided social success.

The following are the Boston arrivals at the different hotels:

Ocean House—Miss Peabler, Miss Parker, Miss Webb, C. L. Stewart. Dr. G. H. M. Rowley, G. E. Ellis.

Nantucket House—George P. Lombard, H. M. Whitney, H. C. Nutt, Charles M. Gay, F. H. Sweet, George Henry Tilton and wife, Miss Watts, Samuel Lewis, Charles L. Hovey and wife, Miss Morse, Mrs. E. B. Hayward, Mrs. Walter P. Gardner.

Springfield House—H. C. Robinson and wife, F. M. Whitney, J. H. Terry, A. H. Bumpus, H. F. Lombard, H. G. Hallis and family, John D. Mack, H. A. Woodward, George W. Sylvester, W. Lacroix, J. A. Roberts, Miss C. L. Sawyer, A. Kelly and wife, Charles E. Chester, Mrs. E. D. Gaylord, J. S. Daniels, H. L. Critchett, James Lyon, wife and daughter, B. McGlinchey.

Veranda House—J. B. Spencer, Dr. E. P. Brackett and daughter, T. F. Mulry, Mrs. Henry C. Ray.

Hon. Charles H. Saunders, ex-mayor of Cambridge, is at the Veranda House.

Miss Sprague and Miss Florence Sprague are at the Nantucket House.

10 bluefish were taken in seines kernuck boats, Wednesday.

or the Inquirer and Mirror.

**NANTUCKET, August 12th, 1887.**

**EDITORS:**—May I ask through the your paper, if there is a local or nt of the Society for the Prevention to Animals? Several times lately, different parts of the town have been a most unusual noise on the street, d be distinctly heard in the rear air houses, and which proved to be caused by the distressed breathing of a horse with the heaves. If anyone here is th authority, why are animals unfit allowed to live and suffer?

HUMANITAS.

correspondent, "Humanitas," he minds of a large portion of

munity in the comments made e abuse of horses, etc. If there e in town for the society with name, he certainly has a fruit- for operation right here at

There are animals daily driven our streets that are wholly

r the lightest service, much

ragging human freight over

roads. A hint in this matter

suffice.

## DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL.

Season of Hibernation at Nantucket.

Prosperity Possible for Live Manufacturing and Other Pursuits.

Candidates for Political Preferment in the Pending Campaign.

**NANTUCKET, Mass., Oct. 18.**—Out of the hurly-burly and rush of an exceptionally prosperous season this old town emerges for a breathing spell, draws her mantle around her and sits down to wait, with what patience she may, for a long nine months, another advent of the "stranger."

Here is a town with upwards of 3000 inhabitants who literally do nothing for nine months in the year. Of course, I do not count the storekeepers, or the very few farmers and fishermen and mechanics who eke out a scanty subsistence—heaven only knows how—during that period. I speak of the town at large as having no industry by which its people can earn a competence during a greater part of the year. It is true that many thousands of dollars are left upon the island during the summer, but the greater part of this sum goes into the pockets of the few. To be sure, nearly every person is benefited directly or indirectly, but how much better for the town financially, yes, and socially, could some legitimate business be carried on here that would give employment the year round to a large class of men and women who are now for force of circumstances obliged to be idle for months.

What a pity it is that only one Nantucketer can be found, and he not "to the manor born," who has spunk enough—yes that's the word, spunk, to carry on a business requiring more than two or three hands. John W. Hallett who has so well and ably represented this town in the General Court has, for at least

a decade, carried on the manufacture of linen and alpaca coats. He has at times had in his employ as many as 70 hands, and why, if this little business has been a success, will not some one else try his hand at a different industry?

#### Certain to Pay Here.

That manufacturing can be carried on successfully and with great benefit to the town is true, but that she can never again be aught else than a summer resort is also true.

Judge Staples, in dismissing the jury on the 4th inst., while complimenting them for Nantucket's great freedom from crime, took occasion to predict that the town was destined to become the great summer resort of Massachusetts, and should therefore be alive and up to the times in public improvements, which, alas, they seem disposed to neglect.

Certain it is, however, if the townspeople will do nothing in the way of improvements the "stranger" will, for he is bound to come here to stay. Already the largest hotels are controlled by people from abroad; year after year new names appear on the tax list, year after year new cottages are erected, and year after year innovations creep into the mail service, the police regulations, into the stores and into the homes of these heretofore radically conservative Nantucketers, whose lethargic temperaments could only be excited by an alarm of fire or a bit of scandal, which all goes to show that there is an influence at work, and that from the outside. These islanders will wake up some day and find their town has "changed hands."

As an evidence, and a pretty good one, too, that the summer visitor has been of decided advantage to the land owner, I have only to state the fact that within two weeks \$7000 were refused for a piece of land which was purchased for \$300 less than five years ago.

Of the eight hotels in the town proper, two only will remain open during the winter—the Springfield, which under the able management of A. C. H. Mowry, son and successor of the late proprietor, A. S. Mowry, has remained as popular as ever, and the Sherburne, for a number of years under the management of James Patterson, who spares no pains to please his guests.

I am informed that a stock company has been formed who propose to spend about \$30,000 in rebuilding and enlarging the latter hotel. H. A. Willard of Washington, I understand, is interested in the movement. The name of Mr. Willard as associated with any hotel enterprise, is a pretty sure indication that the undertaking will be a success, for he is too shrewd a man

and has had too much experience

#### In Hotel Matters

to allow himself to be connected with any doubtful project.

That unlucky piece of property, the Surf Side Hotel, whose fate seems to be that of continued unrest, is to be sold at auction Nov. 1. It has been since its foundation was first laid on Providence river up to the present time continually on the move; it is always being torn down, or rebuilt, or carried from place to place; or it is changing landlords or owners, and now once more it is to come under the hammer. The man who has the hardihood to buy this hotel will find that he has got the biggest kind of a big elephant on his hands.

As usual, as election day approaches, quite a number of patriots are found who are willing to "go up to Boston," and serve the town at the expense of the State during the winter.

First among the applicants for political preferment is John W. Hallett, the present incumbent, who has become very popular in the Legislature, and who, it now appears, is looking for the senatorial nomination.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Hallett is a Democrat, and this a strong Republican town, he has, since his first nomination some years since, always been elected by a good majority. Many of Mr. Hallett's friends would like to see him in the upper House, and if he can get the nomination as State senator from the island district he will doubtless poll a large vote.

Another prominent candidate who desires a seat under the gilded dome on Beacon street is Henry W. Riddell, the secretary of the board of selectmen. Mr. Riddell is a pleasant and agreeable young man with considerable ambition, and would, without doubt, if elected, represent the town very acceptably. He is, I think, Republican in politics.

Still another would-be statesman is Arthur H. Gardner, Editor of the Nantucket Journal. Mr. Gardner is a Republican, a Prohibitionist and a "woman's righter," and has had the "bee in his bonnet" for a long time.

That perennial candidate, Allen Coffin, has this year received the nomination of the Prohibitory party for the office of attorney general, so that for a time at least he is laid on the shelf. Mr. Coffin is one of those unfortunate individuals who are born and go through life with a terrible itching for office. It makes no difference to these men what it is so long as they get an office.

#### MARRIED.

In Northampton, 12th ult., by Rev. William J. Long, Andrew Cox, of Nantucket, to Julia A. Franklin, of Northampton.

#### DIED.

In this town, 24th inst., Joseph A. Steingardt, aged 52 years.  
In this town, 25th inst., Daniel C. Ring, aged 32 years, 9 months. Funeral, Sunday, at 2, P. M. [Boston and Lowell papers please copy.]  
In San Francisco, 8th inst., Charles H. Fuller, aged 60 years, 10 months.  
In Westport, 23d inst., Amariah Fisher, aged 66 years.

One enterprising fisherman has come to prepare his boat for the coming season.

Fishing vessels report that they are taking cod fish within 10 miles of Sconset.

These are the nights when the cranberry groves lie awake listening for frosts. Coffin & Jones are working hard to secure their crop.

Twelve cottages remain open on the heights.

The post office will close with the present month. The mail is now carried out on the engine.

It is rumored that there will be three more stores built in the village this winter—one each for D. W. Burgess & Sons, R. E. Burgess & Sons, and John Harps & Co.

Mr. E. K. Godfrey has been engaged to revise, elaborate and copy the manuscript of a gentleman who is now engaged in writing a philosophical book, and has already received the first instalment of the manuscript, together with substantial evidence that the gentleman means business. This is an indication that advertising pays, for though the gentleman referred to first learned of Mr. Godfrey through his guide-book, yet he afterwards saw his advertisement as an amanuensis in these columns, which resulted in his corresponding and securing his services.

Mrs. Mary Hussey is visiting in Grass Valley, Cal.

Mr. George W. Hollfelder and family of Boston, are enjoying Nantucket.

Chang Yen Hoon, His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, is in town for a ten days' visit. He expresses himself charmed with the island. Yesterday he was driven about the island by F. C. Sanford, Esq.

Mr. John Harps has been appointed Deputy Grand Regent for this district by the Grand Lodge Royal Arcanum.

John F. Brown, Esq., returned home Thursday, having been in attendance at the eleventh annual reunion of the N. H. Veteran Association, held at Weirs, N. H., on the 23d and 24th insts.

Rev. A. B. Whipple will preach in the Summer street Baptist Church, Sunday evening, at the usual hour. There will be no morning service.

Mr. Moses Joy, Jr., is in town.

Mr. F. V. Fuller, of Providence, is visiting his parents.

**REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.**—Miss I. A. Orr has sold to Batavia, N. Y., parties, a large house lot at Beachside, fronting the water, and will erect upon it for them a large and handsome cottage. She has also sold four lots to other parties, upon each of which a cottage will be built. Mr. John B. Collins will do the carpenter work upon all.

Mr. E. H. Alley has sold to Miss I. A. Orr all his house lots at Beachside adjoining her property.

**SUICIDE.**—News was received here Saturday of the death by drowning of Mr. Charles H. Fuller, formerly of this place, whose body was found in San Francisco harbor on the morning of the 8th instant. It was a case of suicide, deceased having for some time previously been despondent.

For the sweetest and best baked peanuts, go to the Nantucket Novelty Store.

Boo-o-o-h!

The new moon is a wet one.

Mrs. C. E. Hamblen has our thanks for Oregon papers.

'Sconset is having a grand boom in the concert line.

The Athenaeum has reason to be proud of its new seats.

The window lock, stop and support F. B. Keene is selling are just cut.

Dog days have been upon us this week in full earnest, and have stuck.

Bluefish are still caught by fishing parties, though the fares number small.

Saturday's rain filled a long-felt want and many empty cisterns. It was a grand sprinkling.

Entertainments in pleasing variety have given all a chance for enjoyment the past fortnight.

The Martha's Vineyard was very late in arriving Wednesday noon, having been delayed by fog.

Sportsmen are on the qui vive for plover. A number of these delicate birds were bagged Tuesday.

The homeward tide is just commencing, and summer visitors will ere long be scarce as will also flies.

## Here and There.

Guzzle reeled home the other day,  
His path was vague and wandering,  
He clutched the lamp-post o'er the way  
And hung on as if pondering.  
Our neighbor Guzzle doesn't care,  
License or Prohibition;  
A dozen times we've seen him there  
In much the same condition.

He gazed to South and then to North,  
Trying to look defiant,  
He swayed and wavered back and forth,  
His legs seemed weak and pliant;  
Apparently he was in search  
To find his own street-door;  
He straightened up, then gave a lurch,  
And almost toppled o'er.

Our darling Saccharina gazed,  
With funny questions laden,  
Seeming more tickled than amazed,  
The roguish little maiden!  
"Say, Grandpa, is the lamp-post loose?"  
"No, dear, the post's all right;  
But don't you see, you little goose,  
That—the old man is tight?"

## OBITUARY.

**RING.**—"The good die young" is an expression often lightly used, but in its application to the subject of this notice, it will stand as a monument of truth. Mr. Daniel C. Ring, a promising young townsman, died early Thursday morning, at the early age of 32 years, 9 months. His life has been one that shows what determination can accomplish, and is worthy of emulation. Compelled to leave school at an early age, he followed for a time a seafaring life, but later sought employment on shore, with the determination of obtaining an education. By hard work in vacation seasons, he was successful in securing financial aid to help him through, and graduated at last from the State Normal School at Bridgewater. He taught with success at Billerica, and from there accepted a responsible position as teacher in a prominent educational institution in England. He was there attacked with rheumatism, and compelled to return home, and since that time has gradually failed, although for a brief term he taught a school at Brewster. But his disease had too strong a hold, and he has at last succumbed to the inevitable. He was a young man of sterling character, and was a son Nantucket was proud to own, and whose loss she will deeply regret. To his parents and other members of his family we extend our sympathy. Funeral services will be held at his father's home, North Liberty street, to-morrow (Sunday), at 2, P. M.

**BODY FOUND.**—Thursday, at 4.30 o'clock, the body of a man was rescued from the water at the north side of Tuckernuck by Mr. Louis E. Dunham. It was in an advanced stage of decomposition. Medical Examiner Kite held a view yesterday, finding nothing on the body to identify him. The man was from 35 to 40 years old, weight about 180 pounds, his clothing indicating him a sailor. About the body was a belt and knife, and in the pockets a pocket-book containing \$2.65. All tissues had been eaten from the scalp, face and hands. The body had evidently been in the water about ten days.

**TO BE COURT-MARTIALED.**—Lieut. Weber, who has been employed on duty in connection with the cable service between Woods Holl and Nantucket, is charged with neglect of duty and disobedience of orders, and a number of officers have been ordered to assemble at the barracks next Monday to try him.

**NON-RESIDENTS.**—A conference of the non-resident owners of real estate at Siasconset, was held at the Chapel on Thursday afternoon, 25th, preliminary to a general call for a meeting of the villagers. The development of the village as a summer resort, the increase of improvements and rise in values of real estate, and the discrimination in assessed valuations were discussed.

The government cable between Woods Holl and Cedar Tree Neck has been off duty since Saturday last.

A. T. Mowry has hung out his sign which has been repainted, and is an additional ornament to a tasty store-front.

Work upon Dr. Workman's new house at the Cliff is delayed by the non-arrival of a vessel-load of brick for the foundation.

The Island Home left Cottage City for Nantucket with an excursion party, Thursday morning, but put back, owing to the inclement weather.

Rumors are flying about that all sorts of structures are to be erected on the island previous to another season. The foundation for the stories is slight.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed John H. Chadwick assistant keeper of new South Shoal Light vessel, vice James S. Riley, removed.—*Barnstable Patriot.*

Despite the howling blast of yesterday, the Nantucket's whistle sounded forth at the usual hour, and she went on her daily mission as though plying a mill-pond.

The Sunday evening meeting, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will be held in the vestry of the North Congregational Church, beginning at 6 1-2 o'clock. All are invited.

There is to be a mass meeting of all the young people and children, in North Hall, Wednesday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock, to establish a Loyal Legion. All are cordially invited to be there.

Real estate on Brant Point is having a grand boom, and the demand for lots there is increasing. One house lot has just been sold there for \$1900, and the same amount offered for an adjoining lot was refused.

The members of Middleboro Lodge, I. O. O. F., to the number of 32, who visited Nantucket this week, were treated most handsomely by the brothers on the island being received by a delegation from a local lodge and all their wants supplied during their stay. After the working of the degrees an excellent banquet was provided, and everything was done during this visit to make it most enjoyable. The Middleboro Odd Fellows are warm in praise of the cordial greeting and brotherly treatment they received.—*Middleboro News.*

**SENTENCE COMMUTED.**—President Cleveland has commuted the sentence of William H. Chadwick, convicted in May, 1885, of embezzling the funds and making false entries in the books of the Pacific National Bank, of this place, of which he was at the time cashier. The original sentence was five years' imprisonment, and the President, purely as an act of mercy to the prisoner's aged parents and his wife and children (the judge who sentenced him having recommended his pardon), commutes his sentence to three years' imprisonment.

## Company ( )

### Colonel

IN ARREST OR CONFINEMENT.										HORSES.		ON DETACH'D SERVICE.				WITH LEAVE.		WITHOUT LEAVE.	
Artificers.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
Privates.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
Captain.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
1st Lieutenants.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
2d Lieutenants.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
Bvt. 2d Lieutenants.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
Non-Commissioned Officers												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
Musicians.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
Artificers.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
Privates.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
Serviceable.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
Unserviceable.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
TOTAL COMMISSIONED.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
TOTAL ENLISTED.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
ON DETACH'D SERVICE.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
WITH LEAVE.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	
WITHOUT LEAVE.												Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.		Commissioned Officers.	
Enlisted Men.												Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.		Enlisted Men.	

# WELCOME TO SEAMEN.



RE OF THE  
OMMANDER.

## SAILORS' FREE READING ROOM, LIBRARY AND CHAPEL, ON UNION BLUFF, VINEYARD HAVEN.

All seamen of whatever nation and the public are earnestly invited to visit the above named institution, and to attend public worship there Sunday and Thursday evenings. Bell rings half an hour before service. Free Seats. Free gospel. No contributions asked. No respect to persons on account of dress, color or religious opinions. "The word of God is not bound" to any sect, party or nation.

In front of the premises there is a good wharf affording about seven feet of water for landing, also at head of the same there is a well of fresh water and all the means for filling casks in boats.

The Reading-room is supplied regularly with twenty-five different newspapers including dailies, semi-weeklies and weeklies, giving the marine news for the Atlantic coast, besides representing the religious views of several Christian sects.

The Library contains about six hundred bound books, including some of the latest publications, together with pamphlets, charts, and other documents useful to seamen. All the conveniences for writing letters, including stationery, etc., at hand; and a U. S. Mail-box is confined at the gate, from which letters are carried daily to the post office.

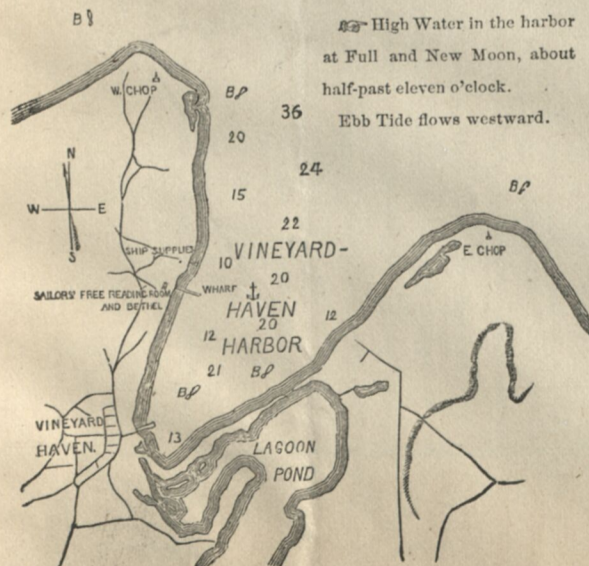
All seamen, yacht clubs, and the public are cordially invited to make free use of all the privileges mentioned above, free of charge.

U. S. Coast Survey Charts and Tide Tables, direct from Washington, for sale at Government prices.

Citizens and visitors to the Vineyard are invited to take books from the Library for two weeks at a time, without compensation.

A drive has been opened from the Reading-room to the main road, leading to the village and the lighthouse.

NOTE. A few rods north of the Mission House is a long established store of Ship's Supplies, kept by C. HOLMES.



Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard, 1872.

—THANKSGIVING day passed quietly in Nantucket. The day was cloudy, with a raw easterly wind blowing, but the appearance of our streets indicated that the people were more interested with inside matters than out-of-door exercise. Family assemblies were numerous. These pleasant annual gatherings are what make the day so popular; and this alone should perpetuate the holiday for all time.

Miss Mary E. Starbuck has been invited to fill Miss Lizzie Riddell's place in the Coffin School during the latter's absence in California the next twelve-month.

\*\*\* In the happy bridal union of two of Nantucket's young women during the week, the tender couplet in Hiawatha was recalled to our remembrance:

Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us.

The codfishing season has commenced in good earnest. The boats are averaging about fifty a day when the weather will permit their floating. The fish are taken at a slack of the tide. A day's sport after them is exhilarating and it is well worth a trip to this island to try one's luck. The passage through the surf is exciting and at the same time safe, owing to the skillful management of those in charge of the boats. There are few localities where this occupation is pursued. The Norcross Bros. are prominently connected in the business at the east end of the island, and others as skillful at other points.

—C. C. C. in American Analer.

**MARRIED.**

In this town, 20th inst., by Rev. George E. Brightman, Mr. Samuel B. Smith to Miss Annie L. Ellis, both of this town.

In this town, on Thursday evening 1st, by Rev. L. S. Baker, assisted by Rev. G. E. Brightman, Mr. Frank M. Jones, of Stoughton, to Miss Lizzie A. Hussey of Nantucket.

**DIED.**

In Auburn, New York, 16th inst., Shubael Cottle Jr., son of Capt. Shubael Cottle, formerly of this town, aged 49 years.

In Roxbury, 19th inst., Mrs. Eunice, widow of Charles Weeks, formerly of Nantucket, aged 82 years, 6 months.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

NANTUCKET, SS.

**PROBATE COURT.**

To the Heirs-at-law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Hallett, late of Nantucket, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate by John W. B. Hallett of Larchmont Manor, Westchester County, and Frederick G. Hallett of New York, in the County of New York, and State of New York, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety or sureties on their official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Nantucket, in said County of Nantucket, on the fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Inquirer and Mirror, printed at said Nantucket, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, THADDEUS C. DEFRIEZ, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

SAMUEL SWAIN, Register.

CANCERS REMOVED.—Miss Harriet T. Ellis, of this town, who is now in Port Chester, N. Y., has been under treatment in New York for cancer, and has had two successfully drawn out by Dr. J. S. Comins, of that city, in sixteen days. She writes enthusiastically of his treatment of her case. We congratulate her upon the relief secured from the angry tormentors.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

NANTUCKET, SS.

**PROBATE COURT.**

To the Next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John P. Barnard late of Nantucket, in said County, deceased, Intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Franklin B. Murphey of Nantucket, in the County of Nantucket.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Nantucket, in said County of Nantucket, on the fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this Citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Inquirer and Mirror, printed at Nantucket, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, THADDEUS C. DEFRIEZ, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this tenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

SAMUEL SWAIN, Register.

**Union Thanksgiving Services**

Were held in the Unitarian Church, the pastors of the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Unitarian Churches uniting. Rev. Mr. Roys opened with a reading service, responded to by the choir. Invocation by Rev. Mr. Dugdale; hymn by the choir; prayer by Rev. Miss Baker; reading of the hymn by Rev. Mr. Brightman. Miss Baker, by request, offered an impressive plea for a collection in behalf of the "Helping Hand Society." The sermon for the day was preached by Rev. George E. Brightman of the M. E. Church, from the 33d Psalm, part of the 12th verse, and it commanded the closest attention from a goodly number of hearers. The discourse was full of thought, applicable to the time-honored institution of Thanksgiving; delivered by a man in earnest; fearless to exalt the moral character of our American people above mere material prosperity, and to present political economy as above the trickery and duplicity of party politics, counselling always a holy trust in righteousness which exalted a nation.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. Roland Gardner has returned to Boston.

Mr. Arthur C. Wyer is passing the Thanksgiving holiday season at home.

Dr. Harold Williams presided at a citizen's meeting at the Tremont House, Boston, recently convened, to take into consideration the advisability of making a citizen's nomination for mayor.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Congdon returned Wednesday from a visit to the continent.

Mr. William M. Barrett has gone to New York for the winter.

Miss M. P. Nye has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mr. David G. Hussey, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent.

**BIRTHDAY PARTY.**—Relatives and friends of Mrs. Eunice Pitman gathered at the residence of her son, Dr. B. F. Pitman, last Tuesday, to join in the celebration of the venerable lady's 84th birthday. Despite her great infirmity, which prevented her seeing the bright faces of her visitors, aunt Eunice, as she is familiarly called, could enjoy their glad voices and congratulatory remarks. It was a pleasant gathering, replete with homespun sociability, and Mrs. Pitman, although fourscore years and four, was gay as any there, and entertained her friends in a very hospitable manner. The following poem, by Rev. L. S. Baker, was read:

TO  
MRS. EUNICE F. PITMAN  
(BLIND.)

On her 84th birthday, November 22d, 1887.

Beyond the three-score years and ten,  
The days have swung their chorus bells,  
Till cadence loud and full again  
Repeats its rhythm of time and tells  
How four-score years and four are past,  
And still the dear old face belongs  
To us. The palmy hours of youth  
Have fled away, on winged feet.  
Though memory dwells in tender rath  
Upon that time, and love will cast  
Her flowers, and croon her low-voiced songs  
Upon the old days seeming sweet.

Yet may a dew of pearly grace  
Enfold this anniversary hour,  
And, as the sunshine strikes the place,  
Reveal a beauteous autumn flower.

—FROM the last annual report of the State Board of Education, the following facts are taken: 331 towns pay a higher rate per cent. on the valuation of the town for school purposes than Nantucket; 16 pay a lower rate; 269 towns raise more school money for each pupil than Nantucket; 78 raise less. Newton leads with \$28.714 for each pupil. New Ashford is at the other end of the list with \$3.00. Nantucket's amount is \$8.37; 249 towns report a lower rate per cent. of attendance based upon average membership; 98 a higher rate; 266 towns pay their female teachers higher wages per month than Nantucket; 81 pay lower. The average wages of female teachers in the state is \$43.97; in this town \$28.16. Of the six Normal Schools of the state, the one nearest and most accessible to Nantucket is that at Bridgewater. It is also the oldest in its existence in the same locality.

In its faculty, course of study, and general equipment, it is fully the equal of any in the state. Many of the Nantucket girls, after graduation from the local schools, should avail themselves of the Bridgewater Normal.

**OUR OCTAGON.**

"To give is to live,  
To deny is to die."

Atheneum Hall was filled on Wednesday evening last, to encourage an organization in our town whose aim is to give the poor children of our midst a "Merry Christmas." The concert was a success. The curtain arose, disclosing the stage artistically adorned. A brilliant duett (piano) by Mrs. W. F. Codd and Miss Madeline Fish, prepared the generous audience for the good things to follow. "Marguerite," a solo, was sung with much musical expression and tenderness, by Miss Helen Locke. She was encored. Miss Minnie Smith recited "Concord Philosophy" in a most humorous vein, and the tumultuous applause brought her out in "Sam's Letter." Miss Addie King rendered with touching pathos her solo, "A Home by the Waves." A very appropriate selection for the evening was Whittier's beautiful poem, "Nauhaught, the Deacon," read by Miss Annie Chinery. Miss Chinery's reading was admirable, and the audience applauded. Miss Emma Cook was happy in her choice of a solo, entitled "My Song," which she sung with charming sweetness and feeling, receiving an encore. "Il Trovatore" was finely executed by the orchestra, Messrs. Wakeman and Smith and Mrs. Wakeman.

A unique feature of the delightful entertainment, was the Octagon Drill by the young ladies, led by Mr. Max Wagner. Every military movement was marked with rare precision, and the marches and kindred evolutions reflected great credit upon the expert teacher, who is an adept in soldierly manœuvres. This exercise is worthy of special mention, and deserved the rounds of applause bestowed at the close. The sale of cream and cake was lively, and thus the treasury of this very worthy society was liberally replenished. Success attend them.

**THEIR SEATS NOT VACANT.**—Names of pupils in the public schools not absent during the term ending November 18, 1887:

**High School:** Susie E. Austin, Arthur T. Bearse, Annie A. Bennett, Mary D. Brown, George S. Burdick, Florence J. Ceely, Annie B. Coffin, Willie H. Cook, Ellenise A. Eldredge, Grace Fisher, Sarah L. Folger, Hannah G. Hatch, Mary E. Hatch, Fred B. Hussey, Florence E. Manter, Charlotte C. Nye, Marion Oberempt, Mary O'Connell, Mary B. Paddock, Mabel W. Parker, Nellie B. Pond, Edith M. Sandsbury, Josie H. Smalley, Edgar S. Smith, Lizzie D. Smith, Lillian M. Worth.

**First Grammar:** Herbert Bennett, Charlie Chadwick, Florence Folger, Nathaniel Lowell, Lucy Manter, Lillian Murphey, Augustus Reyott, Alice Rogers, Mabel Turner, Edward Woods.

**Second Grammar:** Helen G. Coleman, Mary C. Smith, William R. Macy, Frank Congdon, Arthur C. Barrett, Charles S. Chinery, Florence E. Stevens, Andrew M. Myrick, Charles S. Collins, Obed L. Hussey, Jr., Cassine H. Brown, Lelia C. M. Crocker, Hattie S. Wright, Elizabeth B. Keane, Mabel M. Jones.

**First Intermediate, Academy Hill:** Louise Baker, Bessie Chadwick, Nelson Coffin, Ernest Crocker, Donald Gray, Lottie Hamblen, Elliot Harris, Grace King, Willie Lewis, George H. Myrick, Katie O'Connell, Katie Robinson, Charlie Stackpole, Frank Sylvia, Harry Turner, Stella Wing.

**Second Intermediate, Academy Hill:** Melvin Brown, Wallace Coleman, Abby Congdon, Grace B. Gardner, Katie Johnson, Addie Macy, Carrie Macy, Willie Rensen, Alice Roberts, Grace Snow, Clifford Turner, Milton Wright.

**Primary, Academy Hill:** Thatcher Baker, George Johnson, Katie Killen, Hattie Stackpole, John Stackpole.

**Intermediate, Orange Street:** Everett Backus, Charlie Cushman, Marianna Eldredge, Eliza Gardner, Everett Holmes, Harry Harps, Harry Jones, Charlie Lewis, Ida Long, Althea Macy, Arthur Marchant, Annie Mitchell, Ella Mitchell, Mattie Manter, Bertie Ray, Horace Spencer, George Tracy, Clara Turner, Mitchell Worth.

**Primary, Orange Street:** Walton Adams, Carl Appleton, Annie Eldredge, Charlie Ellis, Stanley Fisher, Katie Flood, Cornelius Johnson, Walter Keane, Reuben Manter, Lucinda Sylvia, Peter Sylvia, Jr., Lizzie Tracy, Harry Worth, James Worth.

**Siasconset:** Carrie Brown, David Brown, Ethel Coffin, Louis Coffin, Henry Coffin, Phebe Coffin, Oscar Folger, Eugene Morris, Charlotte Owen, Lizzie Owen, Priscilla Owen, Winnie Owen, Lottie Pitman.

**Polpis:** Edith Worth, Frank Worth.

**Madaket:** Lillian E. Small, Rufus E. Small.

**FAIR AND BRAVE.**

**SMITH-ELLIS.**—On Sunday evening last, a large number of the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard P. Morris assembled at their home on Union Street to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Annie L. Ellis, to Mr. Samuel B. Smith of this town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George E. Brightman, of the M. E. Church, in a simple but impressive manner, after which the happy couple received the best wishes of the assembled guests. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents. The INQUIRER AND MIRROR extends congratulations.

**JONES-HUSSEY.**—The North Congregational Church was the scene of a charming wedding party, Thursday evening, when Mr. Frank M. Jones, of Stoughton, formerly of this town, claimed for his bride Miss Lizzie A. Hussey, daughter of Mr. Obed L. Hussey, of this town. The altar was tastefully adorned with a bank of ivy and flowers, presenting a handsome appearance. At the appointed hour the couple entered the church, preceded by the ushers (Messrs. R. C. Small, L. J. Ceely, C. C. Thomas, and H. C. Cathcart), marching up the centre aisle to the inspiring strains of the wedding march pealing from the organ. At the altar they were met by Revs. L. S. Baker and G. E. Brightman, who in a happy manner made the twain one, when they returned to their carriage, and were driven to the bride's home on Orange street, where they received their many friends. The bride wore a handsome dress of white albatross, with satin trimmings, becoming to her graceful figure, while the groom was attired in the customary suit of black. They were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents. They will make their home in Stoughton. We offer our congratulations.

**FARMERS' INSTITUTE.**—The farmers' institute last Wednesday evening was quite largely attended, and the discussion of the general subject of poultry was entertaining and profitable. A poem by Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks (which is presented below) was read previous to the essay by Mr. Thomas G. Macy, whose paper was of an entertaining character. The discussion was

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DETACHED SERVICE.				WITH LEAVE.			
Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.			
Enlisted Men.				Enlisted Men.			
Commissioned Officers.				Commissioned Officers.			
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joined in by Messrs. I. E. Coffin, M. F. Freeborn, C. W. Gardner, J. S. Appleton, Jr., S. B. Folger, John P. Sylvia and R. B. Hussey, each reviewing his experience with the feathered tribe. The next meeting will be held at the same place (Arcanum Hall), next Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock. The subject will be: "Is it better to keep poultry in large or small flocks?" Several ladies were present at the last meeting, and the officers desire it understood that the ladies of Nantucket are specially invited to attend. Mr. Isaiah E. Coffin will open the discussion.

On this eve of Thanksgiving, 'tis fitting  
To levy on rhyme, if not reason;  
And honor the essay so timely,  
The delicate food of the season.

These Institute talks are ennobling,  
They sharpen both palate and wit;  
The points in discussion are varied,  
While seasoned with Nantucket grit.

Grit—fine stock in trade of our fathers;  
Still held by the sons in their prime;  
It nerved every fearless harpooner,  
And stirs in the blood of our time!

Avaunt, every grizzly endeavor  
To weaken the pride of our day;  
Or slur the descendants' sure progress,  
Or sneer at what we have to say!

To-morrow will bring us Thanksgiving,—  
The Puritans' festival day;  
For mercies vouchsafed from God's bounty,  
Their stern hearts forgot not to pray.

Be ours like remembrance, with gladness;  
Our farmers shall honor the time:  
And memories of seed-time and harvest,  
Like bells in their brave hearts, shall chime.  
A tocsin, like drum corps of Moultrie,  
To charge on their Thanksgiving poultry!

**SERIOUS ACCIDENT.**—Last Wednesday morning Mrs. Willie Gibbs, while engaged with her household duties, met with a painful mishap, which has placed her life in jeopardy. In some manner her clothing took fire from the stove, and was fanned into a flame before it was perceived. Mrs. Gibbs became frightened, and made a dash for the open air, shrieking with pain. In the dooryard she was met by her mother, Mrs. Robert W. Coleman, who rushed to her rescue, and was also severely burnt about the hands and arms in her efforts to save her daughter. Mrs. Jane Starbuck, the grandmother, came up and threw her shawl about Mrs. Gibbs's neck, thus preventing any disfigurement of her features, and the united efforts of both soon removed the clothing from the now unconscious lady, but not before she had been terribly burned, her right arm, breast and side, and the larger portion of her back being a mass of fiery torture, and her cries from the pain are said to have been heart-rending. Dr. C. D. Marsh was called, and rendered all possible aid to alleviate the sufferings of the poor woman, who, although not yet out of danger, is as comfortable as could be expected for one suffering from so severe a shock.

**HARVEST FESTIVAL.**—A harvest festival in connection with a Thanksgiving service, was held in St. Paul's church on Thursday morning. The church was handsomely decorated with fruits and flowers in great abundance. The anthems were sweetly rendered by a choir of young ladies, supported on the organ by Mrs. Ellen H. Boyer. The sermon by Rev. Mr. Little, was from the 24th Psalm: "The earth is the Lord's and they that dwell therein." It was a pleasant occasion to both pastor and people.

The first experiment made in this city, outside of the station, of the Thomson-Houston incandescent light from the arc system took place in the office of the Gary hotel last evening. It was a complete success and commanded the admiration of all spectators. It is claimed for this system of incandescent lighting that for long distances and in some other particulars it is superior to the Edison, though it is yet in its infancy. Certainly a better light in every respect than that displayed at the Gary hotel last night could not be desired. Mr. Joy says that his company is working slowly but surely to perfect arrangements for its general introduction in this city, which will be done as is consistent with the certainty of satisfaction to users. — *Petersburg, Va., Index-Appeal, 19th inst.*

The above refers to Mr. Moses Joy, Jr., formerly of this town.

# Regiment of for the month of

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## ALTERATIONS SINCE LAST REPORT.

AGGREGATE LAST REPORT.	Total of Horses.	GAIN.		LOSS.		MEMORAN- DUM.
		COM'D OFFI- CERS.	ENLISTED MEN.	COM'D OFFICERS.	ENLISTED MEN.	
		By Promot'n or Appointm't.	Recruits from Depots.	Resigned, or Disbanded.	Died.	
		By Transfer.	Enlisted in the Regiments. Re-enlisted. By Transfer. From Missing in Action. From Desertion.	Dismissed. Transferred. Missing in Action. In Act'n, or of Wounds received there. Of Disease, etc.	Discharged. For Disability. By Sentence G. C. M. By Order. By Civil Authority.	
					Transferred.	
					In Act'n, or of Wounds received there.	
					Of Disease, etc.	
					Missing in Action.	
					Deserted.	
					Wounded in Action.	
					No. of Recruits Required.	
					No. of Horses Required.	

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FIRST SERGEANT.

SIGNATURE OF THE  
COMP'Y COMMANDER.

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Remarks for the Month of

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## Appeal for Abstinence from Intoxicating Beverages.

### *To the members of our Religious Society and others:*

The use of Intoxicating Beverages is attended with corrupting and ruinous effects.

It leads to Intemperance, producing injury to the health as well as to the minds of those who give way thereto, bringing misery on its victims, and sorrow, distress, and oft-times poverty on their families and friends.

It also causes an alarming increase of vice and crime in the land.

Moderate drinking, tippling and sipping drams, the social custom of the use of wine and other intoxicating beverages upon festive and other occasions, should be carefully and scrupulously avoided, for though such as are in these evil practices may not suddenly become drunkards, yet they are often led on to the greatest transgressions, and even some who have had the good example of virtuous parents, have from small beginnings arrived to a shameful excess; to the reproach and ruin of themselves, and the great injury of their families.

Though much has been done with good results for the encouragement of abstinence and sobriety, the great evil against which we are constrained to make this appeal assumes large and serious proportions. Official returns for the fiscal year of 1873 show an increase in the manufacture of, and traffic in Intoxicating beverages, as compared with preceding years, the amount exceeding any previous year of our National existence. In the one city of New York there are over seven thousand licensed places for the sale of strong drink, about one for every one hundred and thirty inhabitants.

In view of these facts, and of the attending results, overcrowded Prisons and Poor Houses, the appalling social vice, physical disease, and alarming death rate which alcoholism occasions, we appeal affectionately and earnestly to all to abstain from partaking of any intoxicating beverages as a personal duty and a right example to others.

In the spirit of christian love and for the promotion of the cause of truth and righteousness, opposed to which Intemperance is so great an obstacle, we send forth this appeal.

At a meeting of the Representative Committee of the Yearly Meeting of New York, held 4th month, 6, 1874, the foregoing appeal was united with and directed to be sent to our Quarterly Meetings to be distributed to our Subordinate Meetings and for general distribution to others.

WM. H. MACY,

*Clerk.*

SIGNATURE OF THE  
SERGEANT.

SIGNATURE OF THE  
COMP'Y COMMANDER.

mainder of the night she was wide awake.

On arriving at New York she visited friends for a few weeks and then embarked on one of the Sound steamers to go to Nantucket. The passage on the Sound was fraught with considerable danger. The boat was in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, and the Captain not wishing to endanger the lives entrusted to his care, was compelled to put into Stonington until the storm should abate. After waiting some little time they proceeded on their way and landed at Fall River.

From Fall River to Hyannis the journey was uneventful. Upon her arrival there however, the lady learned that the Nantucket harbor was frozen over and the boat could not run. After having waited three weeks at Hyannis a gentleman named Gardner called upon her one day, and informed her that himself and several others, seeing no immediate prospect of getting to Nan-

took the mother and child, and over eight feet deep of snow he drove them to town where they arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, to the great surprise of relatives and friends. Such were some of the adventures of one small baby. The baby? was

Your's truly

EMILY C. REMSEN.



### Attractions of Nantucket.

NANTUCKET, June 10, 1887.—Charles O'Connor came here to Nantucket at the point of death, wherever that is, and lived three years longer than any one expected. A week before he died he told a confidential friend that he could live longer if he wanted to. "But I don't want to," said the old man. "I'm worn out, and it's only a misery for me to carry my body. It's my will that's kept my body alive for the last ten years and could keep it alive for years to come. But for what?"

A wealthy Western man came here a few years ago whose body was a misery to him. It was a ramification of aches and pains. His temper was as amiable, in consequence, as a cross-cut saw. He was a bear without fur or claws.

### NANTUCKET MEDICINE.

"You ain't sick," said a Nantucketer to him. "You only think you are. At least, you're thinking too much of what little does ail you. I know what you want. You see that old horse and trap of mine? You want to get into that wagon and drive over to Madaket. You'll have something else to do than think of the complaints the doctors have laid out for you when you drive that horse. When you get over to Madaket you'll find a shanty of mine there and some fish poles and lines. You'll find a pond also. Go and fish in it. Then come back to Nantucket. Here's the keys. There's the trap. Go! Git?"

The wealthy invalid looked a surprised look and hesitated and hemmed and hawed a while, and finally put on a spurt of resolution and said, "I'll do it!"

And he did it.

He came back that evening delighted. He had a string of fish, a flush of color on his face, his trousers were torn and wet and there were four inches less of whip lash than when he started.

"He wanted," said the Nantucketer who told me this story and who still owns and runs the old horse, "he wanted, besides the air which this island can give, something to get his brain off the track of the complaints which his doctor had loaded him up with. The old horse and the fishing did that for him. People can't be cured by sea air alone if their minds are all the time climbing up and down a string of complaints. Well, that same man, while he stayed here, would have relapses. He would come to my shop some mornings all doubled up with misery. Usually I would get him on the main track by starting him off with that old horse. He left cured and he is dead sure to come back sick, through rushing his body and brains about, as they all do on the continent."

"The continent—what continent?" I asked.

### THE DOMINION OF SERENITY.

"The continent of America," said he. "Geographically and governmentally Nantucket belongs to America, but in customs, manners, usages and views of life we're quite another people. Somehow we don't get the infection of rush and hurry and wear and tear as much as you people on the continent. We take life easier. See that old gentleman there? That's Captain Baxter. He's eighty-three years old, drives a stage, has a good appetite, a first-class digestion and invents pleasing fictions wherewith to entertain strangers. You see the seven great whitewashed mile-stones to 'Seonset?' He told one man we were the graves of former great chiefs buried on the island. He

became very deaf one day while carrying a newly married stranger couple out-riding. They put him up at last as a nonentity from an auricular point of view. I don't know what they said, but when within a mile of Nantucket he recovered his hearing, and they got out of his carriage at the hotel, blushing like beets. He assured another man that we transplanted our dead folks every seven years, and that individual is sowing that information now all over the continent. That is one way he keeps himself so vigorous. He saw what there was of San Francisco in 1833, when he went in there master of a whaler."

### EASY TO RUN A HOTEL THERE.

There is indeed a soothing atmosphere of quiet all over Nantucket. When I went to the hotel there at three in the afternoon I could not find a soul on the premises. But that's not so wonderful. A great many people never find their own souls at all. It was a nice, neat hotel. The office had everything in it a hotel office should except the clerk. Over the desk was perched a stuffed gull. From his beak hung a card. On it was printed in big, black letters, "Please leave your room key at the office when you go out." I looked in another direction and read; "Please don't smoke in the office." In another I was admonished thus:—"Please settle your bill in the evening if you intend leaving by the early morning boat." And again:—"This house is closed at eleven P. M."

I waited an hour for a landlord to turn up. None turned up. The sea breeze rustled gently in at the open windows. The robins sang cheerfully without. There was a large and elegantly furnished parlor full of things tempting to a thief and no one to molest him while taking them away. But where could he go with them in Nantucket? I wandered through the open hallways, up stairs and down, and never a soul or body came in view. Then, on turning back, over the front door, in large black letters, still I read again:—"Don't take away your door keys on leaving the house." The only property they seem to fear losing in Nantucket is door keys.

Then I went out for a stroll and mused about the old wharves and remains of wharves where forty years ago whalers lay in tiers two deep, fitting out for the Arctic, the Antarctic and other far off ends of the earth in which those little Nantucket ships, poking in those then unknown and unmapped seas, discovered scores of islands, reefs and rocks years before they were re-discovered by more pretentious men and vessels.

I went back to the hotel. It was five o'clock. Still no soul; no landlord, no clerk. I read more printed notices for the regulations and conduct of guests. One informed me that supper would be ready at five o'clock. It was then five o'clock, I was very much interested in this notice. I was very hungry. The Nantucket air makes one very hungry. I hunted again for the dining room. I found none. I tried to smell cooked victuals somewhere. I could not find a smell. I returned to the office. I waited and hungered and reread the notice, "Supper at five P. M."

### GUESTS BOARDING OUT.

At last a young man made his appearance. He astonished me. So habituated had I become to the silence of this neat and tastefully kept hostelry that he seemed almost an intruder. Said I, "Is there a supper hour about this hotel?"

"There is," he said.

"What is it?"

"Five o'clock." "(It was now half-past six.)"

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Why, in the annex."

I requested to be led to the annex. It was true. Supper was there, and a good one, and a plenty of guests eating it. I think the young man felt and sympathized with my famished condition. He said they were very busy getting ready for the season and that it was impossible for a fellow to be in two places at once. I agreed with him and corroborated his opinion, save with the exception that if a man's leg or arm was amputated he might then possibly be in two places at once.

The supper was good. Fried cod, fresh. On Nantucket a fish is deemed old and unfit to eat if twenty-four hours out of water. One very nice young lady waited on me and another Nantucket beauty looked steadfastly at me through the porthole leading into the kitchen from whence the viands were fired into the dining room. No wonder she looked. I ate and ate and ate. Three times they fired fired cod at me ere I was full. I was then sleepy. They keep sleep on Nantucket in large quantities. There's enough here for every dweller—native or visitor—to put in ten hours out of twenty-four.

I found more printed regulations in my room for the regulation and conduct of travellers. One read, "Don't blow out the gas." Then came a chapter which I append in full:—

### "IN CASE OF FIRE."

First—Notify the clerk at once. He will be asleep in room 72, just back of the office.

Second—Notify the proprietor. He will be found in annex No. 1, room A.

Third—Notify the night watchman. He will be asleep, as usual, somewhere on the premises.

Fourth—Return to your room and throw your trunk and clothes out of the window. You can repack them on the piazza or back yard.

Fifth—Now try to discover where the fire is. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will be in some neighboring building—not ours. Don't forget to shriek and halloo all the time. By that means you will wake up sound sleepers; also it will be very soothing to nervous people.

You may think this a made up affair out of my imagination. It is not. Come to Nantucket if you doubt, and read it for yourself.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 8 1888.

The scallop industry brings a considerable amount of revenue to the island, and is being prosecuted vigorously. Large quantities of the bivalves are being taken in the upper harbor.

ANOTHER WHALER GONE.—Schooner Abbie Bradford, of New Bedford, Capt. Gilbert B. Borden, has been condemned at Santos, Brazil. She sailed from New Bedford on June 26th, 1886, for Hudson's Bay, and wintered there, but not having a successful season, took a southern cruise. She was 109 tons, and was built at Scituate in 1860. She was valued with outfits at \$10,000 to \$12,000, and the only insurance is \$2875. She had 75 bbls of whale oil when last reported and 2 casks of furs, and possibly a little trade bone. The Abbie Bradford was one of the last whalers to hail from Nantucket. She was purchased by the late Joseph B. Mrey and others and fitted out from here in 1869, making two voyages in the Atlantic ocean under command of Capt. John Murray. She was sold to New Bedford in 1872.

### THE 'SEONSET GOAT.

A CURIOUS SUGGESTION OF HARLEM IN A NANTUCKET FISHING VILLAGE.

SIASCONSET, Mass., May 28.—There is but one goat in Siasconset. The place is on Nantucket Island, eight miles from Nantucket, with two churches and no minister at all, and no Sunday services at present to speak of, but such as are held by the cod fishers, at present the only residents of 'Seonset," inasmuch as the summer company has not come.

This goat is white in color, short in tail, masculine in sex, competent in appetite, cast iron in digestion, and vicious in disposition. Though not carnivorous he is clothingivorous. He eats clothes when he can get them. He loves shirts and flannel suits hung out to dry.

'Seonset is in the summer a watering place for everybody but this goat. He never drinks water. He despises it. There are now here forty residents, over a hundred empty cottages, three empty hotels, an empty Post Office where in summer the United States mail is cared for by a female, a store open only three times a week—and this goat.

When this goat gets loose he is an organized gang of bushwackers by himself. Last summer he got loose in the height of the season. He ate a part of Miss Aiken's nightgown before her father discovered him. Mr. Aikens followed the goat rapidly home with a fence rail which he administered as quickly as he could to the goat's back. The goat ruminated for a while after this punishment, and an hour afterward was found making a meal from an India rubber overcoat. When he is not eating he chews the cud of digested ladies' nightgowns mixed with rubber coats and meditates more villainy. As a butter he is no respecter of age or sex. He will butt a Congressman as quick as a codfisher. When there is no one at hand to butt, I have seen him for hours battering away at the fence boards to keep himself in practice. He butts window panes, when he can get at them, for amusement.

Everybody here now is catching and curing codfish, except the goat. By day all the men are off shore and on the ocean one man and two fish lines to a dory, fishing, while the women are home watching and looking out for the goat. This would be one of the most restful places on earth were it not for the goat. The fishermen's cottages are delightful little cuddies, with cabin-like bedrooms and porthole windows. Some are a hundred, some near two hundred years old, having been begun with wreckage which drifted ashore years and years ago, before the goat was thought of.

I have said that he is a competent eater. He can eat corsets and oaks. If you have anything for him to eat he will eat it—and then butt you. If you have nothing for him to eat he will butt you all the sooner. He will butt you anyway. He is a great brain worker, only he works with the outside of his brain.

Every night the 'Seonseters meet in their new club house and talk codfish and smoke, and smell of codfish, and ask who has suffered most from the goat during the day. The club house fills a long felt void in 'Seonset. All winter and well into the spring there is no grocery store here open nights for the men folks to visit, smoke, talk, and hang their boots over cracker barrels, so this winter the twenty odd male 'Seonseters clubbed together, chipped in, raised \$90, and built a house to meet in nights. It stands in the centre of the village, and is furnished with a nice lamp, twenty chairs, two empty flour barrels, a pail of water and a tin cup. While the Post Office is closed—the Post mistress winters in Nantucket—it serves as a place where in to deposit the mail, which anybody brings who comes from Nantucket, and all letters and papers as a rule come safe to 'Seonset, and are laid on the club house table, where those who want may come and get such of them as are not eaten by the goat.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

LABOR MATTERS. The lasters at Francis W. Breed's factory struck yesterday. There is trouble among C. A. Coffin & Co.'s lasters, caused by the discharge of one of their number.

DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.
	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.
		Enlisted Men.

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## Francis Rotch and William Rotch.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: I notice in the interesting paper called "Nantucket Memories," published in the EVENING POST of January 8, two historical errors concerning the famous ship *Dartmouth* and her owner, which I beg to correct.

The *Dartmouth*, one of the Boston tea-ships, was neither built nor owned in Nantucket. She was built in 1767 in what is now the city of New Bedford, then the township of Dartmouth, and was owned by Francis Rotch, a merchant of that town. She made her first voyage to London with a cargo of whale oil. When she brought the 114 chests of tea to Boston in 1773, creating the famous tempest in that teapot, she was still owned by Francis Rotch, although the historians of those times call him Rotch merely, as if he were not entitled to a Christian name; and he it was who waited upon the mob in the Old South Meeting-house.

August 16, 1775, the General Court of Massachusetts passed a resolve "that from and after the 15th day of August instant, no ship or vessel should sail out of any port of this Colony on any Whaling Voyage whatever without leave first had and obtained" from the said court. On the 30th of the same month the court gave permission to Francis Rotch, of Dartmouth, and Aaron Lopez, of Rhode Island, "to put to sea the Vessels in which they are interested on a Whaling Voyage," provided all "the Oyl and bone by them taken" be landed in any port of the colony "except the Ports of Boston and Nantucket."

The author of the paper in the EVENING POST says it is a pity that the life of William Rotch, of Nantucket, could not be fully written. It was fully written, in 1814, by himself, in his eightieth year—'Autobiographical Memoirs'—and has been published in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register of 1878. Further information about his life may be found in 'Nantucket in the Revolution,' by Alexander Starbuck, published in 1875. These Memoirs are very

interesting. They disclose the iron-handed tyranny which during the Revolution throttled all personal opinions that did not agree with those of the Boston politicians. The old man says: "But there were so many petty officers as Committees of Safety, Inspection, etc., in all parts, and too many of them chosen much upon the principle of Jeroboam's Priests, that we were sorely afflicted." W. R. B.

SHORT HILLS, N. J., Friday Evening, January 8.

[We have referred the foregoing letter to our Nantucket authority, whose reply we print below.—ED. EVENING POST.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: Joseph Rotch came to Nantucket early in the last century and married Love Macy, daughter of Henry and Deborah Coffin. She was born in 1713. Their children were: William, born 1734, who became the great New England merchant; none that I ever read of surpassed him. The next son was Joseph, born 1746, who died while in England in 1767, the same year his mother died here. The next son was Francis, who was born in 1750 and died in New Bedford 1822.

Joseph Rotch (the elder), moved to New Bedford, then called Dartmouth, in 1764. Francis, his son, soon followed him. The old gentleman was burnt out by the British and came back to Nantucket. He died in 1784 in New Bedford. Francis built the *Dartmouth* on Hazzard's wharf, where John and James Howland's store now stands; William was interested in all of his brother's enterprises, as my books indicate—oil, candles, merchandise in general. In 1773 the *Beaver* was loaded here with sperm oil, and sailed on June 26 for London. In London the East India Company loaded the ships with tea. I have the invoices outward. When they came into Boston, Mr. Francis Rotch met these ships, and went through what Bancroft relates in his sixth volume, page 474. When the ships were unloaded, the *Beaver*, Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, came down to Nantucket and was fitted for Brazil Banks, accompanied by a sister ship, the famed *Bedford*, Capt. Robert Meader; both ships filled, the *Beaver* going to London, where Francis Rotch met her and disposed of her oil in 1776. The *Bedford* came here to Nantucket to William Rotch, and here she lay till 1782, when she was hauled down and filled with 487 butts of oil, and sailed for London under charge of Captain William Mowes, arriving in London on the 7th of February, 1783, giving the officials much trouble and perplexity, as she was a "rebel"; and Trinity House did not know how to proceed in her case, and applied for advice of the Crown officers. Captain Coffin died in London, 1778. While they were upon the Brazil coast one Seymore, a hand on board of Captain Coffin, wanted to exchange places with a sailor on board of Captain Meader, which had the consent of the captains. On the American arriving in London, he claimed more than the papers he held called for, as each had exchanged, taking each other's place in everything. Captain Coffin dying, they could not settle this matter until

they sent to Nantucket for facts in the case. I have the affidavits taken before Hon. George Gardner, who was the first Custom-house officer appointed here under the United States in 1783.

The *Dartmouth* came down here after the tea difficulty and loaded with sperm oil, and sailed for London April 4, 1774, consigned to Champion & Dickerson, of that city, William Rotch, shipper. I could adduce 100 of these voyages, but I fancy this will be enough; if not, will give you some even more convincing that the brothers worked together, even if they lived apart.

Mr. Francis Rotch purchased his first wife in England, buying a man off from his engagement. She, however, did not live long. After she died he became interested in Madam Haley, a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes. She was rich. She wanted to come to America, and Mr. Rotch wanted to do the gallant thing—accompanied her to Boston. While there Charles-town bridge was completed, and Madam offered a hundred pounds (\$500) for the privilege to walk across it; or, in other words, to open it. This was granted to her with great enthusiasm by those in authority. About this time Mr. Rotch had an elegant man as clerk. Madam Haley solicited the services of this gentleman to go out to England to transact some important business. Mr. Rotch readily assented. After he arrived out Madam Haley soon took hasty leave and departed for Europe. Arriving out, she soon met the young man and married him, to the great chagrin of Mr. Rotch. Mr. Rotch soon after married for his second wife his cousin, Nancy, who survived him, she dying in 1864, ninety-two years old. She was the person who gave Benjamin Rodman, a grandson of William Rotch, information that the East India Company paid all the freight money for that fragrant tea, some of which is now upon the island.

William Rotch died in New Bedford, May, 1823, near ninety-four years of age. I have his autobiography, published by the Genealogical Society in Boston, 1874. F. C. SANFORD.

NANTUCKET, January 12.

[From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.]

## REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MITCHELL, FATHER OF PROF. MARIA MITCHELL.

Sarah K. Bolton's picturesque career of Prof. Maria Mitchell as copied in the Eagle of February 17th needs some further explanation in order to do justice to her honored father. The writer of this had the privilege of being one of his pupils for five years and also frequently a visitor in his family, enjoying especially the intimate friendship of his oldest daughter. She was never a school teacher though a younger sister Annie (Mrs. Macy) at one time taught in the High School at Nantucket. William Mitchell was not only a man of genial and social qualities, but of marked ability in the various positions which he so honorably filled during his life. As a teacher he was successful. With his uniform kindness and agreeable manner he had the rare faculty of making his pupils feel happy, and while they were pursuing their studies, they could learn useful lessons for life, through his teaching and example. Many pleasant memories of those school days are still retained. After he gave up teaching he was secretary of the Insurance Office for a few years and was then called to the position of Cashier in the Pacific Bank at Nantucket which place he acceptably filled for 25 years and Treasurer of Savings Institution for 16 years.

He was a representative to the Legislature of his native state, also a Senator, and for a time council for the Governor. He was a member and chairman several years of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College.

He lectured on Astronomy in Worcester, Boston, Hudson, N. Y., and other cities. He calculated and observed eclipses and frequently contributed to Scientific journals.

In regard to farming and fishing he never practiced fishing and his only farming was confined to a few acres of land about a mile from town, where during his banking days, he built a cottage for summer resort and recreation, where he delighted to pet his two brindie cows, and feed his pigs, of which he kept just two, and these always white. Here, with his family about him, and with the pure sea breeze

in every breath, he continued to teach them, not only of the starry heavens, but of the plants and flowers that grew all about them.

Of his wife, Lydia Coleman Mitchell, I need only say that she was a valued mother to her large family and a true helpmeet to her husband.

Nine children lived to mature age, a twin sister of the youngest son dying in infancy. Their home was truly an attractive place to their numerous visitors—a social, elevated and genial atmosphere prevailing at their board when all were gathered—which the writer has many times enjoyed in by-gone years. Of this family, while Prof. Mitchell is worthy of all the honor given her, she is not the only one who has made a mark in the world.

Capt. Andrew Mitchell, the eldest son, in early life followed his compass and quadrant, not only in the Atlantic Ocean, but around Cape Horn in the Pacific in pursuit of whales—and later, was commander of a merchant vessel—Frank brought up at his father's elbow in the bank, is yet a banker and broker in Chicago. William Forster of Cincinnati, in his youth studied the theology of Fox, Penn and Barclay in his father's library, and, like his honored parents, is an Orthodox Friend in his religion and a writer and preacher of eminence.

Henry, the youngest son, has been for many years employed by the Government in Coast Survey, where his labor is much appreciated. Of the other daughters who have all married I need only say they are equally honorable and useful in their several spheres. The oldest son and daughter are not living, Maria being the oldest surviving.

When Maria entered Vassar College her father came with her, his home being with her after his wife's death. There, in comparative retirement, his latest days were spent, and even in this closing period of his life he was useful, as she has testified, his knowledge and experience in Astronomical science being of valuable service to her in the prosecution of her work. He died at the college, his eldest daughter being with him also in the last days, and thus closed in peace the useful life of one who was beloved and honored by his family, and many friends.

E. H.

NANTUCKET RELIEF ASSOCIATION.—The following acknowledgment was accidentally omitted in the rendering of the annual report of the Nantucket Relief Association:

Received from Dr. Arthur E. Jenks \$46.25 of the profits of his lecture on Canon Farrar, delivered last February.

His noble gift came very opportunely, as we had just entered on our new year. Our sincere thanks are due Dr. Jenks for his eloquent lecture, as well as for the proceeds which he sent to our treasury, to increase its funds. We fully appreciate also the efforts of the committee of two very efficient young ladies who took charge of the sale of the tickets, and of making all necessary arrangements for conducting the lecture.

OLIVE B. MEADER, Secretary.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle, of the 19th inst., contains the following:

YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.—Dr. Jenks, of Nantucket, addressed the young men of the Epiphany Church at their rooms Monday evening. Those who were privileged to hear this gentleman will not soon forget so pleasant an evening. With a brief sketch of the history of guilds and the good work done by them in the church, in an eloquent and earnest manner he showed how each by personal endeavor must do his part for the great good, and closed his remarks by reading a beautiful poem of his own composition, entitled "The Helping Hand."

We have been shown a photograph of a new opera chair settee, designed for the Atheneum. It is probable its committee with some slight modifications will adopt this seat. It is both neat and durable and, withal the design of a Nantucket man engaged in that line of business at Richmond Indiana.

To return to the North Congregational Church. I was going to say that I had never before heard a woman preach, when it occurred to me that there is one woman whom I have never heard do anything else. But certainly I have never before known a woman to be established as permanent preacher in a pulpit. And here it is proved beyond question that a woman's sphere is simply to do whatever she can do well. The fitness of Miss Baker for this position I have never heard any one gainsay. Firstly, nature has fitted her for the work. Possessed of a dignified and graceful presence, an earnest and thoughtful face, a pleasing and well-modulated voice and a most reverent manner, her sermons are as well constructed as they are impressively delivered. There is no floridity of style; too much of self-control and repression, if anything. Never sombre, she is always serious—never does she forget the dignity of her calling. But it is pleasant to see her face light up as she unfolds some truth which to her seems fraught with hope and promise. Of buoyancy in the pulpit and antics to amuse, as you can well imagine, there is none—this is left to men. And I wish that some of the eminent divines given to such diversions could sit at this woman's feet and learn to be reverent and respectful in the presence of which they preach.

Miss Baker is a native Nantucketer. I do not know that she has ever preached elsewhere, and certainly she did not step into this pulpit with the shining nimbus of any theological seminary round her brow. And here in the very outset she encounters a difficulty which I am not sure that all appreciate. "Twere one thing to come here as a woman preacher" under the endowing and protective shadow of some previous pulpit, and as a stranger. But what is said of no prophet being without honor save in his own country holds even more true of the prophetess, I fancy. Can you not hear some elder, who perhaps has held her as a child upon his knee, say "that girl!" while some opponent of woman suffrage stepping out from his favorite "saloon" with nose turned up to the sky as though he sniffed something in the sky worse than his own breath, say, "that woman!" If it be difficult for a woman to preach to men old enough to be her grandfathers, what must it be to preach to a congregation the members of which were mostly boys and girls with her and who with her have grown up? One's walk must have been very straight indeed. For our school-fellows, all through life, are our severest critics, and doubt us they do when all the rest of the world is ready to worship and believe. It is your school-fellow who insists upon thrusting his hand into the wounds and seeing the prints of the nails. And I have sometimes fancied that Judas as well as Thomas sat in Judea with the Saviour on the same school bench.

Though Miss Baker has for a number of years filled the pulpit of this church, it is only lately that she has been ordained. Though she could whisper consolation to the dying, she could not join in marriage—though I do not know that it was forbidden her to whisper consolation subsequently. That Miss Baker should be regularly ordained was decided upon at a meeting of the church last summer—and I had the pleasure of being present at the ceremony and of extending the right hand of fellowship, though not, myself, one of the regular deacons. For the moment I wished I were. For I would have liked to have the simple but well chosen and forcible words in which Deacon Folger, who was delegated for the duty, addressed the newly ordained put down to my credit. And it was touching to see Deacon Joy—an octogenarian and the oldest member of the congregation—come forward and hail as his pastor the very girl whom thirty years ago he may have helped across a mud-puddle as she toddled to school. There's some fun in being a deacon, after all.

Standing there in the pulpit, with her fine face all aglow, this "pastress" has seemed to me the very personification of faith. Yet I regret to say that in private life I have never found her possessed of sufficient faith to accept my invitation for a sail in the Black Lady of a summer afternoon. Even when there has been but the mildest breeze on the waters—a sort of a subdued and mitigated Episcopalian zephyr, nothing ritualistic about it—not even under these conditions has she shown a sublime faith by setting foot in my blessed Black Lady. And though persuaded of the truthfulness of my pastress, I have sometimes wondered whether there were indeed a prayer meeting or a gathering together of the deacons in the vestry set for those particular afternoons or evenings on which I happened to issue my invitations!

Before closing my sermon,—beg pardon, it is hard for me to get away from the pulpit if I go anywhere near it,—before closing these not brief but I trust not wholly inappropriate remarks, I would like to say that to Nantucketers—and here all summer visitors will sympathize—one of the most distressing results of the late lamented election is the possibility that it may involve a change in the postmastership of the place, for the past six years most acceptably filled by Mr. Thomas Murphey. In an out-of-the-way place like this so much of one's comfort depends on one's mail that to get it promptly and regularly goes far to make life bearable and not a burden. The clean and well-appointed office of Mr. Murphey, and the polite and uniformly accommodating demeanor of that gentleman and his assistants, have won upon the public to that extent that I hope the Administration will see to it that his successor brings the same qualifications to the position and conducts the office similarly—if it should be so unwise as to make a change.

JOHN PAUL.

There are said to be 121 vessels now engaged in the whaling business, belonging to the United States. Half a century ago Nantucket alone owned nearly that number. Now not one, and with scarcely a vestige of the great industry remaining to remind us of those days of business prosperity, when our island town was the scene of activities made memorable by the hardy sons who "went down to the sea in ships and done business on the great waters."

—WHILE Cape Cod, below Wellfleet, according to recent surveys and observations, appears to be drifting into the sea, without any building up at other points, the abrasions from the coast lines of Nantucket island have not all been lost in the ocean. At Siasconset, the beach has extended into the ocean many feet, and Brant Point shows large accretions within the last half century. Marked changes have also taken place at Coatsue within a few years, more particularly since the jetty was commenced. Smith's point has several times made out, only to be washed away again. At Surf-side, since the railroad track was laid, the bluff has receded many feet. And the abrasions have always been greater than the accretions, and the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

**MARINE DISASTER.**—About 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, those who had a view of the outer bay saw a schooner under close sail heading towards the bar channel. The wind was blowing with terrific fury from the northwest, and angry billows tossed the frail craft as though she were an egg-shell. Anxious eyes watched her progress. Nearer and nearer she came, passing the outer buoys—then her progress was suddenly checked; she swung off and drifted to leeward upon the shoal ground on the east side of the channel. Her sails had in the meantime been lowered, but not till too late. Now the waters began to break over the ill-fated craft, and the crew were seen to take to the rigging. The wrecking crew had been assembled and were preparing to launch from the cliff shore.

The anxiety was in the meantime heightened for the safety of the Island Home, and as the gallant old boat pointed her prow by the buoys, eager eyes watched her closely. Along she came to the very point where the vessel had met her fate, and her bow was hauled up to follow the channel's tortuous course. "She does not move!" was the cry. "She will go down against the schooner, sure!" was the shout. It was a moment of extreme anxiety to those on board the faithful steamer. Her engine was doing its utmost, and it was an even chance whether gale or steam would win. Down rolled the boat, and her name on the paddle-box went from view for a second. Then she righted, and forged ahead, rolling and tossing, but gaining toward her goal, and soon the well-known whistle announced her safety. While tossing about on the bar, four men were required at her wheel, and her cargo of grain was somewhat scattered in the time.

After she was safely moored, attention again turned to the vessel and life-boat. The latter had put off near the jetty, with fifteen heroic fellows at the oars, and it is not overdrawing it to say that a boat never was launched in a more desperate time from these shores or had so much rough water to contend with. But those hardy men bent to the oars with a will, and after a struggle, reached the vessel about dusk, taking off the crew, who were soon landed upon our shores.

The vessel proved to be the Lucy Jones, Capt. Duncan, from Perth Amboy for Nantucket with coal for C. C. Crosby, and was under pilotage of Capt. William Burgess. She was drawing too much water to come in at that hour of tide, but she was so deeply loaded that she must have swamped had they anchored outside, and it was decided to put her for the harbor, and run in

as far as he could go. There is an insurance on the cargo, but none on the vessel. She belongs in New Haven.

The crew of the life-boat deserve substantial recognition for their grand effort. Their names are:

Warren E. Ramsdell, John G. Orpin, Horace B. Cash, Charles G. Coffin, James M. Ramsdell, Joseph P. Gardner, James A. Holmes, Arthur C. Manter, William M. Bartlett, James Kiernan, David H. Eldridge, Leander Small, George E. Orpin, Samuel P. Winslow, Edward W. Folger and John P. Taber.

Yesterday the captain went off with the wreckers to inspect the vessel, and found her broken in two and full of water. The rigging, sails, etc., were taken off in the afternoon.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

**THE SEA-KINGS OF NANTUCKET**

"BURKE had described them, remarked my friend on another evening, recurring to his favorite topic, the sea. 'The men I have been thinking of all day—the sea captains of Nantucket. You remember that famous speech of his before Parliament—one of his best—in which he pleaded the cause of American Colonies.'

"Pass by other parts," he says, "and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson Bay and Davis Straits—while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold—that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but is vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. That refers exclusively to Nantucket men, for they were the only ones who at that day had shown such enterprise in the whale fishery.

"There were a lot of splendid shipmasters just passing off the stage when I was a boy, and I must say they seemed to me in character, enterprise, and lofty demeanor fully equal to all I had heard related of their daring and enterprise. Knight-errant of the world, they were, roaming from zone to zone and pole to pole, discovering new islands, mapping out unknown seas, grappling the hugest game, meeting and mingling with all peoples, you can imagine the stories they told, and of their fascination for a boy of twelve. I never forgot any, but the China and India voyages interested me most, especially those to Pondicherry, a remote port in India belonging to the French. I suppose because they recalled the exploits of Hastings and the great Clive. I am in the mood for speaking briefly of a few.

"The greatest family of island shipmasters was the Wests. They were descended in part from the noble Ichabod Paddock, who removed to Nantucket late in 1690, by invitation, to teach the people how to catch whales. Charles West married a descendant of this great whaler. They had a son Stephen, who was master of a ship as early as 1802. Stephen was one of the most successful of our shipmasters. He was a bosom friend of the great merchant Jacob Barker; they were boys together; in fact, Jacob has told me that Capt. West gave him his first start in life. I saw the former in 1850, in his eighty-fifth year, at the Captain's death-bed, asking him what he could do for him in such a tender, pathetic spirit that I forgave Mr. Barker all he had omitted to do for his friend in life. In 1790 Capt. West commenced his career as a South Sea whale fisherman, and continued in it until 1798, when the French troubles compelled its suspension. In 1800, however, he was away as First Lieutenant of the *Oneyda*, a twenty-gun ship, bound on a voyage to China, via Cape Horn and the Marquesas Islands, where she expected to lay in her cargo of seal skins. The *Oneyda* was absent seventeen months, and returned with a rich cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, so profitable that it was talked of in the counting-rooms of all our ports. Whaling was just then reviving. The ship *John Jay*, then in the China trade, was purchased, and Mr. West went out in her as first officer on a voyage to Brazil Banks. On his return, Seth Russell & Sons of New Bedford offered him command of the *Dolphin*, in which he sailed on a whaling voyage to the South Seas. She registered but 130 tons, and was probably the smallest vessel that ever sailed on such a voyage.

"Well out on the whaling grounds, the young captain discovered that his vessel was leaking and was also very defective in her upper works. Most commanders would have come home. He put into Delago Bay, on the coast of Africa, where he found a number of his townsmen in command of English, French, and American ships. He called to his aid the carpenters and smiths of these ships, went into the woods and cut timbers, repaired his ship, and refastened her throughout. Then they went for a cruise off the Cape of Good Hope, fell in with schools of whales, filled the ship in six weeks, and were

home full, the first ship of the season. Capt. West's reputation was now assured. In the ship *Martha*, he made two voyages to the Brazil Banks and to Patagonia, taking upwards of 1,850 barrels of sperm oil each time, but losing the last—captured by the English ship *Nimrod*, in the war of 1812. On the return of peace he made three seven months' voyages in his old ship *Martha*, returning full each time. Then the Liverpool packet *Pacific* was bought, and, in her, in a seven months' voyage he took 2,400 barrels of oil. He made a second voyage with like results. He then performed his last voyage in the *South America*, taking 700 barrels, and retired from the sea, having brought 25,000 barrels of oil into port. He died in 1859, nearly eighty-five years of age.

"The next son, Paul, was also a successful shipmaster, first sailing for Nantucket merchants and then in English employ. His brother, Silas, was noted for an exploit that was narrated in every cabin and forecastle throughout the fleet. He was in command of the London whaler *Indian*, and when off the Gallapagos Islands discovered a school of ten or twelve 'bull whales.' Then there was a sound of piping by day, the boats were lowered, and Capt. West was soon in the midst of the monsters, never slackening his labor till the last was killed. When the ship worked up there were ten whales waiting to be taken alongside. I was telling this story years afterwards in one of our public resorts, several old masters being present, when one, then past his eightieth birthday, remarked: 'The gentleman has told the truth of the matter; I was second mate of the ship *Lion*, then in company, and saw it done.' Capt. Silas West was killed by a sperm whale in the Pacific Ocean.

"Capt. Benjamin Worth was another of those heroic masters. A volume might have been made of his exploits and adventures. Once he told me a little adventure that befell him on the coast of New Zealand, showing how a trivial circumstance may arrest the course of events and deliver from the jaws of destruction. They were in a deep bay on that coast when a terrible gale overtook them. With close-reefed main top-sail and foretop-mast stay'sl set—all they could carry—they tried to beat out, but in vain; the ship was urged to leeward by the tempest and towards the foaming breakers and black, jagged rocks. Captain and mate consulted, and decided to run the ship on shore while it was day, so that they could pick out a safe place to land. The negroes on board—and most Nantucket ships carried more or less of those people—on hearing the order to put up the helm, and seeing the ship headed towards shore, crowded around the Captain and urged him to try once more for the open sea, 'for,' said they, 'if we escape to shore here, we shall surely be eaten, for the natives are cannibals.' They were well aware that the New Zealanders much preferred negro flesh as a diet to that of white men. Touched by their distress, the Captain decided to make another attempt to gain sea room. He brought the ship to the wind again, and set fore and mizzen tops'l, let out a reef in each of the others, and awaited the result. 'You should have seen the tense, pale faces of the men,' he used to say, 'and the ship dancing like a sea-bird on the waves, with the wind howling through her cordage like a legion of devils, and the boiling caldron on her lee. But the sails held, the wind eased up a point or two, and we flew like a bird past the headland, and out to sea.' They made Sydney, New South Wales, and there Capt. Worth displayed the qualities of a great commander by bringing victory out of disaster. The ship was a mere wreck—boats and try-works gone, cabin gangway splintered, part of the deck torn up, and not a barrel of oil yet obtained; but Worth, not disheartened, built boats, repaired his ship, made grass rope, recruited stores, and put to sea, and in fifteen months was at Nantucket Bar, full. That shows the spirit of a Nantucket sea king. Sailors will hardly believe it; but I had it from his own lips. This Capt. Worth, by the way, was grandfather to Secretary Folger's wife. He was an elegant sailor and commander, as was his son, who sailed from England the ships *Griffin* and *Rochester*.

"Capt. David Baxter, one of Mr. Rotch's captains, once gave his owner a great surprise. When in England, just before the war of 1812, Mr. Rotch engaged him for a passage to the Pacific for sperm oil. 'When thou art full and on thy way home,' said he, 'call at St. Helena, and I will there have a letter directing thee how to proceed from that point.' Everything drew slow and aloft on the passage out, and when the good ship, the *Charles*, reached the coast of Peru, she found whales so plentiful and had such luck in striking them, that she was full before the men had thought of home; then favoring winds swept her speedily back, and she called at St. Helena for the letter before Mr. Rotch had thought of her leaving her cruising-ground. Of course, there was no letter of advice, and Capt. Baxter stood away for England, knowing too much to attempt New Bedford, with all his Majesty's cruisers on the lookout for American

ships. He took a pilot in the channel, who, one morning, before Mr. Rotch had arisen, anchored the *Charles*, with her bowsprit almost in the bow windows of his palatial residence on the Thames. Then Capt. Baxter went ashore. Arrived at Mr. Rotch's house, the great merchant came into the reception-room in slippers and dressing-gown and was vastly alarmed to meet his master. 'Why, Baxter,' said he, 'what has happened to thee? Has thee become a wreck, or what has happened?' supposing he had made no voyage. But when the Captain announced the *Charles* as full of sperm oil, worth an enormous number of guineas, Mr. Rotch was immensely relieved, and heartily congratulating him, made him stay to breakfast. It was a great surprise to the old Quaker. I think the time was only about eighteen months—the usual absence being three years. Baxter was a man of untiring force in all his fine voyages. I have heard him relate details of them often. He was uncle to Sir Francis Baxter, of New Zealand memory.

"Let me give you an instance of the strength and nerve of another of our Nantucket seakings, Capt. Obed Fitch. He went, as second mate of that famous ship the *Maria*, to the east coast of Africa, George G. Hussey being commander, and Micajah Gardner first officer. Approaching the African coast, near where Riley

and Paddock, two of our best captains, had been disastrously wrecked, the man on the forecastle reported 'something looking strange to him ahead.' Fitch, who had the deck, walked forward, and peering under the foresail, at once discovered the land looking white. Quick as a flash, without a word or order to any one, he sprang to the quarter deck and put down the helm—hard down to the rail, then springing to the yards, swung them around with his powerful arms as quickly as though all hands had been at the halliards, thus putting the ship about and on the opposite tack; then, pausing to look over her side, he saw the mud coming up, and sea-drift, showing that her keel had scraped the bottom. When the ship was safe, Capt. Hussey appeared in the gangway with Mr. Gardner, and took Mr. Fitch's statement. Next morning at the breakfast-table Capt. Hussey said playfully: 'Mr. Gardner, why didn't you take the deck last night?' 'Why, sir,' said Mr. Gardner, 'I saw Mr. Fitch had it, and that no man was safe around him. I saw he was in earnest.'

"Capt. Fitch was a fine, majestic figure, over six feet tall, muscular, strong-limbed, his arms when in motion plainly showing his power. It is said that once while bringing a new ship home, they wanted water from alongside, and there being no bucket, he seized a barrel, and letting it down drew it up full as easily as an ordinary seaman would a bucket.

"Capt. William Mooers of the ship *Maria* was Mr. Rotch's favorite captain. I heard a story once illustrating his spirit and decision of character. He was making a voyage to France in command of the *Maria*, Mr. Rotch being a passenger. We were at war with England at the time, and Capt. Mooers had begged to be permitted to arm his ship ere setting out, but the Quaker merchant said there must be no fighting on his vessels. A few days out a cruiser discovered them and gave them chase. She drew so near that the balls began to whistle about, and Mr. Rotch, horrified at the sound of strife, rushed on deck and ordered Capt. Mooers to strike his flag. 'Mr. Rotch,' said Capt. Mooers, 'go below; I have the deck,' and he held on his course. At the same moment the breeze freshened, and the *Maria's* wide spread of canvas enabled her to take herself out of harm's way. It is not on record that Mr. Rotch ever disciplined his captain for this cavalier disregard of orders.

"It is something, is it not, to have talked with a man who has been in the whale's mouth? That man was Capt. Edmund Gardner, a descendant of John Swain, jr., the first white male child born on Nantucket. He began his sea life in 1801, in the ship *Union*, Grafton Gardner, commander, and succeeded to the Captaincy in 1807, at the same time sailing to the Pacific on a whaling voyage. Twenty days out a huge sperm whale struck the ship, and she immediately sank, Captain and crew escaping in their three whale-boats, in which, after many adventures, they safely reached the Azores. There Capt. Gardner found another ship, and in her made a noble sperm-whale voyage. In 1816, while on another voyage in the same ship, on the Peruvian coast, in an encounter with a sperm whale, his boat was knocked into splinters, and he was precipitated into the monster's mouth. The horrible jaws closed on him, then opened and cast him out. The mate's boat took him up for dead. One hand was gone, and there was an indentation in his head deep enough to hold an egg. The mate made all sail for the port of Paita, in Peru, where they soon arrived. It being the hot season there, the doctor said the wounded man must be taken up into the mountains, where the cool breezes would serve to restore him. This was actually accomplished. He regained his ship, completed his voyage, and arrived home in New Bedford in 1817, to the great joy of his owners, the Rotches and Rodmans.

"Reuben R. Pinkham was another of our great masters. An anecdote of him is well worth repeating. In 1833 the United States frigate *Potomac*, Commodore John Downes in command, was crossing the North Pacific on her voyage round the world. Reuben R. Pinkham was her third lieutenant. One day, near sunset, Pinkham had the watch, and the Commodore was walking the deck. The wind, which before was fresh, had increased to a gale, topgallant-s'l's were handed down, topsails reefed, and the spanker braild up, when all at once Pinkham gave the order: 'Man the weather head braces, weather main brace, weather main topsail brace, lee crocket (crossjack) braces.' 'What is that for, Mr. Pinkham?' asked the Commodore. 'We shall have the wind out here in a moment, sir,' said Pinkham, stretching his arm out and pointing to leeward. With that the Commodore ran over to the lee rail and looked anxiously out in the direction indicated. Presently he returned and said: 'I see no signs of it, Mr. Pinkham; let the men leave the braces.' With that a number of the crew dropped the ropes, but on Pinkham's calling out 'Keep hold of those braces, every man of you!' they resumed their grasp. The Commodore's face flushed with anger to find his directions thus disregarded, and he called out in a peremptory tone, 'Let the men leave the braces, sir!' Again the crew dropped the ropes, when Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at them, exclaimed, 'Don't any of you dare to let go of those ropes!' At that moment the wind did not die away, but stopped, and the sails flapped against the masts. Raising his trumpet to his lips, Pinkham shouted, 'Haul taut,' and the ponderous yards swung to a reversed direction. This was hardly done when the wind shot out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge-hammer. She bent over before it, but shaking the spray from her bows dashed forward unharmed. Commodore Downes said not a word, but rushed into his cabin, and presently the orderly came up to Mr. Pinkham and said the Commodore wished him to send to the first lieutenant to relieve him for a few minutes, as he wished to see him in the cabin. Entering the cabin, Pinkham found the Commodore seated by a table with a decanter of wine and two wine-glasses before him. Pushing one of the latter toward his visitor, he said: 'Take a glass of wine, Mr. Pinkham. Mr. Pinkham, I consider myself indebted to you for my own life, and for the lives of all on board this ship. Had you not hauled the yards just when you did, and had the wind found the ship unprepared, and taken the sails aback, not all the power on earth could have moved the yards, and the ship

would have gone down stern foremost. But I tell you frankly that had the wind not come out as you predicted, I would have put you under arrest in two minutes." "Commodore Downes," replied Lieutenant Pinkham, "I did not intend any disrespect, and I should be sorry if you thought I did, but I have been in these seas before, and am familiar with these sudden changes of wind. I saw undoubted indications of such change then, and knew that I had no time for explanation."

"Benjamin Hussey was another of our great captains—the first to enter the Falkland Isles in a whaler—my journals say in January, 1785. Before that date he was in Greenland, again off the African coast whaling. When in France, Napoleon confiscated his entire property. Then he came to Nantucket, and the people engaged him to inoculate us boys—that was in 1815. I shall never forget his huge head; when he took off his broad beaver I could think of nothing but a half-bushel of brains. In 1817 he returned to France and regained some of his property. With that and the assistance of some of my family, he fitted out from Dunkirk a whaler for the Greenland fishery, where he arrived all safe, but unfortunately soon got entangled in the icebergs. He was at the wheel, steering the vessel, when the ice crushed against the rudder, and threw him over the wheel, breaking his ribs, from which wounds he soon died, May, 1820, then eighty years and five months old."

"It was men of this fibre that William Rotch had in mind when he made his famous reply to George III. Rotch asked for the admission of the Nantucket whale ships and their cargoes to England free of duty. 'And what wilt thou give me in return?' asked his Majesty. 'We will give thee and thy people the young men of my native island,' replied the intrepid Quaker, and I think the return would have balanced the concession."

"I could fill a volume with anecdotes, but these will suffice to indicate the character of the men of Nantucket. Remember, too, that I have mentioned but few of the noble men who have sailed from our port and carried its fame to the remotest ports. I was recalling yesterday the names of some of the more notable of those not mentioned—Robert Folger, of the same blood as Franklin's mother and the late Secretary of the

Treasury; Joshua Coffin and Shubael Coffin, connections of Sir Isaac Coffin, the baronet; Thomas Hiller, Silas Holmes, the merchant of New York; Gideon Gardner, Resolved Gardner, the latter one of Girard's captains; John Grinnell, Thomas Bunker, Reuben R. Bunker, Jonathan Colesworthy, the East India Captain, John Gardner, of Philadelphia, Walter Folger, J. C. Briggs, Joseph Chase, Silas Ives, James Gwin, Ransom Jones, Gideon Ramsdell, Seth Swain, Jacob Barker, Latham Gardner, Thaddeus Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Zebulon Coffin, Robert Mott, and George Pollard, who was with Fulton on the *Clermont* in 1807, when she made her first trip up the Hudson, and Joseph Rotch, who commanded the *Dartmouth* on her first voyage out after the tea had been emptied out of her (the voyage was to London, and on her return she foundered, and Capt. Rotch and his crew were taken off by Timothy Folger and brought to Boston, November, 1774), and the Watermans—Thaddeus, Robert and Robert, jr.—the latter famed for his quick China passages, seventy-four and seventy-eight days, which have never been beaten—Alexander Coffin, the London packet master, who conveyed Dr. Franklin's despatches to the Continental Congress, and Nathan Coffin, his grandfather, whom Bancroft cites ('History of the United States,' vol. ix., p. 313) as a noble example of the indomitable spirit of the American patriot, and scores of others, who each achieved such greatness that we might look upon him and say:

Take him for all in all, he was a man,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1887.

For the Journal.

The author of "Sea Kings," in the last Inquirer and Mirror, has made a considerable of a jumble in a part of Capt. Stephen West's whaling history, or, I am worse obfuscated than ever before, in my whaling history. The author of "Sea Kings" says of Capt. West, after his arrival in the Dolphin, "Capt. West's reputation was now assured." "In the Martha, he made two voyages to the Brazil Banks, and to Patagonia, taking upwards of 1850 barrels of sperm oil each time, but losing the last, captured by the English ship Nimrod, in the year of 1812. On the return of peace he made three seven months voyages in his old ship Martha, returning full each time. Then the Liverpool packet Pacific was bought for him and in her he made two seven months voyages, bringing 2400 each time. He then performed his last voyage in the South America, taking 700 bbls, and retired from the sea." I make no pretence of knowing Capt. West's whole career. I think Capt. West's first voyage was in a little ship called the Brothers, Zenas Coffin master, in a voyage to the Brazil Banks. The next knowledge I had of him, was as master of the ship Walker, of New Bedford, and was taken on his passage home from the Pacific Ocean. In 1815 he made three short voyages in the ship Martha, filling his ship each time. On his arrival from his second voyage, I think it was, his voyage was settled at seventeen cents a gallon for whale oil, and 6 1-2 cents for whale bone. His last voyage was in the South America of this port. He sailed in 1822, and arrived in 1823, absent about 14 months, and brought home 1850 barrels

of oil (instead 700,) and 100 or 110 or 20 of it was sperm. Henry Tracy was his mate. Now for the jumble. Sea King says he made two voyages in the Martha to Brazil Banks and obtaining 1850 bbls each. This I know nothing about, I was about to say, that on those coasts 3700 bbls of sperm oil, up to that period, had never been taken, by all the vessels that ever went whaling. The Brazil Banks and Patagonia coasts, were essentially right whale and elephant coasts. Then again, if the ship Nimrod (which by the bye was a brig) had taken the Martha on her second voyage with 1850 sperm oil in 1812, how could she have been in New Bedford fitting to go right whaling in 1816?

I have ever associated the ship Martha of New Bedford, as a right whaleship, but she may have been on some sperm voyages, for aught I know. W. R. E.

### Marine Disaster.

About 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon Clark rushed excitedly down from the tower and announced that Mr. C. C. Crosby's coal schooner, which had been daily expected, was stranded on the bar with the sea making a clean breach over her and the men in the rigging. Immediately all was bustle and excitement, and every available outlook for obtaining a view of the ill-fated craft was eagerly sought. The wind blew furiously from the northward and the anxiety regarding the safety of those on board was intensified by the knowledge that a Nantucket man was among them, Mr. William J. Burgess having gone to Vineyard Haven the Tuesday previous to join the vessel and pilot her to this port. The sight was truly appalling, and for a season it seemed as though all on board were doomed to certain death. The close-reefed mainsail remained standing, offering a mark to the rude blast, which as the tide rose forced the vessel farther and farther up on the shoals, while the seas swept her decks continually or breaking against her side, dashed into angry foam sending columns of spray masthead high. Meantime, as night drew near the gale increased apace and the weather grew correspondingly cold, while occasional snow squalls obscured the craft from view. Something must be done, and quickly, or the men would perish.

Owing to the raging wind and sea it was deemed inexpedient to attempt to pull to the vessel in the teeth of the gale. A wrecking crew was hastily enlisted and the underwriters' boat taken to the Cliff and launched. In fact there were more volunteers than could be accommodated in the boat and several were compelled to reluctantly remain behind. And yet these men were about to risk their own lives in an attempt to succor fellow-beings in peril. There was no incentive of reward, no thought of personal glory to spur them on as the boat pushed out into an angry sea, not knowing when or where they might effect a landing. Pulling along under lee of the jetty, they made tolerably good weather until the open sea beyond was reached when the boat was tossed about like a cockle shell. Anxious eyes watched its progress in the gathering gloom and the report was eagerly passed from lip to lip. At last came word that the boat had missed the vessel, fallen to leeward, and was striving to pull up to her. O, how eagerly were the two scanned, how anxiously was it noted as the intervening space alternately widened or contracted. At last the two distant objects merged into one for a moment, then separated again, and soon the painful rumor spread that the boat was coming back without the vessel's crew. Slowly and laboriously she made her way towards the harbor. Night settled down over the scene, Brant point light threw its gleams over the troubled waters, and an anxious crowd hastened to the steamboat wharf to greet the returning boat which could be seen pulling toward the dock. As she drew near enough to distinguish the occupants a

cheer went up from those on the pier. There were but sixteen men in the boat when she left, and twenty-one are returning. The crew is safe!

The names of those who manned the life-boat are Warren F. Ramsdell, John G. Orpin, Horace B. Cash, Charles G. Coffin, James M. Ramsdell, Joseph P. Gardner, James A. Holmes, Arthur C. Manter, William M. Bartlett, James Kiernan, David H. Eldridge, Leander Small, George E. Orpin, Samuel P. Winslow, Edward W. Folger and John P. Taber. The vessel was the schooner Lucy Jones, Capt. Duncan, from Perth Amboy for Nantucket, with a cargo of 240 tons of coal for Mr. C. C. Crosby. She came out of Vineyard Haven in the forenoon, with a moderate breeze which later increased to a gale causing her to labor heavily. She was so deeply loaded that she must have swamped had they anchored outside, so the pilot decided to run in as far as possible, with the result as stated above. The cargo is insured, but the vessel, which belongs in New Haven is uninsured.

In the meantime steamer Island Home was making her way thither. As she drew near considerable anxiety was felt for her safe arrival both here and at Woods Holl. Dispatches were received from the latter place announcing that the wind was blowing 55 miles an hour and steadily increasing. As the steamer neared the bar attention was temporarily diverted from the vessel and her progress watched with intense interest. As she hauled up to follow the tortuous channel she rolled fearfully and for a time seemed almost powerless to stem the wind and sea. It was a moment of intense excitement on board and great apprehension was felt lest the boat lose steerage way and drift down upon the stranded vessel. Steam was crowded on, gradually she forged ahead, passed the most perilous point, and ere long was safe alongside the wharf. While tossing about on the bar, four men were required at her wheel, and her cargo of grain was somewhat scattered.

The vessel's sails were taken off Friday and since then boatmen have been busily engaged, whenever weather and tide would permit, in getting out coal which has been landed on the Straight wharf, the salvors receiving one-half. Nearly two-thirds of her cargo had been thus discharged, when an attempt was made Tuesday to float the vessel. The water was bailed and pumped out, and about 7 o'clock an effort was made to kedge her off which proved successful, and she was towed into port, arriving late in the evening. The vessel is comparatively tight and will probably remain here for the winter. It was fortunate that the vessel was hauled off when she was, as yesterday a furious southeast gale and heavy sea raged which must have proved her destruction.

**THIEVING.**—Considerable coal was stolen nights from schooner Lucy Jones while she lay stranded on the bar. Tuesday night the watchman, who has guarded the coal landed on Straight wharf, was released, and ere morning several tons of coal were carried off, also the lines used in towing the vessel in during the evening.

**EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTHEASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.**—Soon after midnight Thursday a deep rumbling lasting several seconds, was heard in New Bedford, followed by a slight tremor of the earth. It was noticed by the night police and by many people who were aroused in their homes in different portions of the city. Telephone messages to the Standard through the day gave the news that the same shock was experienced in Acushnet and the towns in that neighborhood just after midnight.

**A BIG RAFT LOST.**—A mammoth raft of timber in transit from Nova Scotia to New York, broke adrift from the steamer which had it in tow when off Nantucket South Shoals, Sunday morning, 18th inst., and the steamer being short of provisions and otherwise unable to cope with the raft, abandoned it and proceeded to New York. It cost \$30,000 to construct and tow the raft and the timber, 27,000 logs or 500,000 feet, was valued at \$150,000. It was owned by a syndicate represented by J. D. Leary of New York. The raft was cigar shaped, and about 36 feet in diameter. It was over 600 feet long, floated 15 feet out of water and was 21 feet under water. It was to have been towed through Long Island Sound and shoved into a cove just above Hell Gate, where it would have been broken up and sawed for shipbuilding or anything else. When the fact became known that this monster obstruction was drifting about directly in the track of ocean steamers and vessels to or from New York and Philadelphia, great consternation was felt in maritime circles, and two steamers were immediately dispatched by Government to search for and secure it. Sunday afternoon, 25th, U. S. steamer Enterprise returned to New London after a successful search and reported falling in with an immense number of logs from the raft, 135 miles southeast of the shoals, proving beyond doubt that the raft had broken up. The steamer was among the logs all day and part of Friday night. None of the logs were lashed together, but floated singly and spread as they travelled with the tide. Many of the logs which formed the raft may be so small that the frail-est fishing or coasting schooner could run right into the end of one of them without any damage. Others are represented as being 40 or 50 feet long and six feet in diameter, and collision with them would be a serious affair for any vessel, however strongly built. A correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

"The position on the 23d of the timber from the broken raft being now known, it is to be hoped that due notice will be sent to all points. Being now in the Gulf stream, its drift will be a little north of east at an average speed of about one mile an hour to the Grand Banks, passing there between lat. 41° and 42° N. It will probably not get farther south, but be defined between its present position, say 39° N, and the above. Vessels crossing these latitudes can avoid the danger by a careful lookout. After passing the Banks the drift will be south of east at about half a mile an hour. No doubt this great amount of timber will be a standing danger for some time to come, but fortunately for navigation, nature has provided a sure method for clearing the ocean of floating obstructions. This timber is now in warm water, where it will remain. It is green timber and already heavy. Barnacles and sea clams will fasten to it, and with their astonishingly rapid growth will so load it that in the space of three or four months it will all be at the bottom of the ocean, where myriads of similar obstructions have gone before it."

### Christmas Festivities.

The Sunday Schools connected with the various churches celebrated the advent of Christmas with their usual festival exercises.

BAPTIST.

The annual Christmas gathering of the Baptist Sunday School took place on Saturday evening in the audience room of the church edifice. In the centre of the platform stood a handsome pine tree, rich laden with many valuable presents, the topmost of which were two elegant

life-size dolls nestling in the branches, whose pretty faces made them seem the picture of life. Over the tree was a canopy, convex from the four angles and thus running upward to a centre piece upon which stood two callas; beneath them was the Rose of Sharon. The arrangement afforded an unobstructed view from every part of the house. The whole was richly dressed with ivy and pine, interspersed with roses of every hue. The words "Suffer little children to come unto me" were hung upon wire running from west to east, and as the gas jets shed their light upon the structure, it was universally conceded that the scenery was very handsome. The literary department was a credit to the school, and the singing was excellent. The opening prayer and remarks by the Pastor was timely and the scholars acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of all present. The programme embraced singing, recitations, dialogues, &c. Several pieces would bear special comment but inasmuch as each did their part well we forbear to particularize.

#### EPISCOPAL.

Christmas at St. Paul's Church passed off very brightly. Evensong was sung in the church at 6 o'clock Christmas eve, and carols were sung by the children. Immediately after the exercise there was a Christmas tree for the members of the Sunday school at the residence of Mrs. Raymond on Orange street. A very enjoyable evening was spent by the Sunday School and many members of the parish. Christmas morning the Holy Communion was celebrated at 7.30 o'clock; and at 10.45, after matins, in presence of a large congregation, there was a second celebration of the Holy communion. The sermon was preached, by the rector, from St. Luke 2: 14. The music was remarkably good. At 2.30 P. M., instead of Sunday school, there was a children's service, consisting of the Litany, a brief sermon, and several carols. At 7.15 P. M., Evensong was said and a sermon preached by the rector from Micah 5: 2. The church was decorated very beautifully in cedar, box and ivy. The altar was vested in white and gold and had upon it its lighted taper. It was a Christmas day not soon to be forgotten, and falling on a Sunday as it did, greater opportunity was offered for its due observance as a religious feast.

#### UNITARIAN.

The Unitarian Sunday School held their Christmas festival in the Vestry of the church on Christmas eve. The exercises were unique in character, consisting of a visit by the school to Santa Claus' den. Good St. Nick, was prevailed upon to allow this by certain fairies who knew how to manage him. He was attended by several loyal imps who busily plied their time in making toys for children. The den was a bower of green, touched with snow fringes, and within it were many good things for the boys and girls. Santa Claus was clad in a gray fur suit, the imps gorgeously in red, and the fairies were appropriately dressed in white. The whole entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and the children will not soon forget the bright tree lighted with tapers, nor the festive songs of St. Nick and the Faerie Queen with the imps and fairies singing and making merry at Christmas tide.

#### METHODIST.

The Sunday school connected with the Methodist Episcopal church, held its annual Christmas entertainment in the audience room of the church Monday evening Dec. 26th. The exercises commenced promptly at 7 o'clock with an anthem by the choir. The committees having in charge the musical and literary part of the programme certainly deserve highest praise. The entertainment was greatly appreciated by the large congregation. The eyes of

the children big and little, shone with expectant joy as they beheld the two trees laden with useful and beautiful gifts. Although the trees were large they could not hold one half of the presents. The Sunday school gratefully acknowledges the generous collection given them by the congregation,

#### NORTH CONGREGATIONAL.

Sunday evening the Sabbath school held a Christmas concert in the church. The pulpit was tastefully decorated with pine and evergreen. The exercises were varied and interesting, comprising songs, readings, recitations, addresses, &c. Monday evening the members of the Sunday school were treated to a bountiful collation in the Old Vestry, in one corner of which stood a tree laden with fruit and candy of which everyone received a share. After supper an hour or more was pleasantly spent in social games.

### Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

#### THE DYING YEAR.

##### HAPPINESS AND SORROW—A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE YEAR NOW CLOSING.

Another year has rolled around, and again we present a list of the deaths that have occurred in our midst during the twelvemonth, as well as one of the weddings. The record, as indicated by the files of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, shows a decrease in the death rate, there having been seventy-one deaths, against eighty-four for the year 1886. A glance at the list of the departed gives figures that speak volumes for the healthful properties of Nantucket's climate. Of the seventy-one deceased, four had attained an age of more than 90 years; ten were between 80 and 90 years; twenty-nine were between 60 and 80 years; 13 between 40 and 60; but 8 between 20 and 40 years. These figures leave the mortality among children very light, showing but seven deaths of persons below 20 years of age. It has certainly been a remarkably healthful year.

The record of weddings is but very slightly changed, showing a decrease of one in point of number as compared with 1886.

#### DEATHS.

##### January.

- 5.—Martha Gardner, 86 yrs.
- 6.—Nathan B. Gardner, 87 yrs.
- 8.—Frederick M. Robinson, 60 yrs. 7 mo. 15 ds.
- 12.—Lydia Brown, 96 yrs. 5 mos.
- 17.—Isaac Gardner, 87 yrs. 4 mos.
- 24.—Mary F. Austin, 74 yrs. 6 mos. 17 ds.
- 28.—Thomas M. Gardner, 66 yrs. 5 mos.

##### February.

- 3.—Frank A. Mitchell, 1 yr. 3 mos. 7 dys.
- 4.—Sarah G. Clark, 76 yrs. 7 mos.

##### March.

- 3.—Mary Allen, 90 yrs. 5 mos.
- 14.—Phebe Hussey Folger, 50 yrs. 8 mos.
- 17.—Emily A. Allen, 48 yrs. 9 mos. 23 ds.
- 18.—Marion Stanly Turner, 3 yrs. 5 mos.

- 19.—Susan W. Barnard, 79 yrs.
- 22.—Betsy Fuller, 93 yrs. 7 mos.
- 23.—Anna F. Coggeshall, 71 yrs.
- 24.—Timothy S. Chase, 63 yrs. 1 mo. 4 ds.
- 29.—Thomas Mack, Jr., 32 yrs. 1 mo. 24 ds.

##### April.

- 2.—Lucinda Atkins, 72 yrs. 2 mos.
- 4.—Mary P. Swain 2d., 58 yrs. 2 mos. 5 ds.; Lydia G. Gardner, 66 yrs.
- 5.—Mary W. Winslow, 67 yrs.
- 6.—Sarah S. Paddock, 74 yrs. 9 mos.

- 19 ds.; Mary S. Folger, 71 yrs. 3 mos.
  - 20.—Mary Hosier, 73 yrs. 6 mos.
  - 23.—Caroline S. Skinner, 67 yrs.
  - 25.—Lizzie Hoy, 22 yrs. 11 mos. 23 ds.
- May.
- 12.—James Williams, 92 yrs.
  - 13.—Charles A. Thomas, 16 yrs.
  - 18.—Everett H. Swain, 26 yrs. 4 mos.
  - 20.—Azulah Gould, 70 yrs.

##### June.

- 9.—Nathaniel C. Cary, 89 yrs. 5 mos. 20 ds.
- 10.—Mary Hussey Chase, 54 yrs. 8 mos.
- 11.—Hepsibeth S. Bunker, 41 yrs. 9 mos.

- 16.—Marietta Coffin, 26 yrs. 16 ds.
- 21.—Albert Mowry, 50 yrs.
- 29.—Joseph F. King, 50 yrs. 5 mos. 21 ds.

##### July.

- 3.—James Collins.
- 9.—John S. Bagg, 39 yrs.
- 21.—Henry W. Davis, 76 yrs.; Theophilus Key, 82 yrs. 6 mos.
- 27.—Eliza Macy, 82 yrs.

##### August.

- 3.—Timothy H. Fisher, 64 yrs.
- 6.—Dexter S. Stone, 50 yrs.
- 18.—Hepsibeth Weeks, 82 yrs.
- 24.—Joseph S. Steingardt, 52 yrs.
- 25.—Daniel C. Ring, 32 yrs. 9 mos.
- 27.—Madeline Sylvia, 5 mos.
- 30.—Alexander Bunker, 75 yrs. 12 ds.

##### September.

- 6.—Sarah D. Mitchell, 69 yrs. 2 mos.
- 7.—Isaac Hussey Folger, 44 yrs. 2 mos.
- 18.—William Taylor, 71 yrs. 3 mos.
- 20.—Obed G. Coffin, 78 yrs. 9 mos.
- 10 ds.; John P. Barnard, 81 yrs. 4 mos.
- 21.—Sarah Paddock, 74 yrs. 10 mos.

##### October.

- 2.—Mary Ann Raymond, 78 yrs. 6 mos. 1 d.
- 7.—Prince W. Ewer, 78 yrs. 7 mos. 23 ds.
- 18.—Allen H. Gifford, 76 yrs. 11 mos. 17 ds.
- 23.—Frederick W. Olderich, 53 yrs. 6 mos.
- 24.—Hattie A. Barrett, 20 yrs. 18 ds.
- 27.—Lydia Case.

##### November.

- 2.—Sarah M. White, 57 yrs.
- 4.—George E. Thomas, 5 yrs. 6 mos. 13 ds.
- 7.—Viola B. Thomas, 2 yrs. 4 mos. 24 ds.
- 14.—Sarah M. Hallett, 67 yrs. 8 mos.
- 25.—Cora E. Gibbs, 23 yrs. 7 mos. 17 ds.

##### December.

- 1.—Alfred Scudder, 74 yrs. 2 mos. Hepsibeth Osborne, 88 yrs.
- 3.—Sarah W. Hussey, 86 yrs. 5 mos.
- 19.—Friend Cain, 75 yrs. 9 mos. 6 ds.
- 23.—Albert P. Fisher, 43 yrs.

#### MARRIAGES.

##### January.

- 16.—Erastus Chapel and Marietta Smith.

##### February.

- 15.—James H. Luce and Mary J. Harding.
- 17.—Willie F. Gibbs and Cora E. Coleman.

##### April.

- 21.—John H. Foster and Mary E. Sinkenson.

##### June.

- 5.—Albert Coffin and Carrie Andrews; Edgar M. Cook and Annie McGowan.
- 8.—Nathaniel Nunn and Stella L. Chase.
- 15.—Ellenwood B. Coleman and May Brayton.

##### October.

- 3.—John E. Thomas and Sarah L. Chase.
- 16.—Wallace C. Marden and Anna L. Cash.
- 23.—Walter N. Chase and Lydia B. Morris.
- 25.—Harry C. Mowry and Lizzie P. Murphey.

- 29.—Sylvester G. Whelden and Delia Curran.

##### November.

- 1.—Thomas F. Sansbury and Edith A. Dunham.
- 6.—Albert P. Chase and Nellie Gallagher.
- 15.—George M. Spencer and Mary N. Orpin.
- 20.—Samuel B. Smith and Annie L. Ellis.
- 24.—Frank M. Jones and Lizzie A. Hussey.
- 26.—W. Fletcher Winslow and Helen F. Swain.

##### December.

- 11.—Walter S. Coleman and Cecelia A. McLaughlin.
- 21.—George C. Holmes and Mary A. Raymond; Charles W. Thurston and Florence Peterson.

ANNUAL REPORT.—We present below the annual report of the Nantucket Railroad Company:

Nantucket Railroad.		
GENERAL EXHIBITS FOR THE YEAR.		
	1887.	1886.
Total income.....	\$6569	\$7431
Total expense.....	5979	5706
Net income.....	590	1725
Rentals.....	.....	.....
Interest accrued during the year.....	5372	5091
Dividends declared (per cent.).....	.....	.....
Balance for the year (deficit).....	4782	3366
Total Balance Sept. 30..	373	5155
Analysis.		
Earnings from passenger department.....	6128	6841
Earnings from freight department.....	441	591
Total transportation earnings.....	6569	7431
Income from other sources.....	20	121
Taxes.....	.....	.....
BALANCE SHEET SEPT. 30.		
Assets.		
Cost of road.....	156,905	156,905
Cost of equipment.....	14,413	14,413
Total permanent investments.....	171,318	171,318
Cash.....	896	581
Materials and supplies.....	835	835
Total cash assets.....	1731	1415
Total assets.....	173,049	172,733
Liabilities.		
Capital stock.....	95,000	95,000
Funded debt.....	59,500	59,500
Unfunded debt.....	18,176	15,078
Profit and loss balance..	373	5,55
Total liabilities.....	173,049	172,733
TRAFFIC FIGURES.		
Passengers carried.....	20,058	22,020
Passenger mileage.....	220,638	242,220
Tons local freight carried	222	220
Total tons of freight	220	250
TRACK, EQUIPMENT, ETC.		
Main line owned by the Co.	11.16	11.16
Total miles operated by Co.	11.24	11.24
Number of locomotives.....	2	2
Passenger cars.....	4	4
Freight cars.....	4	4
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Capital stock issued.....	95,000	95,000
Number of stockholders.....	75	75
Stockholders in Massachusetts	60	60
Stock held.....	83,100	83,100

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your issue of December 24, mention was made of the desecration of the graves in the cemetery, or as it is usually denominated, the Friends' burying ground. Please allow me, Mr. Editor, a short space in your columns in reply to that article. On the day of your issue I visited the cemetery in response to a note from Matthew Barney, and saw for myself the result of vandalism. The stones marking the resting place of the deceased were badly mutilated (about twenty in number), by breaking off the corners, and out of the top and sides, and common decency, with a proper respect for the memory of the dead will necessitate a renewal of several. Of my own kindred, those of my mother, Sarah Easton, sister, Caroline, and Sarah M. Folger, daughter of A. J. Folger, and granddaughter of George Easton, are terribly mutilated. That of Sarah M. Folger is broken off on one corner to the first letter. These will have to be replaced by new ones, and the expense will be somewhere about fifty dollars. Most of the stones are more or less damaged, and I give for the benefit of those whom it may concern, the names of those most mutilated: William B. Coffin, Lydia, wife of William B. Coffin, Seth Cathcart, Anna, widow of Seth Cathcart, Mary B., wife of David F. Chase, Elizabeth, widow of Albert Hussey, Mary B. Farnum, Mary Coffin, Alexander Swift, Alexander Ray, Reuben Swain, Reuben

DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
Commissioner.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.
Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.

AB.

Chase, Joseph G. Barney, (besides the head-stone, the foot-stone badly pounded off), Sarah, widow of Joseph Kelley, Benjamin M. Hussey, Caroline Easton, Sarah M. Folger, Robert Coffin, 2d, Sarah Easton, George Easton.

In looking over the matter, some of them can be cut down; but were they all to be replaced, the sum of two hundred dollars would hardly pay the expense. Now, Mr. Editor, it appears to me a cemetery is the last place in a civilized community for a play-ground; and that a slab of marble, erected in memory of our departed friends, should be a target for boys and youth to pelt at, is out of all place in a community boasting of its educational, moral and religious status. There is no doubt in my own mind, were the perpetrators apprehended, it would be found the parents could not make good the damage, and mothers would feel unhappy to know their boys were sent to some reformatory institution. Of the latter remark, I have this fact, by visiting the State Reform School in Providence, R. I., that in more than a majority of cases children entering that institution are returned again. Query: What shall be the remedy? ALBERT EASTON.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.  
Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

When you asked us to write you a letter about winter life at Woods Holl, you had no idea what a serious matter that would be to us. It is impossible to make an interesting matter out of nothing, and we don't wish to talk gossip until we get better acquainted, for fear the MIRROR might reflect on us.

When the last fly of summer has disappeared with the summer boarders, this little village puts on its storm windows, lights the fires on its hearths, and settles down in good style for a dreary time. The women folks seclude themselves in the back rooms and kitchens—to bake brown bread and beans, or boil corned beef and turnips, while the men attend to outside work. The young folks meet sometimes over the molasses pulling and corn popping, and play kissing games. These things make one's mouth water, and wish he were young. The mail arrives twice a day. This breaks the monotony of life; and at certain hours, the church bells sound over the quiet village. But of all the sounds which fills us most with pleasant thoughts is the sound of the sea. The waves dashing upon the shore in hours of calm and storm give to the ear a musical recital, the language of which is known only to Him who created it. And then we know that it is through this sea that we hold communication with the beautiful island of Nantucket.

The stores at Wood's Holl look gay with the display of Xmas goods. The wax dolls with flaxen ringlets or nut-brown curls, stare at us through the window panes, and the fat man smiles at us from behind the counter filled with cologne bottles and fancy soaps.

The Fish Commission is busy hatching out cod. It is interesting to see how this is done, and to look daily through glass jars and see how the fish grow. Passengers from the island who arrive here and have to wait for the train for Boston, would do well to visit the laboratory. The wharf around the Fish Commission buildings is now being enlarged and extended, and the driving of the piles is the hum of industry. Woods Holl is to be a Revenue Marine coaling station, so we will occasionally meet the gallant sailor boy upon our village streets.

The Temperance society meets every Monday night, and all who will sign the pledge are welcome in the hall. I will not sign, so cannot tell you any of the interesting things connected with it. If I should hear anything I will let you know.

Our parrot is saying "Polly put the kettle on and let's have tea," so if you were here I should invite you to a drink, and we would sign the pledge of friendship forever. In my next I may speak of my neighbors.

Yours  
H. W.

SCALLOPING.—Catching scallops is furnishing a large number of our male population with employment, and is a remunerative industry, the bivalves netting the fishermen about \$1.20 per gallon. A bushel of the large ones will yield about a gallon of eyes, and the average catch is about twenty bushels per day. The business can only be pursued to advantage in calm weather.

## For the Inquirer and Mirror. A NANTUCKET LEGEND.\*

All day Nantucket's sea-port town  
Lay mute beneath December's frown!

All day upon his frozen throne,  
The North Wind muttered to his own.

No mercy in such smothered calm,  
When mariners look with alarm

Along the dim horizon, and  
The wrathful spray leaps to the land!

Lo, suddenly the fierce gale springs;  
Along the street a message rings:

"A vessel stranded on the bar!"  
The dread news sounded near and far.

None, save the dwellers by the sea,  
Know of the dark waves' treachery;

Of reef, whose white lips only mock  
The victims of the cruel shock

That shivers the staunch vessel's form,  
When stranded by the ocean storm!

"Man the life-boat!" Ne'er nobler crew  
Sprang to their oars, to dare and do.

They plunged thro' waters, seething white;  
They scorned the coming winter night;

They reached the sinking vessel's side,  
Spurned the mad reef, th' infuriate tide;

Mid the wind's revel, and sea roar,  
They brought the wrecked crew safe ashore!

How white the faces of the sea!  
They could not daunt brave men like these;

Nantucket men—heroes indeed;  
I ask not for their church, or creed.

Enough to know, when life's at stake,  
They give their own for others' sake!

What matter that the sun went down?  
"All safe!" rang thro' our sea-port town.

Nor chapel bell, nor priestly prayers  
Can honor sacrifice like theirs.

No church has ministry more grand  
Than Order of the Helping Hand.

When rescued, and the rescuers  
Become God's truest worshippers!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

\* Dedicated to the heroic fifteen who launched the life-boat, in a raging sea, and saved the lives of the crew of the Lucy Jones, stranded on Nantucket Bar, on the afternoon of Dec. 22, 1887; the following are the names:  
Warren F. Ramsdell, John M. Orpin, Horace B. Cash, Charles G. Coffin, James M. Ramsdell, Joseph P. Gardner, James A. Holmes, Arthur C. Manter, William M. Bartlett, James Kiernan, David H. Eldridge, Leander Small, George E. Orpin, Samuel P. Winslow, Edward W. Folger and John P. Taber.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888.

ATHENEUM.—At the annual meeting of the Proprietors of the Athenaeum, held in the Library, last Monday evening, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Timothy W. Calder; vice-president, Thaddeus C. Defriez; secretary, Elizabeth Starbuck; treasurer, Matthew Barney; board of trustees, Allen Coffin, Wm. F. Codd, Catharine Starbuck, George K. Long, Elizabeth G. M. Barney.

The usual reports of committees were made and accepted, and the recommendation referred generally to the trustees. An increase in the number of volumes belonging to the library as in circulation of the same, is reported. Necessary repairs will be made upon the building during the coming year.

TEA PARTY.—The Unitarians held their annual parish tea party in the church vestry last Monday evening. The attendance was quite large. After a very pleasant repast, music and other classes of entertainment were provided. A pleasant feature was the presence of the other clergymen, who were given a cordial greeting. These annual gatherings are a source of much good, and always provide for general sociability likely to be secured in no other manner, and their continuance should be provided for.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Another year has rolled by, and to-day we find ourselves abreast of one of the milestones which mark the progress we have made on the highway of life. A short time ago we bade adieu to the old year, and stretched forth our hands joyfully if not hopefully to welcome the new. From old years as from old friends we naturally part with reluctance, yet in this changeable world of ours such partings are inevitable. As Burns truly says: No man can tether time nor tide, the appointed hour strikes and we must up and away. Happy they who on making a new departure, can look backward without regret and forward without apprehension.

A retrospective glance at the departing year can scarcely awaken any regret on Nantucket. A brief glance may be made at the leading industries of the island during the past year. Farming was never at so low an ebb since the writer of this article came to Nantucket, almost forty years ago. I did not think I would live to see thirty-four farms unoccupied. The market gardening industry did well, except strawberry growing, but other fruits yielded something. I am told the hay crop was not so good as in the previous year. Building has been freely proceeded with. Many new dwelling houses and other buildings have been erected, in addition to several of a more public character, at Siasconset. Among the outstanding features of the town's progress, in 1887, must be noted, the Hospital erected at Sherburne Bluffs, by Dr. W. H. Workman. It is to be hoped that the experiment may prove profitable to the worthy Dr., and beneficial to the town.

Agriculture and fishing may be described as the chief industries of Nantucket, and those engaged in both these pursuits have, by the weather, been deprived of much of the prosperity, which, at one period of the year, seemed likely to fall to their lot. I am told that the catch of cod from Siasconset, was greatly below that of last year. Altogether, therefore, the position of the workman and the employers who have been occupied during the year, with the land and the sea, cannot be looked upon as of a profitable character. As from these two sources most of the natural wealth of Nantucket is drawn, it cannot be thought that tradesmen or merchants have been particularly busy. Still, while there has been no special activity, a fair amount of work has been given, and a tolerable amount of business has been done. It is satisfactory to learn that strangers have taken cognizance of the excellent work performed by the Nantucket carpenters and masons. We should earnestly invite the strangers to continue their interest, as they have done much to help us. I have

been the recipient of many favors from the summer residents of Sherburne Bluffs. The result of their visits has been, that a great deal of money has been expended with our hotels, livery stables, mechanics and the railroad.

At the beginning of the year, much activity has been displayed among the friendly and benevolent societies, especially the Free Masons and Odd Fellows. In these excellent associations, the virtues of thrift and charity are developed in a high degree, and it is pleasing to learn that the increase in their membership, during the last four years, has been great.

The town has been remarkably free from crimes during the year, and has been wonderfully free from destructive fires.

In the obituary of 1887 are the names of many worthy sons of good Nantucket. Several ship captains have passed away; only a few are left. They were the friends of my early days, and the best friends I ever met. One hundred and sixty-four of them have died since I came to Nantucket; manliness of character and generosity of disposition, were cardinal points by which many of them steered.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, allow me to say, in my (ain) vernacular:

Weel may guid Nantucket proudly boast  
About its sailor sons sac bra;  
Its daughters, too, shall gain the toast,  
Baith at hame and far awa.

JOHN GRAY.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

A house warming and euchre party, given by Miss Ellen H. Coffin, at her father's home, Pearl street, was one of the social events of last week, in which a company of young people indulged.

Sunday's rain spoiled the ice-men's plans. Saturday, Hummock pond had a crop of five and one-half inch "frigidity" on its surface, and Messrs. J. M. Folger & Co., had planned to commence harvesting.

We are under obligations to Mr. Henry W. Riddell, of Windsor Hotel, New York, for numerous courtesies, and for one of the handsome memoranda tablets bearing the hotel advertisement on its face, and a cut of Windsor Castle on the back leaf.

Thursday, Jan. 12—another stay-at-the-dock-day for the steamer. What's the matter with Thursdays, anyway! Thursday morning was the coldest of the season, the mercury dropping of 10° above. A strong gale continued during the day.

The members of the Young Men's Lodge held a reception at their room in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR building on Thursday evening of this week. A company of about thirty were present. The hours passed pleasantly by the introduction of various games. A collation was served at 10 P. M., after which the guests were treated to musical selections by some of the Lodge talent. At 10 P. M. the company broke up, all present voting the reception a very enjoyable occasion.

CORRECTION.—In announcing the list of newly-elected Athenaeum officers last week, we omitted the name of Alexander Macy, secretary. Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck was elected corresponding secretary, instead of recording secretary as stated.

CLAPP IN.—Mr. Joseph W. Clapp has been appointed to the Collectorship for the port of Nantucket, in place of Capt. A. A. Gardner, whose term expired last Saturday. Mr. Clapp accepts his honors gracefully. We add our congratulations.

BUILDING NOTE.—Mr. Charles H. Robinson is to build a cottage house for Mr. R. Gardner Chase on North street, on the house lot opposite Mrs. C. A. J. Mann's summer residence.

—NANTUCKET is this winter thus far more than usually healthy, a blessing we should all strive to assist in maintaining.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* Why is the shoal water near Nantucket bar so dark? Because it is so jetty there.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Capt. Thornton's Explanation.  
Capt. Thornton, of the steamer Newcastle City, which was wrecked on the Nantucket Shoals Dec. 23, made his official report of the disaster yesterday to the British Consul in this city. The Captain and crew will be sent to Hull, England, this week, where a court of inquiry will be convened. For three days previous to striking the shoal, the Captain says, heavy gales had been experienced. The lights were sighted shortly after 10 o'clock on the night of Dec. 23, when the Captain laid his course west by southwest, the weather being clear and quite moderate. Early on the morning of Dec. 23 the vessel struck the hidden shoal. The engines were quickly reversed, and after working for over half an hour the steamer floated into deep water. The steamer, which was making water very fast, was headed towards their vessel and reached the lights. Capt. Thornton attributes his misfortune to a shoal patch which is not marked on the chart.

The Drifting Lighthouse Recaptured.  
The Nantucket South Shoal Lighthouse, which was reported a few days ago by the Red Star steamer Switzerland to be adrift, was taken in tow yesterday by a light-house boat, and will probably be recaptured in her old position some time to-day.

DIED.  
In Brooklyn, 2d inst., Charles Gardner Glover, aged 27 years, 11 months, eldest son of the late Charles H. Glover, formerly of this town. He was in Rome, Italy, on the 23d of December, 1887. In Rome, Italy, on the 23d of December, 1887, of aneurism, Mrs. Edwin J. Hulbert, [She lies buried in the Protestant cemetery at the Porta San Paolo, within the wall of the city.]

Mr. Charles C. Crosby has issued a very tasty and practical office calendar, bearing his business announcement at the top. It is a well executed piece of work.

CALENDAR.—Webster, Folger & Co., of Boston, have sent us a calendar for 1888. It is embossed and illuminated, and is even ahead of the one issued by the firm in 1887—in fact, it is a beauty.

*Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:*

Bvt. 2d Lieutenants.

GRADUATED WITH HONORS.—Chester Myrick, son of Mr. R. C. Myrick, of Oakland, Cal., until within a few years a resident of Nantucket, graduated at the Oakland high school on the 16th ult. We reprint from the *Inquirer* of that city his essay. The same paper also announces that our young townsman has accepted a position with the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., of San Francisco.

The subject of his oration was "Every Man the Framer of His Own Character." "A good character is a precious thing. Its making is composed of a variety of minute circumstances more or less under the regulation and control of the individual." Character shows itself in early youth and is constantly forming itself good or bad. The early influences are strong in its formation, but they may be overcome by the exercise of the will, toward the good instead of evil. The power of the prompt exercise of the will is of great importance, and it is only by such action that man may control himself. Some of the greatest characters in history have been men of strong temper, but of great self control. Praise is given to the man who ruleth himself—not, the one who stratcheth

who ruin himself—not the one who takes a city. Work is an element in the formation of character. A young man is freed from the temptations which surround the life of idleness. It is within the power of every man to build for himself a true and heroic character. Self discipline is what is needed. Our associates determine to a great extent our characters. A prompt decision against temptation is what young men should cultivate. Learn to say "No," and you will master yourself; and when you yield for want of moral courage you may be led into wrong doings. The old story of the first glass is illustrative of the growing temptation for more and the weakening of the moral determination. It is the same with other habits as with Intemperance. Whatever wrong course in life pursued, the evil obtains a growing stronghold as the moral character weakens. A character once lost is not easily regained. An old and trashy purse may be returned by an honest finder; not so the character. When the end of life comes we are obliged to relinquish the possession of earth, and only moral attainments can we carry with us. History furnishes examples both in public and private life, of men of high moral standing and purity of character whom we can take as models.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints in the sands of time."

At the meeting of the Bay State Club, Boston, last Saturday, Representative Riddell, Capt. W. H. Tice, Messrs. L. P. Tracy and Lauriston Bunker were present at the Revere House as invited guests.

She carried an assorted cargo consisting of 38 bundles wire; 1679 steel billets; 185 bundles wire rods; 845 bundles rivet rods; 4 drums arsenic acid; 2 casks drop black; 500 casks cement; 50 tons bulk barytes; 400 drain pipes; 25 cases glass; 514 coils old rope; 200 barrels venetian red; 50 casks star antimony; 209 casks soda crystals; 264 casks soda; 500 casks cement; 6 cases plate glass; 165 casks bleach; 543 casks sal soda; 100 casks gypsum; 1 second hand mortar mill; 727 bales wood pulp; 433 casks soda ash; 1000 casks soda crystals; 173 drums caustic soda; 10 casks bleach; 1000 casks venetian red; 351 drums caustic soda; 218 casks bleach; 50 casks soda crystals; 261 casks soda crystals; 5 casks colors; 1180 casks cement; 10 casks orange lead; 25,000 fire bricks; 100 empty oil barrels.

The list of the crew is as follows: Robert Thornton, master; I. M. Harland, 1st mate; Thos. Nicholson, 2d mate; William Mitchell, 1st engineer; T. F. Tritschler, 2d engineer; James Smith, 3d engineer; James Dale, carpenter; James Cockerine, steward; William Atkinson, cook; John Thornton, boatswain; Robert Clark, Richard Spencer, Edward Smith, Gilbert Andrews, R. Carmichel, John Anderson, seamen; Robert Thornton, boy; John Morris, Alex. Falconer, James Tennett, Archibald Brash, Charles Sanbury, Thos. Douglas, John Dawson, John Caveny, firemen; William Bailey, engineer's steward; W. G. Smith, of 'Pittsburg, Pa., passenger.

Capt. Thornton gives an account of his voyage to THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR as follows:

Left Shields Nov. 29th; weather fine, sea smooth west Wind. At 1 P. M., pilot left the ship; proceeded on the voyage, all going well until Wednesday, 30th, when, after passing through the Pentland Firth, encountered heavy N. W. gale and continued westerly gales and heavy sea, and overcast rain for twenty days. December 21st, got fine weather, and continued fine until towards midnight, wind E. N. E., and strong gale again, and thick with rain. Took cast of lead, soundings 35 fathoms, and in my opinion were off Georges Shoals. Continued strong gale and wind, varying to W. N. W., and thick with rain and sleet throughout the day. December 22d, at 4 A. M., weather clear, wind N. W., strong breeze; 8, A. M., overcast and hazy; took cast of lead. Noon, wind and sea moderating; 4 P. M., wind N. W., and increasing again to strong gale and high sea making; at 8 P. M., weather clear; continued fresh gale and high sea. At 10 P. M., sighted South Shoal light vessel; at 11.30, light vessel abeam, distant about 4 miles. Altered course W by S, midnight, wind W. W., and clear, light ship seen by N. wind backing. December 23d, at 30 A. M. ship suddenly struck the ground, and bumping heavy, reversed the engines full speed astern. Ship continued striking for half hour, and then came off; sounded all wells and found ship filling fast; steamed towards the South Shoal lightship as fast as possible, and prepared boats to leave the ship; all pumps going; at 8.45 left the ship in two life boats; at 9.15 A. M., ship sunk; at 3.30 P. M., all hands safely on board the lightship, the steamer going down in about 5 fathoms, South Shoal lightship bearing S by E; and in my opinion ship struck on some shoal not marked down on the chart.

CAPT. R. THORNTON.

The pilot commissioners, at a recent meeting in New York, were informed by Pilot John Shooks of pilot boat No. 21, that Dec. 22, he offered his services to Capt. Thornton of the Newcastle City when 50 miles southeast of the Nantucket Shoals Lightship, and that they were refused. He then offered, as he wanted to put to the city to spend Christmas, to take the steamer in without any off-shore pilotage charge, but Capt. Thornton turned his back. Shooks the same day was taken on by the Chateau Leoville, which he brought safe to port. All the pilots are loud in their condemnation of Capt. Thornton refusing to take a pilot, and declare that had he done so his vessel in all probability would not have been lost.

[Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

## NANTUCKET'S AUTUMN PHASES.

EBB OF THE TIDE—A CLIMB WITH BILLY CLARK  
—THE OLD PORTUGUESE BELL—ONE OF  
BILLY'S LATEST PROCLAMATIONS.

NANTUCKET, Mass., September 7.

On the shoals that buttress Nantucket Island there are sometimes four tides daily, but in the sea of her material prosperity there are but two each season—the flow, which begins early in July with the rush of summer visitors, and reaches flood in August; and the ebb, which begins September 1 and culminates in a much shorter period. In fact, it is nearly what the boatmen call “dead low water” now. The crowds that throng each departing steamer (there are two boats daily), and the drayloads of baggage that toil along every road leading to the wharf, would cause one to believe that the island must soon be depopulated. Yet there are many left—chiefly those wise ones who have discovered that September and October are the most delightful months for visiting Nantucket. Some of these September mornings are absolutely flawless. The sky is without clouds, the haze changes the sunbeams to pure gold, and there is just breeze enough to set the manes of the white horses a-streaming out on the “rips.” On such a morning a four-miles’ walk over the waste breezy downs, with the surf foaming beneath, is a luxury never to be forgotten. The surface is a rolling plain, dotted with knolls fifty and one hundred feet in height, which command the whole island and the blue, limitless ocean. A belt of green farm lands surrounds the town, and there are patches of stunted pine forest—all else is the wide, breezy, unfenced down, covered with bayberry, scrub oak, whortleberry, and other dwarf bushes, coarse beach grass, and glossy barberry vines, and here and there little round ponds from which you are pretty sure to startle a brace of wild ducks as you approach. The ground at this season is carpeted with bowers—golden-rod, golden-top aster, gerardia, and no less than three varieties of the heather, one so very rare that it is found nowhere else in the United States, I am told.

Returning through the farms from one of these excursions, we saw a contrivance that reminded us of Tennyson's allusion to a "clapper clapping in a garth to fright the birds away." Between two tall posts was suspended a huge iron dripping-pan, that, as the wind swayed it, banged first against one post and then the other, with prodigious din and clatter. The farmer was harvesting his crop of beans near by, and we asked him what the device was for. "To scare the crows," said he. "Pesky critters, seem as though they'd steal everything a man can raise. 'Twasn't so twenty-five years ago, when I fust cum to the island, but they're gittin' eddicated."

One finds more time and disposition to study the town and its people now that the crowds are gone. For this reason, perhaps, on meeting his old friend Mr. William Clark, the Town Crier (this official is popularly called "Billy," but since his memorable encounter with a group of the pert young girls of the period I have always given him his full title: "Hello, Billy," they sang out in chorus, whereupon Billy put down his basket of papers, tucked under his arm the tremendous fish horn, which is wont to "fright the isle from her propriety," and observed, "My name is Mr. Clark")—on meeting this official last evening, I made an appointment next morning to ascend the tower of the old South (Unitarian) Church for a bird's-eye view of the island, one of Mr. Clark's offices being the piloting of visitors to this famous eyry. It is singular to note how, as landmark, monitor, and guardian, the Old South is and has been associated with the daily life of the town. Its gilded spire and vane was the first object sighted by the whale ships returning from their round-the-world voyages; its famous Starbuck clock gives the time of day to the whole town; its old bell rings the hour of work at seven, the dinner hour at noon, and the curfew at nine, and when a fire breaks out at night its powerful voice alarms the town:

Mr. Clark called for me at 8.30, before I had breakfasted in fact, promptness being one of his cardinal virtues, and we set out. Such walking! I am myself a practised pedestrian, but I had to trot to keep pace with this gaunt, muscular Town Crier in dusty shoes, whose official duties, I presume, obliged him to cover at least twenty miles of ground daily. We entered the tower by a side door, and ascended a steep, dark flight of steps, my ciceroous chatting away with volubility. "We don't let so many visitors into the tower now," he said, in substance, "they cut up so, carve their names on the wall, tinker with the clock, and pull the bell rope. Those young fellows ain't gals that's growing up ain't no conscience nor manners."

The tower is built of ship timber, fastened together ship fashion. At the first landing the guide opened a door and ushered me into a large square apartment. There was a small stove in one corner, a huge bin filled with coal in another, two arm-chairs, a small table, a bunk, and sundry pictures of beautiful nymphs not over dressed were on the walls. "Two men stay here every night in the year," said Clark; "one watchin' while t'other sleeps, hour on and hour off. Suppose one discovers a fire, he first telephones to the engine company's house, an' they telephone to the engineer at the water-works to put on a full head o' water; then the watchman rings the town alarm to rouse the town; then he hangs this lighted lantern on the side of the tower nearest the fire to tell people where to look for it." Nantucket has been destroyed twice by fire; hence these extra precautionary measures.

Another flight and we reach the bellry, with its intricate clock-work and sweet-toned bell. Clock and bell both speak eloquently of the days when Nantucket was a great shipping port with argosies on every sea. A paper pasted on the wall gives the history of the old bell as follows:

"This splendid bell, which is said by travelers to be the finest in the country, was purchased in Lisbon by Capt. Chas. Clabby of this town in 1812, and brought to this port by Capt. Thomas Cary, in the schooner *William* and

*Nancy*, a vessel owned by Samuel Cary and others. Capt. Cary gave to the writer hereof the following history of the procurement of this bell. He said: Clasby invited me to go to the foundry with him and assist in selecting a good toned one. They had in the yard where the bells were a lever for raising them from the ground when they were about to ascertain their quality or peculiar tone. Well, they applied the lever to one and struck her. "That will not answer," said I. Then they raised another with the same result. When they raised a third one and struck her. "Ah, Clasby, you need look no further; that's the bell you want. She is a beauty. She sounds on B." "Well, sir," remarked the gentleman of the foundry, "we consider that to be the sweetest toned bell we have in the yard."

There is a long inscription in Portuguese on the bell, which has been thus translated: "To the good Jesus of the Mountain, the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete set of six bells to call the people and adore Him on His sanctuary. Jose Domingos da Costa has done it in Lisbon in the year 1810." The inscription has led some writers to assert that it was stolen from some church or monastery by privateers, but the above may be regarded as an authoritative account of its presence here. It had never been blessed, and could therefore be sold for any purpose. The bell was placed in the stone cellar of Samuel Cary, and there remained until 1815, when it was purchased by the Unitarian Society for \$500 and placed in its tower, where it has ever since remained.

Another climb and we are in the gilded dome beneath the vane, 109 feet from the ground, and several hundred above the sea. The small chamber has windows on every side, and sundry loopholes. What a view is presented from the height—the whole outline of the island from Maddekot to Great Point Light, with every cove and sweep of bay, and beyond this the encircling blue of the ocean. Prettiest sight of all is the waves breaking in foam on the "rips" against the dark blue of the sea. "Every day I watch here," resumed my guide, "and blow my horn when the steamer heaves in sight, a kind of advertisement, d'ye see?" (While writing these words the horn brays out, and in common with all Nantucket, I know that the Old Colony Line steamer from New Bedford has come in sight and will be at the wharf in an hour, or on schedule time.) "I've done it ever since I was born," Clark continued, soberly. "What else do you do?" I asked. "O, cry the meat markets and anything lost, lectures and town meetings, the daily news, and sell papers, besides being janitor of the Nantucket band; I always march at the head of the procession; the band gave me a new suit to march in; if you stay till Wednesday, when the fair opens, you can see me in it." As I had been so inquisitive, Clark thought he might venture a little, and asked me where I lived—in Boston? "No," said I, "in New York." "Oh," said he, "New York; is it much of a place?—big as Boston?" "Ten times as big," I replied with dignity. "Sho," said he, "quite a place, quite a place," but I saw ever after that he had little respect for my arithmetic. Mr. Clark is perhaps the best-known character in Nantucket, having been introduced to the public by the newspapers and magazines. The latest tale, and the best in which he figures, was told by a bright little lady on the steamer coming over, substantially as follows:

A merry party from—we will say Newport—came to Nantucket on a cruise during the past summer, and among them was a young dude, whose insolence and cool superciliousness disgusted the entire party. The young men therefore thought they would teach him a lesson, and as soon as they were domiciled on shore sought out Billy and bargained with him for \$5 to go that evening, as soon as the town was asleep, through every street and alley and cry that Robert — of Newport had come to town. The sum was fully ten times as large as Billy was in the habit of receiving for such service, and he determined that such generous patrons should have an ample return. At ten o'clock, therefore, all Nantucket being asleep, he began at the north end and threaded each street and alley in turn, sounding his dreadful horn and delivering his message, until every soul in Nantucket had been told that Robert — of Newport had come to town. The effect is said to have been sensational in the extreme. Doors and windows were thrown open, nightcapped heads were thrust out, and startled voices asked the locality of the fire, or if a tidal wave had rolled in on the island.

Then, after hearing the message, informal caucuses were held, and it was asked who Robert — of Newport was, anyway, and why he had come to town, and why it was necessary to drag honest people from their beds at that hour to

INSTALLATIONS.—At the meeting of Wanackmamack Encampment, I. O. O. F., held Thursday evening, the following officers were installed by District Deputy Henry Paddack: C. P., Benjamin F. Wyrer; H. P., William B. Starbuck; S. W., John C. Ring; Scribe, Josiah Freeman; Treasurer, William C. L'Hommedieu; J. W., Arthur H. Cook.

The following appointment were made; O. S., Alexander D. Coffin; I. S., Francis B. Keene; G., George H. Gardner; 1st W., Henry Paddock; 2d W., Charles W. Gardner; 3d W., Francis B. Smith; 4th W., Robert K. Appleton; 1st G. of T., Edward B. Coffin; 2d G. of T., W. C. Marden.

Officers of Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter: H. P., F. Willett Folger; K., Joseph C. Brock; S., John Murray, Jr.; Treasurer, Charles C. Crosby; Secretary, Albert G. Brock; C. C. H., Albion K. P. Bucknam; P. S., James A. Holmes; R. A. C., William B. Starbuck; Master 3d V., Walter H. Burgess; Master 2d V., George E. Mooers; Master 1st V., Joseph S. Barney; Tyler, Benjamin F. Williams.

	SERVICE.
Enlisted Men.	
Commissioned Officers.	WITH LEAVE.
Enlisted Men.	
Commissioned Officers.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
Enlisted Men.	

H. H.—We hear it whispered that the benevolent ladies of the Helping Hand Society are again moving among us in a mysterious way, and there is good cause to believe that some sort of first-rate entertainment will be provided for us at some unknown date during the current month. What the programme is to be cannot yet be disclosed to our readers, for the obvious reason that it is thus far unknown to our editorial Paul Pry. But judging from the tact and ingenuity displayed by these ladies on former occasions in arranging and carrying out schemes to divert the public, while filling their treasury, we may safely predict something worthy the attention of everyone who is willing to enjoy healthy amusements and help a good cause at the same time. Further particulars may leak out later, and you should be on the lookout for

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1888.

CHANGE OF THEOLOGY.—Rev. C. F. Nicholson, a couple of years ago pastor of the Baptist church of this town, has embraced Unitarianism, and has been called to the pastorate of the First Unitarian church of Norton Centre, Mass. Speaking of his first sermon in that pulpit, the Norton Mirror says:

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. Mr. Charles F. Nicholson, formerly pastor of the Bunker Hill Baptist church, and who has recently been admitted to fellowship in the Unitarian denomination preached in this village.

The gentleman began by saying: My dear friends. We will find our text this morning in John 18:38. "What is truth." But if you will pardon me for reverting briefly to my own experience I will make a few explanatory remarks before proceeding with my discourse. It will with-

## The Relief Association.

The annual meeting of the Nantucket Relief Association was held in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Monday evening last. It was largely attended, and spirited a good degree of interest being manifested. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Brightman. The preamble and constitution were read by the Secretary. Reports of the Treasurer and Secretary were read and accepted. The choice of officers resulted in the re-election of the old board, viz: President, Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Mary B. Winslow, Mrs. Charlotte C. Pearson; Treasurer, Mrs. Jane C. Perry; Secretary, Mrs. Olive B. Meader; Directors, Mary C. Sanford, Leonora Mooers, Lucretia Cartwright, Maria S. Swain, Harriet Dunham, Phebe Ann West, Maria F. Joy,

contribute a little, yearly, it would swell the amount we have, and alleviate in a greater degree this class of respectable elderly persons of either sex whose wants are so often laid before us. Again, I ask the public to take the subject into consideration, and interest themselves in its welfare. I am almost afraid that as you listen you will say, "still harping, upon the points of the same old subject!" We can reply only by asking, how can it be any different? There is nothing new to be said. The same argument must be repeated again and again. I admit we have had great encouragement in times past.

I could discourse of many, did time permit, who have given good sums, and a host who have furnished smaller ones. All are equally acceptable; the one, as the other. The spirit of the giver is in the gift. I would speak of the noble example of Miss Hepsabeth Bunker, of Nantucket, who passed away some little time since. She was a truly worthy woman with small means at her command; but by dint of strict economy through life, out of the little she had, she saved the small sum which she bequeathed to the Relief Association to help make destitute brothers and sisters comfortable. Requiescat in pace. Thou hast written thy own memorial! This is only the second instance of money bequeathed to this society.

I would ask of those persons residing in the towns and cities, who are interested in Nantucket, to help us in our work. If we could only have a few thousand dollars to add to what we already have in our treasury, we could make to those destitute old persons of Nantucket, a heaven of earth. We hold all who lend a helping hand as cherishing a rightful Christian spirit; and we hold also that this is a subject in which all cannot but be interested. Our late townsman, Capt. David Thain, gave of his means, liberally as well as have a number of others, to whom we are grateful indeed. Especially would we refer to Mrs. Eliza Nevin's munificent gift of one hundred dollars yearly, which is truly a god-send. Nor would we forget John M. Boyey, Esq., a stranger to our island, but a true friend to its interests, who gave nobly on the start of our enterprise, and who added one thousand dollars when the sum in our treasury reached the amount of four thousand dollars. He, with others when the tide was at a low ebb, and we launched our bark from the "ways," buoyed us up until we could float, and finally, swim out into deep water. Now we need more means with which to successfully sail our craft, so that we may safely carry the destitute old people of our island over the cold and stormy sea of adversity, and care for them until they are summoned hence to a higher life. Think of this, friends of the aged; Let us enlist every energy in this hal- lowed cause; and ere another year closes, let us pledge ourselves that we will do something that will bring about the re- sults we so much desire. Let us not put off a good resolution and say when that time comes:

"The year has fled, and lo!  
We've left behind  
The glory and the glow  
We hoped to find,  
And missed again the dew  
We meant to heed,  
Some cherish'd plan to do  
Some cherish'd deed.  
"Next year, next year!  
Oh, why not now,  
Delaying soul, this year  
Keep word and vow?  
Oh, why not now and here,  
Why not to-day,  
Before another year  
Shall run away,  
Keep word and faith or ere  
An hour's delay,  
Make good the promise fair  
To-day To-day?"

most acceptable donation, and highly appreciated by the society. At the present time seventeen persons are receiving assistance. Though we regret that our means will not enable us to do for each one all we would like, yet we feel very grateful for the co-operation and sympathy of this community. Four of the recipients of our means have been called home the past year, and there is great satisfaction in the feeling that their last days were made more comfortable by the relief we could render them.

OLIVE B. MEADER, Sec'y.

### Treasurer's Report.

Amount on hand January 1st, 1887,	\$66.83
Rec'd. from investments and donations,	481.47
" " members,	259.72
	\$808.02
Paid for expenses,	\$2.72
" " old people,	667.00
	\$669.72

Balance January 1st, 1888, \$138.30

### LIST OF INVESTMENTS.

Cincinnati city 7 per cent. bonds,	\$1000.00
Boston city 4 per cent. bonds,	200.00
New Bedford Five Cents Savings Bank,	1000.00
New Bedford Institution for Savings,	1000.00
Roxbury Savings Bank,	1500.00
Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank,	1000.00
Eliot Five Cents Savings Bank,	1000.00
Nantucket Institution for Savings,	902.67
	\$7602.67

JANE C. PERRY, Treas.

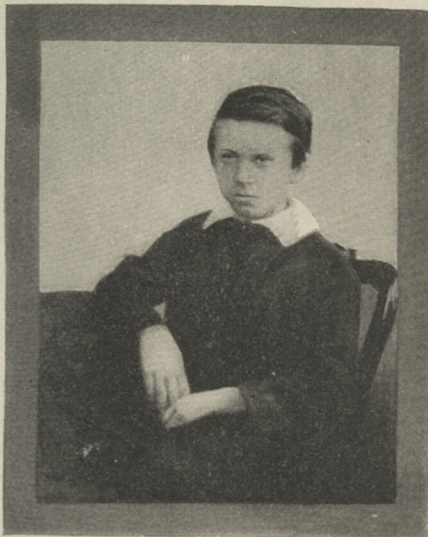
18

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

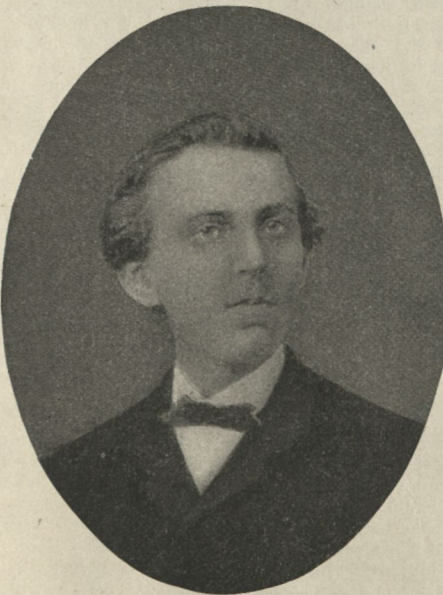
WILLIAM T. STEAD.



AGE 10. 1859.



AGE 11. 1860.



AGE 18. 1867.



AGE 22. 1871.

## DEATHS.

In this town, 16th inst., Lydia, widow of the late Capt. Eben Coleman, aged 81 years.  
In Brooklyn, 2d inst., Charles Gardner Glover, aged 27 years, 11 months, eldest son of the late Charles H. Glover, formerly of this town.  
In Rome, Italy, on the 23d ult., of anæmia, Mrs. Edwin J. Hulbert. [She lies buried in the Protestant cemetery at the Porta San Paolo, within the wall of the city.]

to be in accord with him.

The same paper also says: "Both the personal and official character and standing of Mr. Nicholson, who has lived among us for years, are of the highest type. While our Baptist friends regret to lose him, the public feeling is that the Unitarians are to be congratulated on his accession to their ranks."

our financial situation; and you are all well aware of the pressing need we have of more means to work with. We feel sure that when our citizens, who are not members of this society, fully realize the importance and value of such an institution, they will open their hands and assist in sustaining it. We do not ask large donations. If they would become members and thus

TURE OF THE  
COMMANDER.

# A SUGGESTION.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

The examination and graduation exercises of our High School take place the latter part of this month. The graduating class this year is one of the largest to go from the school for a number of years, while I am informed that the membership of the school is greater than it has been for several years. In view of the fact that the examination must necessarily be curtailed to enable the graduating exercises to take place the same day, the graduating class and their parents united in a petition to the School Committee to allow the graduation exercises to be held in the evening. In view of their refusal probably the School Committee had good and sufficient reasons for withholding their consent. I am credibly informed, however, that one of the principal objections urged was the extra work and expense of getting the room ready for an evening exercise, and that owing to the limited accommodations and the crowds which thronged to these evening exercises, many were often excluded who had a prior right to be there, and considerable dissatisfaction always ensued. Now it seems to me the difficulty could be wholly obviated by holding the exercises in the Athenaeum. The hall is all ready, comfortably seated, and no preparation would be required. A ten dollar bill would cover the whole expense, and if the committee hesitated about incurring the same, I know of individuals who are ready to put their hands in their own pockets. If there are any public institutions in which we should feel an interest and pride it is our schools, and we should court rather than discourage the largest possible attendance of citizens—particularly those who furnish the money to carry on our public schools—to witness the result of their expenditure as exemplified in those who have pursued the entire course prescribed.

A PARENT.

—“A PARENT” writes in the interest of the class about to graduate from our High School, suggesting that their wish to have evening exercises be granted. If we understand the matter aright, the committee have refused their request, which, if true, we consider an unkind act. It costs so meagre a sum to make the last day in school pleasant to both pupils and parents, that we can think of no reasonable excuse why the exercises should not be permitted as desired. We have heard only one side, and perhaps the committee may have something to offer that will show wisdom in their refusal. If so, why not speak it, that the people may know the right of the case.

**GRADUATED WITH HONORS.**—Chester Myrick, son of Mr. R. C. Myrick, of Oakland, Cal., until within a few years a resident of Nantucket, graduated at the Oakland high school on the 16th ult. We reprint from the *Inquirer* of that city his essay. The same paper also announces that our young townsman has accepted a position with the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., of San Francisco.

The subject of his oration was “Every Man the Framer of His Own Character.” “A good character is a precious thing. Its making is composed of a variety of minute circumstances more or less under the regulation and control of the individual.” Character shows itself in early youth and is constantly forming itself good or bad. The early influences are strong in its formation, but they may be overcome by the exercise of the will, toward the good instead of evil. The power of the prompt exercise of the will is of great importance, and it is only by such action that man may control himself. Some of the greatest characters in history have been men of strong temper, but of great self control. Praise is given the man who ruleth himself—not the one who takes a city.

Work is an element in the formation of character. A young man is freed from the temptations which surround the life of idleness. It is within the power of every man to build for himself a true and heroic character. Self discipline is what is needed. Our associates determine to a great extent our characters. A prompt decision against temptation is what young men should cultivate. Learn to say “No,” and you will master yourself; and when you yield for want of moral courage you may be led into wrong doings. The old story of the first glass is illustrative of the growing temptation for more and the weakening of the moral determination. It is the same with other habits as with intemperance. Whatever wrong course in life pursued, the evil obtains a growing stronghold as the moral character weakens. A character once lost is not easily regained. An old and trashy purse may be returned by an honest finder; not so the character. When the end of life comes we are obliged to relinquish the possession of earth, and only moral attainments can we carry with us. History furnishes examples both in public and private life, of men of high moral standing and purity of character whom we can take as models.

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time.”

At the meeting of the Bay State Club, Boston, last Saturday, Representative Riddell, Capt. W. H. Tice, Messrs. L. P. Tracy and Lauriston Bunker were present at the Revere House as invited guests.

**THE NEW CASTLE CITY.**—We are under obligations to Capt. A. J. Sansbury, of the South Shoal lightship, for the following information relative to the loss of steamer Newcastle City, on the 23d ult., which is accompanied by a letter from Capt. Thornton, giving a brief synopsis of the voyage. Capt. Sandsbury states that the casualty occurred W. by S. from South Shoal lightship, about five miles distant. The weather was clear at the time, with a severe gale from the northwest and heavy sea. The vessel was first in sight at 6.30 A. M., bearing E. S. E. She struck at 1 A. M., and sunk at 9.15. At 8.45 the crew left her in two life-boats, and reached the lightship at 3 P. M. When she went down, she bore S. by E. three miles distant. One of her

[Correspondence of *The Evening Post*.]

## NANTUCKET'S AUTUMN PHASES.

EBB OF THE TIDE—A CLIMB WITH BILLY CLARK  
—THE OLD PORTUGUESE BELL—ONE OF  
BILLY'S LATEST PROCLAMATIONS.

NANTUCKET, Mass., September 7.  
On the shoals that buttress Nantucket Island there are sometimes four tides daily, but in the sea of her material prosperity there are but two each season—the flow, which begins early in July with the rush of summer visitors, and reaches flood in August; and the ebb, which begins September 1 and culminates in a much shorter period. In fact, it is nearly what the boatmen call “dead low water” now. The crowds that throng each departing steamer (there are two boats daily), and the drayloads of baggage that toil along every road leading to the wharf, would cause one to believe that the island must soon be depopulated. Yet there are many left—chiefly those wise ones who have discovered that September and October are the most delightful months for visiting Nantucket. Some of these September mornings are absolutely flawless. The sky is without clouds, the haze changes the sunbeams to pure gold, and there

Nancy, a vessel owned by Samuel Cary and others. Capt. Cary gave to the writer hereof the following history of the procurement of this bell. He said: Clasby invited me to go to the foundry with him and assist in selecting a good toned one. They had in the yard where the bells were a lever for raising them from the ground when they were about to ascertain their quality or peculiar tone. Well, they applied the lever to one and struck her. “That will not answer,” said I. Then they raised another with the same result. When they raised a third one and struck her. “Ah, Clasby, you need look no further; that’s the bell you want. She is a beauty. She sounds on B.” “Well, sir,” remarked the gentleman of the foundry, “we consider that to be the sweetest toned bell we have in the yard.”

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AB.

SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
CENTS.		CENTS.



## “HUMAN DOCUMENTS.”

### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD, who is rightly credited with having made a “new journalism” in England, was born July 5, 1849, and is the son of a Congregational minister. Leaving school at fourteen, he entered, first, a mercantile office, and then the Russian Vice-Consulate at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He began his editorial career at twenty-two on a daily newspaper at Darlington. In 1880 he became the assistant of Mr. John Morley on the “Pall Mall Gazette,” and in this relation made that intimate study of Mr. Morley which found record in an early number of the “Review of Reviews.” On Mr. Morley’s retirement from the chief editorship to enter Parliament, in the spring of 1883, Mr. Stead succeeded him; and under his direction the “Pall Mall Gazette” very soon became distinctly different from anything in the way of a newspaper theretofore seen in England. It proved especially effective in the exposure of political and social abuses. In 1890 Mr. Stead, having previously retired from the “Pall Mall Gazette,” founded the “Review of Reviews,” and the English edition of that magazine is still the object of his untiring labors. He is a famous worker, despatching every day a great quantity of business. In 1886 he published a book on the Irish question, “No Reduction, no Rent;” in 1888, “Truth about Russia;” and in 1889 a volume on the Vatican. Mr. Stead’s life has been fraught with novel experiences, and of these perhaps the most notable is his residence in the Tower of London for three days as an ordinary criminal in the condemned cell. These three days were part of a sentence of three months’ imprisonment laid upon him for gross social evils. He of his exposure of gross social evils. He served out the full three months of Lord Salisbury, first three days, by the order of the more favored his lodgment became that of the more favored misdemeanants. At his release a crowd of people who approved his course welcomed him, and gave him a great public testimonial.

FELLOW-STUDENTS of the Honorable WHITE-LAW REID at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, relate that, in his undergraduate days, he was an especially devoted reader of the “New York Tribune,” and even that he declared that he would one day be its editor. Whether the reminiscence be drawn from memory or from fancy, Mr. Reid, on his graduation in 1856, immediately set foot in the path likeliest to lead to some such goal as the tradition credits him with having thus early chosen. He became editor of a newspaper at Xenia, Ohio, near which town he had been born October 27, 1837. At the beginning of the war he took service as special correspondent of the “Cincinnati Gazette,” first at the State capital, Columbus, and later in the field, where for a time he served also as aide-de-camp to General Rosecrans. His letters written during and after the war under the pen-name of “Agate,” attained an authority rarely equalled in newspaper correspondence. From 1863 to 1866 Mr. Reid held the office of Librarian of the Ohio House of Representatives. He was also engaged for a short time in cotton planting in the South, out of which experience grew a book, “After the War,” published in 1866. In 1868 he published a history of “Ohio in the War.” The same year he joined the staff of the “New York Tribune,” and at Mr. Greeley’s death, in 1872, he became its chief editor. After declining the ministership to Germany at the hand of two preceding presidents, he accepted, in 1889, from President Harrison, an appointment as American Minister to France. In the last presidential election he was the Republican nominee for vice-president. There have been no terms of ambassadorial service that reflected more credit on the ambassador, and were of more service to his country, than Mr. Reid’s ambassadorship to France. He displayed dignity, firmness, and great address, and was able to relieve American commerce of very irksome restrictions.

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**RESIGNATION.**—Matthew Barney has tendered his resignation as treasurer of the Nantucket Atheneum. A special meeting has been called to fill the vacancy. Friend Barney has been associated with this institution for a long term of years, and has filled many positions of trust therein with painstaking care and fidelity. His retirement prompted a suitable recognition of his services by the board of trustees.

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.**—Every one who attended the turkey supper of the Union Benevolent Society, last Washington's Birthday, will be pleased to learn that the society has a committee appointed to report upon the nature and character of this year's annual entertainment. Atheneum Hall has been secured for that evening, and, under the auspices of this society, an evening's enjoyment of exquisite taste may be relied upon.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific National Bank, last Tuesday evening, the following gentlemen were chosen directors for the ensuing year: Frederick C. Sanford, Timothy W. Calder, Edward W. Perry, David C. Baxter, Joseph B. Macy, Andrew Whitney, Charles H. Dunham, Edmund B. Fox. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Frederick C. Sanford was chosen president and Timothy W. Calder vice-president.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. and Mrs. R. Gardner Chase, of Boston, were in town Sunday.

Capt. J. A. Beebe has so far recovered from his recent illness as to allow of his being on the street.

The 25th anniversary of the settlement of Rev. A. D. Gorham as pastor of the Baptist Church in Wenham was celebrated with appropriate services December 27th, 1887. The pastor gave a review of his work, and of the different changes in his parish during the past twenty-five years. There were many warm friends present, who made pleasant remarks, among them Rev. O. T. Walker, of Boston, who referred to his early pastorate in North Tisbury, Mr. G.'s early home, and to the long and friendly feeling they had so long cherished towards each other. Mr. Gorham was at one time pastor of the Summer Street Baptist Church in this town.

Miss Sarah F. Barnard has been re-elected librarian of the Atheneum, and Mr. F. B. Murphey, janitor.

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The gentleman began by saying: My dear friends. We will find our text this morning in John 18:38. "What is truth." But if you will pardon me for reverting briefly to my own experience I will make a few explanatory remarks before proceeding with my discourse. It will, without doubt, be a surprise to some that I am to-day to address a congregation in a Unitarian pulpit. Many of you are aware that for more than twenty years I preached the gospel in the Baptist denomination. I am not sure that I have ever been quite as narrow and bigoted in my religious life as some with whom I am acquainted. I once knew a very good man—a fair preacher—whose residence was located between two churches neither of which was able to support a pastor. Observing that he was struggling hard to keep soul and body together on a very meagre salary, I suggested that the two churches combine their forces and give the good man a handsome support. Almost as quickly as the rebound of an India rubber ball, my suggestion of an attempt at practical union for the general good of the community came rolling back to me, bristling all over with absurd objections and smelling as strongly of sectarianism bigotry as some of Byron's literary productions scent of gin.

I am not only grieved but thoroughly disgusted with every would-be monopolist of truth and piety on the face of the earth who arrogantly thinks that he and his wife and his son John and his wife and Betsy Ann and all of "our folks" have all the truth and religion in the market, thus compelling the rest of mankind to drop into moral and spiritual bankruptcy for lack of capital.

He then went on to say how he had travelled in different parts of the world and always finding the earth grow larger. He then said "As I travelled on, the horizon lifted and extended farther and farther. My world was expanding every minute. Now what I would say, is, that my experience in the spiritual world has been somewhat analogous to my experience in the natural world. Things have grown clearer and brighter. There has been progression and disentanglement from the chains and stocks of the medieval superstitions."

Mr. Nicholson then told how he had studied for the past twelve years with Unitarianism in view, but had not until the present time seen his way clear to take a stand. Continuing he said: "During the past three years, while trying to rebuild my health, not having any regular pastorate, the interval has afforded me a good opportunity for critical study, and perhaps I might as well tell you right here what some of the conclusions are which I have reached:

1st. That there is one God, and that Jesus of Nazareth is not that God, but rather His Son and Messenger.

2d. That the Bible is not an infallible revelation, but a very rich gold mine.

3d. That no theological point in dispute can be satisfactorily settled by an arraignment of texts.

4th. That the history of man has been an ascent from barbarism, and not a fall from original Holiness.

5th. That the moral influence theory of atonement is the true scriptural doctrine to be believed and taught.

6th. That God is the God of the whole earth and God of all religions.

7th. That a Christian is one who meets Jesus and studies him from every possible standpoint and then so endorses and appropriates him that His spirit becomes the life of the soul."

Mr. Nicholson made these conclusions the text of his sermon, and by very apt illustrations gave his reasons for believing as he did. He was listened to very attentively throughout the discourse by the congregation, many of whom seemed to be in accord with him.

The same paper also says: "Both the personal and official character and standing of Mr. Nicholson, who has lived among us for years, are of the highest type. While our Baptist friends regret to lose him, the public feeling is that the Unitarians are to be congratulated on his accession to their ranks."

## The Relief Association.

The annual meeting of the Nantucket Relief Association was held in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Monday evening last. It was largely attended, and spirited a good degree of interest being manifested. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Brightman. The preamble and constitution were read by the Secretary. Reports of the Treasurer and Secretary were read and accepted. The choice of officers resulted in the re-election of the old board, viz: President, Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Mary B. Winslow, Mrs. Charlotte C. Pearson; Treasurer, Mrs. Jane C. Perry; Secretary, Mrs. Olive B. Meader; Directors, Mary C. Sanford, Leonora Mooers, Lucretia Cartwright, Maria S. Swain, Harriet Dunham, Phebe Ann West, Maria F. Joy, Ann M. Coffin. Pertinent remarks were made by Mrs. Elizabeth G. Barney, Rev. Mr. Roys, Mrs. Ann W. Chase, Mrs. Charlotte C. Pearson, Allen Coffin, Esq., Mrs. Mary W. Valentine, and Rev. Louise S. Baker, followed by an able address by the President, Mrs. Starbuck. The thanks of the society are due the trustees of the Unitarian Church for the liberal use of their pleasant and comfortable vestry. Following are the President's address and the several reports:

### Address.

The sweet echoes of Christmas carols sounding in the gladness of children's voices, and their songs ringing out a happy New Year! have scarcely died on our ear, as the glad New Year of this association is again heralded, and we greet one another with an unfeigned rejoicing, that its annals bear testimony of its steady and healthy growth. This is the 15th anniversary of its birth, and the gleams of sunshine, which, with its limited means, it has shed, and is still shedding, into many a lonely heart traveling the downward march of life, (and which must be witnessed to be appreciated) is the great stimulus that encourages its members to persevere in its great work with united effort, and heartfelt earnestness and hope for its future prosperity.

You have called me to the chair for the tenth time. I thank you for the confidence and esteem manifested in this act; but I also say that without your cordial co-operation, my efforts would be of no avail. I think I express the feelings of the board of Directors who have held their office from year to year, when I thank you in their name for this proof of your entire satisfaction with the labor they have accomplished. You have given them a hearty invitation by full vote to serve again and again the interests of this society, knowing their character and ability, as well as their integrity of purpose.

We meet as an organized charitable association, once a year, to choose its officers and to express our individual opinions, and sympathies in this cause which lies near our hearts. We can only hope, that a free and full expression of opinion has been given by the members present, as to the course which has been pursued by the board in the cases that have come before it. We desire this expression, that we may in doing our work, mingle and weld these opinions, so they shall crystallize into action that will promote the highest good of the recipient, as well as of the society. The management of its affairs is a sacred and solemn trust committed to our hands, for which we are, and should be, held responsible. Its duties cannot be neglected, except at the peril of its well being. I can say with truth the regular and special meetings of the Directors have been for the most part fully attended. That these meetings should take precedence of most other duties, admits of no question; as unless this be done, there cannot be an intelligent understanding of the ins and outs of the cases coming before us. You who have placed us in these positions, have a right to require promptness of action, and the best service we can render; and we feel sure that this has been done in the past serving. I trust that as a society we shall continue to maintain the same happy spirit of harmony which has ever been our wont.

You all know from our efficient treasurer and faithful secretary our financial situation; and you are all well aware of the pressing need we have of more means to work with. We feel sure that when our citizens, who are not members of this society, fully realize the importance and value of such an institution, they will open their hands and assist in sustaining it. We do not ask large donations. If they would become members and thus

contribute a little, yearly, it would swell the amount we have, and alleviate in a greater degree this class of respectable elderly persons of either sex whose wants are so often laid before us. Again, I ask the public to take the subject into consideration, and interest themselves in its welfare. I am almost afraid that as you listen you will say, "still harping, upon the points of the same old subject!" We can reply only by asking, how can it be any different? There is nothing new to be said. The same argument must be repeated again and again. I admit we have had great encouragement in times past.

I could discourse of many, did time permit, who have given good sums, and a host who have furnished smaller ones. All are equally acceptable; the one, as the other. The spirit of the giver is in the gift. I would speak of the noble example of Miss Hepsabeth Bunker, of Nantucket, who passed away some little time since. She was a truly worthy woman with small means at her command; but by dint of strict economy through life, out of the little she had, she saved the small sum which she bequeathed to the Relief Association to help make destitute brothers and sisters comfortable. *Requiescat in pace.* Thou hast written thy own memorial! This is only the second instance of money bequeathed to this society.

I would ask of those persons residing in the towns and cities, who are interested in Nantucket, to help us in our work. If we could only have a few thousand dollars to add to what we already have in our treasury, we could make to those destitute old persons of Nantucket, a heaven of earth. We hold all who lend a helping hand as cherishing a rightful Christian spirit; and we hold also that this is a subject in which all cannot but be interested. Our late townsman, Capt. David Thain, gave of his means, liberally as well as have a number of others, to whom we are grateful indeed. Especially would we refer to Mrs. Eliza Nevin's munificent gift of one hundred dollars yearly, which is truly a god-send. Nor would we forget John M. Bovey, Esq., a stranger to our island, but a true friend to its interests, who gave nobly on the start of our enterprise, and who added one thousand dollars when the sum in our treasury reached the amount of four thousand dollars. He, with others when the tide was at a low ebb, and we launched our bark from the "ways," buoyed us up until we could float, and finally, swim out into deep water. Now we need more means with which to successfully sail our craft, so that we may safely carry the destitute old people of our island over the cold and stormy sea of adversity, and care for them until they are summoned hence to a higher life. Think of this, friends of the aged; let us enlist every energy in this halcyon cause; and ere another year closes, let us pledge ourselves that we will do something that will bring about the results we so much desire. Let us not put off a good resolution and say when that time comes:

"The year has fled, and lo!  
We've left behind  
The glory and the glow  
We hoped to find,  
And missed again the clew  
We meant to heed,  
Some cherish'd plan to do  
Some cherish'd deed.  
"Next year, next year!  
Oh, why not now,  
Delaying soul, this year  
Keep word and vow?  
Oh, why not now and here,  
Why not to-day,  
Before another year  
Shall run away,  
Keep word and faith or ere  
An hour's delay,  
Make good the promise fair  
To-day To-day?"

most acceptable donation, and highly appreciated by the society. At the present time seventeen persons are receiving assistance. Though we regret that our means will not enable us to do for each one all we would like, yet we feel very grateful for the co-operation and sympathy of this community. Four of the recipients of our means have been called home the past year, and there is great satisfaction in the feeling that their last days were made more comfortable by the relief we could render them.

OLIVE B. MEADER, Sec'y.

### Treasurer's Report.

Amount on hand January 1st, 1887,	\$66.83
Rec'd. from investments and donations,	481.47
" " members.	259.72
	\$808.02
Paid for expenses,	\$2.72
" " old people,	667.00
	\$669.72
Balance January 1st, 1888,	\$138.30
LIST OF INVESTMENTS.	
Cincinnati city 7 per cent. bonds,	\$1000.00
Boston city 4 per cent. bonds,	200.00
New Bedford Five Cents Savings Bank,	1000.00
New Bedford Institution for Savings,	1500.00
Roxbury Savings Bank,	1000.00
Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank,	1000.00
Eliot Five Cents Savings Bank,	902.67
Nantucket Institution for Savings,	\$7602.67

JANE C. PERRY, Treas.

## ATURE OF THE COMMANDER.

**THE VINEYARD CABLE.**—In accordance with a vote passed by the Boston chamber of commerce, the following petition was drawn up and sent to Washington:

To the honorable House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, members of the Boston chamber of commerce, in accordance with action taken by their organization Jan. 9th, 1888, do hereby earnestly and respectfully petition the honorable house of representatives of the United States in favor of the passage of an appropriation covering the construction and maintenance of a new submarine cable from Pasque Island to Gay Head, thus connecting Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket with the mainland. The claims of humanity in case of disasters, which are frequent on this section of the coast, as well as the large interest of owners of property, seem to be a sufficient warrant for the outlay of so comparatively small an amount. Marine intelligence of the passing and location of the enormous number of vessels navigating these waters, aggregating in a year as high as 40,000 vessels is of the utmost importance to the shipping interests. The population of the Islands, especially during the summer months, is upward of 30,000 people, whose needs and convenience furnish additional ground for the passage of the appropriation.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1888.

**TELEGRAPH POLES.**—A vessel arrived here Saturday with 250 wooden telegraph poles which are to replace the iron ones now in use, and the work of placing them was begun yesterday morning by a dozen men under the supervision of Lieut. Wright. It is proposed to so change the route westward as to leave town via West Liberty street and Grove lane, and strike the present line a mile or more west of the town, thereby shortening the route and avoiding encumbering Gardner and Main streets with the poles and wires. It is also proposed to carry the line direct to Siasconset, connecting there with the telephone line now running to Sankoty. The iron poles displaced will be utilized for a telephone line between Sankoty and Great Point, and a signal station will be established at the latter place, thereby completing the signal system on Nantucket.

**RESIGNATIONS.**—Matthew Barney has tendered his resignation as treasurer of the Nantucket Athenaeum. A special meeting has been called for this (Wednesday) evening to fill the vacancy. Mr. Barney has been associated with this institution for many years, and has filled numerous positions of trust therein. His retirement prompted a suitable recognition of his services by the board of trustees.

Prof. Maria Mitchell has resigned her position as professor of astronomy at Vassar College, which she has held ever since Vassar was founded, in 1865. She feels that she needs rest. The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees laid the resignation on the table, and gave Prof. Mitchell indefinite leave of absence, her salary to continue till the annual meeting in June, when further action will be taken. The *Springfield Republican* says:

"At that time it is not unlikely the distinguished astronomer will be made professor emeritus. She is in her seventieth year, and she had gained high rank in her science forty years ago."

**AN OLD PAPER.**—Francis V. Lewis has in his possession a paper written by a Nantucket man 36 years ago, defending the title of Nantucket ships to be the first to fly the American flag in a foreign port after the revolutionary war, and that Nantucket ships were the first to visit Hudson's Bay, which honor the *Mercury* at that time claimed for New Bedford ships. It is believed to be the only copy in the city.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

**THE NEWCASTLE CITY.**—The announcement is made from the Boston Hydrographic office that the wreck of the Newcastle City lies S by E 3 miles from Nantucket South Shoal lightship, one topmast showing above water. The captain states the shoal upon which his vessel struck bears W by S 6 miles from the lightship.

The pilot commissioners, at a recent meeting in New York, were informed by Pilot John Shooks of pilot boat No. 21, that Dec. 22, he offered his services to Capt. Thornton of the Newcastle City when 50 miles southeast of the Nantucket Shoal Lightship, and that they were refused. He then offered, as he wanted to put to the city to spend Christmas, to take the steamer in without any off-shore pilotage charge, but Capt. Thornton turned his back. Shooks the same day was taken on by the Chateau Leoville, which he brought safe to port. All the pilots are loud in their condemnation of Capt. Thornton refusing to take a pilot, and declare that had he done so his vessel in all probability would not have been lost.

**PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.**—A very delightful entertainment was given on Monday evening by the members of the St. Mary's Society at the house of Mrs. Blossom on Pleasant street. This society is a guild of young ladies connected with St. Paul's church which was organized last October. In spite of the evening being severely cold the house was filled to its utmost capacity. The first scene was the "Goddess of Liberty," a tableau. This was accompanied by the singing of one of our patriotic songs by a chorus of singers hidden from view. Then the audience was treated to the quaint old tableau of "The Babes in the Woods." This was read, and illustrated with twelve or fourteen tableaux, the piano being played between each scene. The characters were the two babes, their father, mother, and uncle and the two robbers. The costumes were antique, gorgeous and most appropriate, and the actors, as a rule bore themselves admirably. In the death scene of the poor little babes, artificial robins were made to hover over them, with most pleasing effect. The performance of the evening was closed with the song "Jara, the Gypsy Maid," while the Gypsy maid herself, with the actors in the "Babes in the Woods" behind her, stood out before the lights. All told, it was a success. A small admission fee was charged, the proceeds being added to the fund now being raised for the purpose of enlarging St. Paul's church, and a considerable sum was realized which was further augmented by several generous contributions.

**ICING.**—The weather the past week has been so variable as to seriously interfere with icing operations. There would be excellent ice one day, but by the time the operation of cutting and harvesting was begun a snow or rain storm would set in and put a stop to further operations. Nevertheless a considerable quantity of good ice has been housed.

Schooner W. O. Nettleton is at Woods Holl, awaiting a favorable opportunity to proceed hence with apparatus for moving the middle one of Mr. H. W. Riddell's three Cliff houses, which is to be removed to a lot east of the Charles O'Connor estate.

**OFF HER STATION.**—The South Shoal lightship broke adrift from her moorings last week and on Monday arrived at Tarpaulin Cove. Tuesday she was towed into Hyannis by the Verbena and will be replaced on her station as soon as the weather permits.

Hon. Ira M. Mulock, a prominent cattle raiser in Colorado, is at Nantucket, and it is believed that his visit has something to do with a plan for fertilizing the 5000 acres of waste land in the towns of Chilmark and Tisbury.—*Boston Journal*.

The "Contra Costa County Gazette," published at Martinez, Cal., and of which Mr. R. R. Bunker, formerly of Nantucket, is senior proprietor, has changed from a weekly to a semi-weekly paper and appears in an entire new dress.

Before Trial Justice Thomas B. Field on Friday last Joseph M. Folger, Jr., was fined \$3 and costs amounting to \$8.75 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct and was placed under \$50 bonds to keep the peace for six months.

Mr. Charles H. Robinson is to build a cottage house for Mr. R. Gardner Chase on North street, on the house lot opposite Mrs. C. A. J. Mann's summer residence.

**BUSINESS CHANGE.**—It is rumored that Mr. O. F. Hussey has disposed of his Orange street grocery business to Mr. William S. Hussey and son.

## New Haven Union

NEW HAVEN, MONDAY, JAN. 30

### AGROUND ON A SHOAL.

THE HENRY H. OLDS IN A DANGEROUS POSITION IN VINEYARD SOUND.

Tugs Go to Her Assistance, but are as yet Unable to Render Much Aid, Owing to Ice and a Heavy Sea—Fears for Two Other New Haven Schooners.

Information was received in this city this morning of the stranding of the three-masted schooner, Henry H. Olds, on Horseshoe Shoal, in Vineyard Sound, some time yesterday. The tug Argus took hold of her, but owing to the heavy sea and ice, was unable to pull her off. Today another effort will be made, and three tugs, the Argus, Herald and Storm King, left Vineyard Haven this morning for that purpose. The Olds lies easily on the shoal with her head to the north and eastward, and if a gale from the east does not set in she will be floated without injury. The strong set of tidal currents which eddy across the Nantucket Shoals have whirled together immense fields of ice, and probably the Olds became surrounded by them and while unmanageable drifted bodily with the tide and ice until she grounded on the treacherous sands of Horseshoe Shoal, which extends in crescent shape almost directly across the sea path of vessels bound around Cape Cod, through the waters of Vineyard Sound. It is about five miles east of West Chop light and the entrance to Vineyard Haven harbor.

The Henry H. Olds is commanded by Captain Edward H. Smead of Providence, a man who has been in the coasting trade for many years and who has commanded many vessels. The schooner was loaded with 1,000 tons of coal and bound from Newport News for Boston. She is the largest schooner, excepting the General Merwin, hailing from this port. She took her maiden dip into the sea from the West Haven ship yard early last Fall, and has therefore been in commission only four months. She is owned principally by parties in New Haven and vicinity. Henry Sutton is managing owner.

The first intimation that the Olds was aground was given to Mr. Sutton by a Union reporter at 2 o'clock this afternoon. He immediately wired the Boston Towing Company to use every effort in releasing the stranded vessel in their command. Mr. Sutton said that he thought there would be no difficulty in getting the schooner afloat without lightening her cargo, as she is fitted with steam and all the latest nautical appliances.

If she cannot be released from the shoal without removing a part of the cargo, it will take some time and will be subjected to the danger of the winter gales which are likely to rise at any time.

Mr. Sutton also has two other schooners which he thinks are somewhere in the vicinity of the shoals. They have not been reported for some days, and he feels some anxiety concerning them. Two large three-masted schooners are ashore on Great Point, Nantucket, and two others are also fast in the ice near that point. Their names cannot be ascertained, as the ice pack with which they are surrounded is impassable, and no assistance can be gotten to them. One or more of them may be one of Mr. Sutton's overdue schooners.

### ADRIFF IN THE ICE.

The Dangerous Position of Fifty Vessels near Nantucket.

WASHINGTON, January 30.—The signal corps station at Nantucket reports upwards of 50 vessels in the ice near Nantucket, and from Great Point to Tuckernuck Shoals. Many of them are adrift, having lost anchors and chains. The ice is 10 inches or more thick, and the most powerful tugs can render them no assistance. Most of them will be wrecked unless prompt assistance is rendered when the ice breaks up. The revenue cutters will be needed then to keep them from drifting on the shoals. More than 30 vessels have been saved so far by reason of information furnished by the signal service telegraph line.

### THE HENRY H. OLDS AFLOAT.

The Schooner is Pulled Off the Shoals at High Water.

The schooner Henry H. Olds was floated off Horse Shoe Shoal, in the Vineyard Sound at high water yesterday. The moderate weather weakened the ice so that it drifted past the vessel and did not interfere with the efforts of the tugs to get her afloat. During the time she was stranded the wind remained very light, and the schooner came off without lightening her cargo or sustaining any injury. She was towed into Vineyard Haven by one of tugs of the Boston Towing Company and is now at anchor there. She will proceed to Boston at the first favorable opportunity to get across the shoals without coming in contact with drift ice, which is yet very heavy north of Nantucket, a southeast storm is threatening which may open the channel for sailing vessels.

The Schooner Nathan Esterbrook in Trouble.

One of the four schooners which were reported yesterday fast in the ice packs north of Nantucket, is the schooner Nathan Esterbrook, Jr., another vessel belonging in this city of which Henry Sutton is managing owner. She was seen by the steamer D. H. Miller of the Metropolitan line to Boston, flying signals of distress, but owing to the impenetrable ice fields she was unable to render her any assistance.

## The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY, 26, 1888.

### The Ice Blockade.

We are frozen in! And we use the first person plural pronoun in this case not in the editorial sense exclusively, but so collectively as to include every man, woman and child, and every living, moving creature and every creeping thing and every animate and inanimate object which has an abiding place on that portion of the earth between the eastern shores of Great Point and the Southeast Quarter and the farthestmost end of Smith's Point on the west. In fact the island of Nantucket stands solitary and alone in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, with the continent of America anchored to it by a one-inch iron cable, while away to the northward and westward, as far as the eye can reach stretches a boundless, unbroken field of ice; but we have no fears for the safety of the continent so long as the cable holds, though we pity the inhabitants in their loneliness, shut off from their intercourse with this outside world.

It is now six days since the stern of the Island Home passed from view and the ice fields which reluctantly gave way before the vigorous onslaught of her prow sufficiently to admit of her exit, closed so tightly behind her as to preclude her return for an indefinite period. On Friday last she left here for the main, and after buffeting the ice for several hours, succeeded in getting clear from its embrace and proceeded to Woods Holl where she arrived in the afternoon, after a boisterous passage in the teeth of a rising northwest gale. During

Saturday the wind continued strong, the cold growing hourly more intense, and Sunday morning the mercury in various parts of the island ranged from zero to 6 degrees below, the coldest weather experienced here for many years. As the day wore on the mercury rose to 10 degrees above and by Monday night had climbed another 10 notches higher. The wind changed to southwest, snow began to fall, which soon turned to rain, and everybody retired at night happy in the thought that a thaw was at hand and the end of the ice blockade near.

Alas for human hopes. Ere many hours the wind whipped back to its old quarter and when morning dawned Old Boreas once more held undisputed sway. The mercury fell steadily during the day and by night had dropped to within half a dozen degrees of zero. Yesterday morning the thermometers indicated 5 to 8 degrees above, but during the day the temperature softened materially, and as we go to press there are unmistakable signs of a change of weather.

The present experience is by no means a new one to Nantucket. Scarce a winter passes but we are subjected to more or less similar inconvenience, though last winter we were singularly free. We have great cause for thankfulness that there is no immediate danger of suffering from scarcity of fuel or provisions though in the event of a protracted blockade some inconvenience may be experienced from running short of some minor articles of consumption.

An effort was made here yesterday morning to induce a tug at Vineyard Haven to proceed to Woods Holl, get the mails and passengers, and land them at the east end of the island, but pending the procurement of authority for transferring the mails from the Island Home, the tug proceeded to sea in quest of disabled vessels.

In no mercantile or industrial department is the effect of the blockade more severely felt than by the newspapers, which find themselves in the predicament of the clergyman, who, having lost his notes, was obliged to rely upon the Lord for inspiration, but promised to come better prepared next time. Deprived of their exchanges the local papers are compelled to rely upon their own resources and the telegraph, but promise to reform the first opportunity. In the winter of 1856-7, we are told for our encouragement, the island was shut off from communication with the outside world for six successive weeks, and within our own recollection we have seen twenty-one days' mails landed on the ice at the north side of the island. Nor does it beget a ray of encouragement to be reminded that the steamer has had positive orders on no account to go outside of Nantucket, but to remain quietly at Woods Holl until opportunity shall present to land her passengers and cargo at the wharf in Nantucket.

But croaking and sighing will not avail to change atmospheric conditions, and as we can't help ourselves, it behooves us to possess our souls in patience, and calmly await the issue. Meanwhile let us pray unceasingly for a southerly wind and a rousing thaw.

#### NOTES.

A large number of vessels were caught in the ice in the sound. The change of wind Monday night caused the ice to open sufficiently to liberate them and the following day Clark reported from the tower that most of the fleet were anchored between Handkerchief lightship and Cross Rip, many of them flying signals of distress. Yesterday several tugs were out rendering them assistance. He also reported seeing a boat, supposed to contain men, in the ice off Great Point Monday.

A number of vessels have passed by Siasconset the past two days bound westward.

Steamer Monohansett was frozen up at Edgartown, but got underway Monday, and after butting ice for five hours forced a passage through and resumed her trips.

The thermometer at Woods Holl yesterday morning stood 2 to 4 degrees below zero.

Intensely cold weather has been experienced on the mainland the past week.

**NARROW ESCAPE FROM FIRE.**—On Friday evening last, about half past five o'clock, Mr. Barzillai S. Coffin, who resides next to the Methodist church on Centre street, chanced to look towards the church and was startled to discover a bright red light in the vestry. Hastening over and quickly gaining admittance, he was greeted by a sight which well might carry consternation to any one. Before him stood the stove, one fiery mass of red which extended to the pipe and emitted a heat so intense as to defy approach. For a moment it seemed as if nothing could save the huge church edifice from destruction. Many a less resolute man would have quailed before that intense heat and a few moments delay would have sufficed to set the building ablaze; but Mr. Coffin is not only a veteran fireman, but one of the directors of the fire department. Seizing a long iron poker which chanced to be lying near he rushed for the stove, unmindful of the heat, though compelled to shield his face, and succeeded in opening the door, and the danger was averted. It appears that a fire had been kindled and the stove filled with coal in anticipation of the weekly prayer meeting to be held that evening, but by mistake the dampers had been left open and under the influence of the strong northwest gale then blowing the fire had gained such headway that ere many minutes the stove must have burst, or with its contents been converted into one molten mass, and in either case a most disastrous conflagration must have followed—indeed it seems quite probable we might have had a repetition of 1846, for the building is one of the largest wooden structures in the town, the material of which it is built is seasoned by years and highly inflammable, and standing as it does, in the very heart of the town, with a fierce northwest gale blowing and the weather so intensely cold as to materially impeded the operations of the fire department, what but a most disastrous conflagration could have ensued? We desire to impress upon every one in the community the fact that too much vigilance cannot be exercised in guarding against fire. Though we have long been blessed with immunity from fires, no one knows how many narrow escapes similar to the foregoing might be recorded, for those knowing of individual case are generally interested to suppress the information. Enough has leaked out however to indicate that we are in constant danger from the careless handling of fires and lights. When we consider how many fires and lamps are kept burning through the night with no eye to watch, when we consider how many gallons of kerosene are daily used in this community to start the kitchen

fire, we may well exclaim that only the grace of God hath thus far preserved us from conflagration. For more than forty years no fire has spread from the building in which it originated. This augurs well for that period—that is, that we have abundant ground for thankfulness,—and suggests unremitting vigilance for the future. Nantucket is a compactly built wooden town, and a conflagration once started would make sad havoc, despite any fire department; nor are we in a condition to resuscitate from another blow like that of 1846. Our chief safety from fire for the present and hope of immunity for the future lies in seasonable prudence, proper caution, and everlasting and eternal vigilance!

Thirty-one years ago Monday schooner Conanchet, of and from Plymouth, to New York, with a cargo of fish, became entangled in the ice on Tuckernuck shoals and the crew, being out of provisions and the vessel leaking, made their way over the ice on boards to Great Point with the thermometer 14 degrees below zero. Singular to relate, not one of them was frost-bitten. The vessel was last seen drifting about the South Shoal lightship with sails blown away and hanging strips over the sides.

**REAL ESTATE.**—Lewis Hurst, of New York, has sold his house and lot on the bank of old Sconset to Mrs. Cromwell G. Macy.

Mr. Robert B. Coffin has purchased the Thomas Snow estate on Federal street.

There were no services at the North Congregational church last Sabbath owing to the temporary illness of Miss Baker, the pastor.

Steamer Verbena passed Siasconset Sunday from Hyannis with the South Shoal lightship in tow, en route for her station.

An extra force of patrolmen have been put on the streets during the most boisterous nights recently.

One of the privations most sensibly experienced by local housekeepers in consequence of the ice blockade is a dearth of yeast cakes, those innocent little packages done up in tinfoil and about the size of a lump of loaf sugar, but which, being opened, emit an odor unequalled by a double dose of asafoetida and the putrid remains of a dead cat 'neath a midsummer sun, and that nevertheless exert a more powerful "raising" influence than anything known to science save the apex of a tack incautiously sat down upon. In our grandmothers' days, nay, within our own recollection, when every good housewife pinned her faith to a gill of "emptin's," or raised her bread with a lump of leaven, an ice embargo was robbed of a bitterness which even the telegraph cannot alleviate. But this is an age of progress. Pure sweet, hop yeast has almost become obsolete and in its place have sprung up baking powders and raising compounds whose chief recommendation is an excess of latent fermentation in a condensed bulk, and the slavish thralldom in which all are held who become their devotees. Indeed the modern housewife, unable to procure her favorite yeast cake, is like the devotee of Bacchus—in prohibition times. Woe unto the land, and woe unto the people thereof when the yeast cakes fail and thirty miles of ice cut off a fresh supply. Fact—We are out of yeast cakes.

**BROKE IN.**—On Monday afternoon William Cavannah while crossing the ice between the ends of the Old North and Straight wharves, unconsciously ventured upon thin ice which had recently formed over an air hole, and in a moment was struggling in the chilly water. He was ensconced in a heavy woolen ulster, which, while it temporarily buoyed him up must have dragged

him under as soon as it became water-soaked. He was unable to extricate himself by his own exertions for the ice crumbled and gave way as he endeavored to climb upon it. He was becoming exhausted and must have drowned ere many minutes but for the timely arrival of parties who had been eeling upon the harbor, who, with the aid of their spears, rescued him from his perilous position. Mr. Cavannah a comparative stranger here, having come to Nantucket a few months since.

A young lad named Thomas Holland, while icing at Wannacomet pond a few days since, missed his footing and was precipitated into the channel, receiving a thorough "ducking" in the icy water.

The annual report of the Life-saving service, referring to the wreck of the T. B. Witherspoon two years ago, says: "No better work under the circumstances could have been done than Veeder and his crew did that memorable day; and when it is related that a vessel was wrecked near the Surf-side Station and seven out of nine of her crew perished, it will also be told that the life-saving crew did their whole duty."

The Union Benevolent Society, for their annual supper, on Washington's Birthday, have decided to have chicken pie with proper garnishments, and fruit and ice cream as entrees. An old folks concert will enliven the occasion, and the effort will be made to surpass, if possible, the elegant turkey supper of last year.

A pension has been allowed Mrs. Mary N. Spencer, widow of William H. Orpin. Also a pension in favor of William H. Orpin, deceased.

**A BIT OF RETROSPECTION.**—When the writer first embarked in local journalism he was obliged to visit Boston on business in the month of December and, as not unfrequently happens, was detained in Woods Holl on his return several days by adverse weather. The opinion was then privately expressed by the proprietors of the *Inquirer and Mirror* that with the accumulation of years of experience we should learn better than to leave Nantucket in the winter. We have learned! And from the plenitude of our acquired wisdom will offer a crumb to the present proprietor of that paper should we ever chance to meet him again for on Tuesday of last week he left town to attend a poultry show at the Hub the following day, and was last heard from at the Guano City gazing with longing lingering look over the ice fields which intervened between him and his native isle. Rumor hath it that he has returned to Boston, (presumably to be on hand at the opening of next season's poultry show.) We sympathize with our exiled brother, and would shake hands by telegraph if we knew where to find him. Meantime the editorial department of the *Inquirer and Mirror* is so ably conducted by Allen Coffin, Esq., that our sincere and well-intentioned offers of assistance have thus far "gone a-begging."

The work of planting the wooden telegraph poles is nearly finished, the line having reached Siasconset Tuesday afternoon. The poles extend westward to the junction with the old line just west of Grove lane. For the remainder of that line the iron ones will be retained for the present, with wooden ones interspersed at intervals and wherever an angle occurs, to strengthen the line. They run continuously to Surf-side, the original route being slightly modified, and also wholly supplant those on Sconset road, being continued to the village, whence connection is made with the line to Sankoty. The entire work has occupied a dozen men just one week, and has been prosecuted under most unfavorable weather, particularly the last few days with the mercury in affectionate proximity to zero, and from four to eighteen inches of frost to penetrate in digging the holes.

Clark reports a number of vessels in tow of tugs yesterday, also an object, supposed to be a boat, drifting with the ice near Great Point. A large fleet of vessels are now anchored between Hyant and Sandy Point, and the Cross Rip lightship is badly iced up.

**GOOD GUNNING.**—Messrs. Frank P. Chadwick and Joseph M. Folger, Jr. brought to town on Monday morning 102 birds among which were 44 black ducks, the remaining 58 embracing "red heads," "coots," "old squaws," etc. They were the result of four days shooting.

**ICING.**—Never was better ice harvested than has been gathered in the past week. All the houses have been filled that it was desired to fill and the last of the ice stored has averaged from ten to twelve inches in thickness.

At the special meeting of the Proprietors of the Nantucket Athenaeum, held in the Library Hall, Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. Harrison Myrick was elected treasurer, in place of Matthew Barney, resigned.

The severe weather the past week must have been particularly trying to the patrolmen at the several stations.

A four-masted schooner passed Siasconset Sunday bound westward.

**DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT.**—Over a year ago Calvert Handy began a suit against LeGrand C. Tibbits for work performed on premises at Wauwinet. Trial Justice Field gave judgment for Handy, and the defendant appealed to the Superior Court. Last July, Judge Thompson decided in Handy's favor, and the defendant appealed to the Supreme Court. Recently the full bench rendered the final decision in the case in favor of Handy. H. B. Worth was attorney for Handy, and J. Brown and the late I. H. Folger for Tibbits. The amount of the claim was about \$17.

**A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.**—Mr. Mendis Rothenberg, of this town, was recently awarded the contract to furnish the flags for the U. S. Signal Service and received an order for 400 to be done in fifteen days. The flags were completed within the time specified and are now packed and delivered for shipment as soon as communication with the outside world shall be re-established. Their manufacture furnished employment to a dozen or more needle-women, and more work will be given out as additional orders are received.

Joseph B. Macy, Esq., is confined at home by a severe cold.

## NOTICE.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Nantucket Institution for Savings held 1st month, 16th, 1888, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President,  
Thaddeus C. Defriez.  
Vice President,  
Timothy W. Calder.  
Clerk of the Corporation,  
Alexander Macy.  
Board of Trustees,  
John B. King, M. D.,  
Timothy W. Calder,  
Andrew M. Myrick,  
George H. Brock,  
Thaddeus C. Defriez,  
Almon T. Mowry,  
David Folger,  
Matthew Barney,  
David Parker,  
Josiah C. Brock,  
John A. Beebe,  
Charles H. Starbuck,  
Henry Paddock,  
Alexander Macy,  
Richard E. Burgess,  
Obed R. Bunker,  
Charles H. Dunham,  
Henry D. Robinson.  
At a subsequent meeting of the Trustees held on the evening of the 16th inst., there were elected the following:  
Board of Investment Committee,  
Timothy W. Calder,  
John A. Beebe,  
Thaddeus C. Defriez,  
George H. Brock,  
Andrew M. Myrick.  
Committee on Examination,  
Thaddeus C. Defriez,  
Almon T. Mowry,  
Charles H. Starbuck,  
George H. Brock,  
Janitor and Messenger,  
Francis S. Worth.  
ALEXANDER MACY,  
Clerk of the Corporation.

But one death has occurred on the island since the year came in—a record unparalleled for forty years at least, and probably never equalled since the population of the island first attained its present number.

A number of new buildings have been erected in Siasconset the past winter by Mr. C. H. Robinson, among them a handsome house on the Heights for Miss Annie Chinery. The dwelling house and market for D. W. Burgess & Sons, and the store for John Harps & Co., are nearly completed.

A check for \$5000, being the amount of life insurance held in the Bay State Beneficiary Association, by the late Isaac H. Folger, has been received by the secretary, Josiah Freeman, Esq., payable to the beneficiaries named by the deceased.

We learn that Surf-side Hotel will be put in repair and opened to the public during the next summer season, which will be gratifying intelligence to those who have heretofore enjoyed summer life there.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1888.

### [Special to the Inquirer and Mirror.] A BRILLIANT WEDDING.

The following description of a wedding which occurred on the 25th inst., in Germantown, Penn., will interest our readers, since the bride, Miss Mabel S. Sharp, with her mother and brothers, have made Nantucket their summer residence for more than fifteen years. Lieutenant Adjutant Franz Hartman, of the German Army, was married to Miss Mabel Somers Sharp, of Pen-y-Bryn, Manheim street, Germantown, Penn., at Calvary Church, by the Rev. James De Wolf Berry, Wednesday, January 25th, 1888.

The church was crowded to repletion with the elite of Germantown and Philadelphia. A military wedding was something quite unique, and many were on the quiver to witness it. The edifice was elaborately decorated for the occasion. Clusters of holly entwined the pillars while the chancel was dressed in holly, in representation of the Gothic exterior of the building. The strains of Wagner's wedding march heralded the approach of the bridal party. Mr. Joseph W. Sharp, the cousin of the bride, acted as best man.

The bride was elegantly and tastefully attired in white faille, trimmed with point lace en train, and enveloped in a veil of old point lace, a legacy from her grandmother, Mrs. Benjamin J. Leedom. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. She wore a handsome bracelet and pin of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom.

The groom wore the full-dress uniform of the Bavarian Army. There were seven bridesmaids. The last two were the young nieces of the bride, five and three years of age. Dorothy Shaap, daughter of Professor Benjamin Sharp, and Laura, daughter of Leedom Sharp, Esq.

Miss Bessie Morris, a descendant of Robert Morris, distinguished as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was maid of honor. She carried a bouquet of white roses.

The first couple carried La France buds, and the second couple carried Jacqueminot buds. The little ones carried white violets—sweetly symbolic of innocence. All were very tastefully attired in white surah silk covered with lace d'esprit. Keeping step to the beautiful wedding march of Mendelssohn, at 12 o'clock, the bridal party left the church and returned to Bluifland, the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. John Moor Leedom, where they partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast, given by the bride's mother, Mrs. Benjamin Sharp.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful and very elegant gifts—a large portion of them being in solid silver. The mother's (Mrs. Sharp's) gift was a magnificent diamond in a bar-pin. Her brothers, (Benjamin and Leedom Sharp), gave her a case of solid silver, made of oak, lined with red chamois skin, containing one hundred and twenty pieces, comprising forks, teaspoons, tablespoons, &c. Her aunt Mrs. John Leedom, gave her a sugar bowl and cream jug, both of solid silver. These, with a quantity of silver of the olden time, the bequest of her grandmother, marked in her name, with other silver presents from friends and relatives, would seem to make a fortune in themselves, and there were numberless other gifts having an inestimable value as symbols of love from her friends in Nantucket, who hold her in the highest esteem. The bride presented each of the bridesmaids with a pansy pin, with a diamond centre, and the ushers had a scarf pin in the shape of a small gold sword. Between five and six hundred invitations were extended to witness the ceremony.

The bride, groom, and bride's mother sail on the "Western Land," on the 28th inst., to Germany, where they intend to remain several years.

## OUR ANCIENT STEAM MARINE.

In this hour of privation from steamboat communication with the continental world, and the rest of mankind, it is profoundly interesting to fling a glance back to that early period of steamboating between Nantucket and New Bedford, when the "Marco Bozzaris" first entered our harbor and steamed up to her landing at the Straight Wharf. It was on the 28th day of April, 1829, nearly sixty years ago, when vessels propelled by steam had hardly entered upon the domain of experiment anywhere, much less of determined fact, in the maritime affairs of the world.

The great revolution in the carrying trade of nations wrought by steam navigation, had not then been dreamed of by the most enthusiastic advocates of the steamboat as a rival of wind-propelled vessels.

Robert Fulton had launched his first successful steamboat, the "Clermont," on the Hudson, in 1807, only twenty-two years previous, and the first war steamer, "Demologos," was not commenced till 1815, the same year Fulton died, her name being afterward changed to "Fulton the First."

That learned English scientist, Dionysius Lardner, had not then, said to the British Scientific Association, on the project of crossing the Atlantic by steam vessels, "That such a voyage was a mechanical impossibility—that the project was chimerical—and that we might as well attempt to steam to the Moon as to New York." Although he did make such a statement, in 1837, nearly twenty years after the steamship "Savannah," propelled partly by steam and partly by wind, had actually crossed the Atlantic, from Savannah, Ga., arriving at Liverpool, Eng., June 20, 1819, in 21 days from land to land.

The vast and constantly increasing business of the island, rendering it important for frequent and certain means of communication with the continent, had produced a subject of discussion for a considerable time. John Thornton, editor of the *Inquirer* at that time, had editorially advocated the purchase of a steamboat. Several other public spirited citizens had also urged upon the business community the feasibility and importance of steam communication. A writer in the *New York Statesman*, in the preceding February, possibly with a steamboat for sale, had endeavored to show that the purchase of a steamboat to ply between Nantucket and New Bedford, stopping at Falmouth for the mails, would prove a profitable investment. The steamer "Rushlight" had been recently placed on the route between Newport and Providence, and the venture declared successful. Steamboat "Hamilton," under command of Capt. Hitch, from New Bedford, had made a trip here, arriving April 7, 1829, and departing the following day, and possibly other steamboats had entered our harbor before the "Marco Bozzaris."

It was not possible that such an innovation could take place as the introduction of a steamboat, without incurring adverse criticism, which is generally denominated croaking. Among those engaged in the carrying trade with sloops propelled by wind, there was opposition to be expected, and the opposition was duly indulged in.

Under all these circumstances, favorable and unfavorable, the "Marco Bozzaris," a steamboat of 140 tons burden, under command of Capt. Edward H. Barker, from New York, via Providence and New Bedford, six hours from the latter place, appeared in our waters, as above stated, for the purpose of establishing steam communication between our insular port and

the port of New Bedford.

On the following afternoon, April 30, she took several hundred persons on board for an excursion, proceeding as far as the Tuckernuck Shoal lightship, and returning at about 4 o'clock, creating a favorable impression of her capabilities among the excursionists. The following day she went on the route.

On Wednesday morning, May 13, she left with a pleasure party for New Bedford, accompanied by the Nantucket Brass Band, which had attained to much proficiency under the instructions of a Mr. Packard, arriving there about noon. At 2 o'clock the same day she took on board a party of ladies and gentlemen from New Bedford, and made an excursion in Buzzard's Bay. Leaving New Bedford the next morning, she arrived at Nantucket, via Edgartown, in seven hours.

The "Marco Bozzaris," under the agency of Geo. L. Gardner, left Nantucket every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and left New Bedford every

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, making three round trips a week, at first; but her trips were afterward changed so that she left New Bedford on Sundays. The interest in her arrival on Sundays, at Nantucket, being quite as great as now manifested during the summer period of steamboat arrivals.

The steamer "Telegraph," afterward named "Nebraska," was next built for this line, as subsequently were the "Massachusetts" and "Island Home." Each of them being first-class boats of their day, and all of them performing excellent service in very boisterous weather. None of them ever met with any severe accident, or sustained any great damage.

Looking back over the period of nearly sixty years, it seems remarkable that no calamity has ever happened to our steam marine; and we cannot but reflect that its success has been largely due to the excellent management, due caution, and good judgment of those in command.

## IN THE EVENING TIME.

If there is one object among all of public import in which we take a vital interest, it is the liberal support and perpetuity of the Nantucket public schools. Such support is not alone in the sum appropriated at our annual town meeting; individuals may be free to contribute to the requisite expense of the graduating exercises of our High School, if an evening exhibition be desired by the pupils, and parents and friends be permitted to assume the responsibility.

Simply, then, as a matter of taste, we are in favor of having the interesting exercises of the High School take place in the evening. Indeed, the young ladies and gentlemen of the retiring class have feelings which school officials, teachers, and an interested public are bound to respect. Graduation day is a period in their lives that ought to have its brilliant point. It is, to them, a genuine enjoyment to present themselves in as favorable a light as possible. The majority of the graduating class are young ladies. It is an instinct with womankind to look attractive. To crush out such a laudable desire (we do not confound that with extravagance in dress) is unjust to what is absolutely feminine. To yield a little to its gratification is not unmanly. For young ladies not to care how they look, or just when they shall appear at their best, before parents and friends, would show a lack of the finer proprieties.

Inasmuch as no expense to the town will accrue, we trust that the graduating exercises will occur in the evening. If held in the afternoon, and the day should be dark or stormy, the spirits of the pupils would be darkened. If the evening were unpleasant, the bright lights within, the cheerful warmth, and the audience would add a rosy glow to their faces, and no outside blast, or

AB.			
DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.	
Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.	Commissioned Officers.
Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.	Enlisted Men.

dreary sky would be in the least perceptible, or mar the appropriate occasion. No one will deny that there is an air of grace, refinement, and consequent happy influence of evening time, above the garish, or dull light of a winter afternoon.

**BLIZZARD REMINISCENCES.**—Apropos to the recent severity of the cold, locking up our harbor to commerce by icy barriers, our old-time informant states that the coldest year of his recollection was the winter of 1828-9, when it was then declared by the oldest inhabitant not to have been exceeded in severity by any winter during the preceding twenty years. The snow fall, in February, 1829, was more violent than any year since 1806, causing great mortality among the sheep, which ran at large upon our commons. No water could be seen from any side of the island. The Falmouth mail packet which arrived at Brant Point, Sunday, February 22, being the anniversary of Washington's birthday, was frozen solid in the ice, and with the tide and wind was carried almost to the head of the harbor, from whence her mails were landed and brought to town by sleighs. During this same cold winter of 1828-9, being about the time of the anti-masonic agitation, caused by the disappearance of William Morgan, a good natured trumpety hoax was circulated to the effect that the missing expositor of freemasonry was safely ensconced upon the island of Tuckernuck. There was also a great scarcity of fire wood—coal not then being used—the last cargo landed selling for \$8 per cord. The lightship on Tuckernuck Shoal was dragged about a mile to the eastward of her moorings. The brig Ann Eliza, from Palermo, with a cargo of wine, was blown out of Boston Bay, on the 21st of February, and driven ashore on the west end of Nantucket, on the night of the 26th. Most of the wine being landed and promiscuously distributed, the reign of Bacchus was supreme among the wreckers. The Hyannis mail-packet "Caroline," which left Nantucket just before the storm on the 21st was lost, the crew and passengers taking to the boat, landed on Sampson's Island, near Osterville, after 10 hours' exposure. Two of the crew, sons of the master, died from exposure. One Nantucket passenger, Capt. Swain, had \$2,000 in bank bills and gold in his trunk, which, together with the mails, were found near Holmes' Hole.

The sloop "Comet," Capt. Colesworth, left Nantucket, on the 22d of March, and was driven to sea a distance of 200 miles S. S. E. from the island, and was at the mercy of the elements for eleven days before she arrived at Edgartown, to which port she was bound. The crew and passengers suffered intensely from cold and scarcity of provisions.

It was computed that the number of lives lost by shipwreck on Nantucket, during the winter of 1828-9, (excepting the loss of persons on board the prize-ships "Sir Sidney Smith" and "Queen," wrecked on Nantucket during the war of 1812-15, not one of whom was saved or even washed ashore from the wrecks) was greater than for the preceeding seventy years.

A surprise party at Mr. R. E. Congdon's residence was one of the social events of the week.

Clark reports two steamers in the sound, this morning, bound west, and between 36 and 40 vessels in the ice.

Mr. Edwin R. Smith is building a large coal car for Mr. E. W. Perry.

The ice Friday morning extended beyond Tuckernuck shoals. Very little water in view at the north side of the island.

Steamer Verbena went to Cross Rip Lightship Thursday, and thence to Hyannis.

#### MARRIED.

At Calvary church, Germantown, Pa., Wednesday Jan. 25, by Rev. James DeWolf Berry Miss Mabel Somers Sharp daughter of Mrs. Benjamin Sharp to Lieut. Adjutant Franz Hartmann, German Army.

#### DIED.

In Sandwich, Mass., January 20, Maria B. wife of Charles H. Lypham, and daughter of the late William Allen, formerly of this town aged 45 years.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

Will you allow me a little space to say a few words for the Helping Hand Society, which, I understand, is to give an entertainment at Athenaeum Hall.

It was at first intended that this should take place on the thirty-first inst., but that powerful ruler, the ice-king, has decreed otherwise, and if it is true, that we enjoy as much in the anticipation as the reality, we shall certainly have a double pleasure, for the entertainment, we understand, will take place on the seventh of next month, and lest some of our lovers of music be disappointed, I will say that it is not a full opera which is to be presented, but a pretty little operetta, which will occupy not more than an hour. Besides this rare treat to a Nantucket audience, there will be original songs by some of our best singers, and at least one recitation by Miss E. N. whom we all like to hear.

This entertainment is given at the request of several persons, who, although they may enjoy a supper very much, feel that a change might be best. A supper calls for much labor on the part of those ladies who are most active in the society, and who need all their time to attend to the regular duties devolving upon them. I have recently been interested to inquire about their work, and am surprised at not only the amount done by them, but the quiet way in which it is done, so that the worthy poor, who perhaps need a little help to bridge over some unusually hard time, need not feel that even the members of the society must know of their asking it. This society like all the other benevolent societies in our town, is one where all denominations can meet and clasp hands in christian work; then let us all give it our sympathy and God speed.

AN OUTSIDER.

For nearly two months past, church attendants have wended their way to their several places of worship through very unpleasant and unfavorable weather, and the infirm and those who are not strong have been quite debarred from their usual seat in the congregations. Last Sunday, however, dawned bright and clear, but with the mercury at 4°. The various custodians of the churches plied the hours with zeal and energy, but the stubborn indicator in the thermometers moved most languidly, and two of the audiences were obliged to retire without sermons, on account of the extreme cold, while a third worshiped in the vestry.

There was no service at the North Congregational, Miss Baker not having recovered from the effect of a severe cold; but it is probable that, in common with so many others, the large church would have resisted the most strenuous efforts to heat it.

It occurs to our mind that some of our older residents may mentally compare these days with the old times, when thermometers were not so abundant, and no register was kept of the mercurial tubes; when faithful men and women sat in fireless buildings with only a foot-stove and the heart's inward zeal to keep them warm. It should not be forgotten, meanwhile, that not, as now, did those stout-spirited worshippers go to the sanctuary from overheated dwellings, but, instead, from fireplace and hearth and their chillier atmosphere.

Modern luxury has, indeed, made it a necessity for churches to be comfortably warm, yet we trust that the congregations are as devout of purpose and as earnest of spirit as in the olden times of native rafters and echoing sounding-board.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. O. F. Hussey, who was confined to his house a few days, at the beginning of the week, was at his accustomed place on Thursday.

Mr. Joseph B. Macy has been confined to his home for a number of days in consequence of a severe cold and nervous prostration.

Mr. Wm. C. Folger 3d is reported seriously ill at his home.

An observer of the eel-catchers on the harbor, last Monday, had his curiosity cooled off by stepping into an eel-hole. He was rescued without other damage than a dampness.

Our office force were kindly remembered by a delicious basket of corn-cakes, on Monday afternoon, by Mrs. G. A. Veeder. They were excellent, and came just in the nick of time.

On Sunday last just at sundown about thirty sailing vessels and four steamships were to be seen in the sound, all moving to the eastward, except three of the sailing vessels, which appeared to be fast in the ice.

There was a very hot stove found in the Methodist Vestry, last Friday evening. It had attained to a white heat, through inadvertence of parties in charge, and the party discovering it thinks a conflagration was opportunely averted.

#### ICE-OLATION.

From the high look-out of our Tower  
We gazed on sights that made us cower  
Before the mighty ice-king's power,  
Awe-stricken at the view;

From North and South, from East and West,  
Ice-fields about our shores had pressed,  
And, stretching far beyond our quest,  
Eclipsed the ocean-blue.

So hard and stern, so cold and white,  
We gazed and marvelled at the sight,  
'Till a young voice, in shrill delight,  
Burst forth and broke the spell;  
"O," cried our Susie, "'tis so nice  
To be surrounded by big ice,  
And held fast in it like a vice!  
Let's go and see the Bell."

"Dame Nature in her aspects wild  
Does not impress you deeply, child,  
If you're so easily beguiled;  
Yes, go and see the Bell;  
Study its history if you please,  
Read those hard words, in Portuguese,  
If they were Sanscrit or Chinese  
'Twould answer just as well."

We turned from our long steadfast look  
At that grand page of Nature's book,  
Our thoughts a new direction took,  
"Ah! what does all this mean?"

It means, no boat, no freight, no mails,  
No help from either steam or sails,  
And, if our little coal-heap fails,  
These wintry blasts are keen!

Such dismal thoughts suggest the fear  
That we might be imprisoned here,  
Provisions might grow scarce and dear,—  
O, let the South winds come!  
With everything at famine price,  
To eat those great cold blocks of ice,  
O yes, that would indeed be nice,  
Come, Susie! let's go home!"

Hands off—the east dial of the town  
clock.

A horse belonging to Mr. Andrew J. Swain, ran away last Saturday slightly damaging the carriage.

Steamer Verbena took the South Shoal lightship from Hyannis, to her station, on Sunday last.

Letters remain at the Post Office for H. Hubbard, Miss Emma Hewitt, A. J. Little, Andrew Moore, Miss Annie Swain, Miss Helen Wolfe.

Several thermometers struck zero on Sunday morning, and they did not rise above 12 during the day.

Zip says that the fellow who wrote "The Letter that Never Came," must have spent a winter in Nantucket.

Services at the North Congregational Church were omitted last Sabbath, in consequence of the illness of the pastor.

Lightning-rods are to be placed upon the Brant Point lighthouse. Uncle Sam does not like lightning for a lighthouse.

A very fine picture of the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, with a notice of her life and literary work, appears in the *Ladies Home Journal*.

The new wooden telegraph poles have all been placed in position. The work went along notwithstanding the cold and boisterous weather.

The harvest of ice is over, and the summer to come will find us saved from the necessity of importing the article for home consumption. All the ice houses are full.

Owing to the severity of the weather and the increased danger from fires, an extra force of night watchmen has been on duty several nights.

A total eclipse of the Moon, visible in the United States, occurs this Saturday evening. The duration of passage being from 4 to 8 o'clock.

Coal is reported scarce and none on sale. We hope everybody has a supply in their bins sufficient to last until a new invoice is received. A vessel load is reported on its way to the island.

J. M. Folger, Jr., and F. P. Chadwick, in four days, shot and secured 102 wild fowl, 44 of them being black ducks. The age of gunning is not over.

All the ice houses have been filled with a fine quality of ice varying from five to twelve inches in thickness, an unusually valuable crop for Nantucket.

Thomas Holland, a young man, while icing at the Wannacomet Pond, a few days ago, put his foot into the channel, and the rest of his body followed. The water was cold.

The atmosphere being very clear, on Sunday afternoon last, the land of Cape Cod was visible from Nantucket, while very little water could be seen in the sound.

Trumpety month will soon be upon us. But some of February's strange antics have been anticipated in the current month. The breath of the Arctic has already sealed up our harbor, an incident in ancient days reserved for Trumpety month alone.

The cook at the Surf-side station, lost his recipe for baked apple dumplings a few days ago, and was at a loss what to do as they were on the bill of fare that day. He found a way out of the dilemma by telephoning to a lady in town, who speedily sent the necessary instructions for making dumplings over the wires.

To graduate, or not to graduate, with the applause of a listening multitude, under the beauties of lamplight splendor. Aye, there's the rub! what is a graduation but a dress-parade. And, the cost not being overwhelming, here's a dollar subscription toward the Athenaeum Hall, as a place of rendezvous. In our dearth of divertisement who will not welcome a winter show?

It was a fowl comment. The sapient editor of the *Journal* is excusable for his ungainly attack upon the editor of this paper during his prolonged absence. Poultry will be in demand when the Union Benevolent Society cook their chicken pies for Washington's birthday, and stray bantams will stand some chance of getting baked on that occasion.

An old manuscript recently brought to light, states that the proceeds of a whale's tongue made 176 gallons of oil, which the writer says appeared excessive, until he received a statement from a ship master of unquestioned integrity who said: "I have killed a whale, the tongue of which yielded 14 barrels or 441 gallons of oil."

Artificial fires were not sufficiently hot to make the Unitarian worshippers feel comfortable in their place of worship, last Sabbath, and so they adjourned to a better heated period. Evidently there is a radical defect, either in their faith or their furnaces, or else the day was proper cold. Services will be resumed next Lordsday, the Lord willing, and the furnaces performing the service reasonably expected of them.

**THE WEATHER.**—People talk about the weather when they have nothing else to mention. During the last ten days the weather has been an important topic of conversation, and has contributed much to the discomfort of many. By the courtesy of Mr. Blundon, of the Signal Service Station, we are enabled to make an official statement of the wind velocity and thermometrical indications during the past week, as compared with the same dates of last year, viz:

	VELOCITY.		THERMOM.	
	1887.	1888.	1887.	1888.
January 22	18 NW	36 NW	28.5	1.8
" 23	17 SW	9 NW	42.5	8.5
" 24	32 NW	26 NW	32.6	9.2
" 25	33 NW	20 NW	27.8	5
" 26	32 NE	50 S	29.1	22
" 27	30 NE	35 N	13.7	10

Lieut. Wright, of the Signal Service, under whose superintendence the new telegraph poles have been erected, furnishes us with a simple practical rule of computing the pressure per square foot of any given velocity of wind, making the results but a trifle greater than the intricate scientific formulas produce, viz:

Divide the velocity by 2, and, calling this quotient a decimal, multiply the velocity given by it, the result will be the pressure in pounds per square foot, thus:

Velocity of wind 10 miles per hour: 10:2 equals .5 10x.5 equals .5 or one half pound pressure per square foot.

Velocity of wind 30 miles per hour. 30:2 equals 1.5. 30x1.5 equals 4.5, or four and one half pounds per square foot.

Velocity of wind 20 miles per hour. 20:2 equals 1.0. 20x1.0 equals 2 pounds per square foot.

A temperance service conducted by the W. C. T. U., will be held in the Unitarian vestry, Sunday evening, at six o'clock. All are invited.

#### [Arlo Bates in Cosmopolitan] SHARKING OFF NANTUCKET.

Every sea port town has its own peculiar savor, and if it chance to be an island town as well, the individuality will be doubly apparent. In this age of abounding glorification of the individual, we have come to be very fond of the racy, nautical personality of the old settlements along our sea-board, each like unto nothing but itself; most of all, perhaps, does Nantucket stand out as redolent of a personality distinctly different from all its kind, and consequently agreeable, to the modern taste.

Nantucket is by no means what it once was. In a season of unprecedented prosperity some score or more of years ago the inhabitants were attacked by an iconoclastic fury for pulling down the old dwellings, and most of the architectural quaintness of the place was lost. Still remain, however, the queer, cobble-stone paved lanes, the almost mediæval streets, apparently never wholly

NATURE OF THE  
"Y COMMANDER.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. Richard Wade, who has been visiting his son-in-law, Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, returned to his home in Jersey City by Tuesday's boat. Mr. George C. Pratt is away to undergo examination for an increase of pension.

Capt. Edward D. Coffin, Sheriff of Portsmouth, N. H., is on a visit to Washington, D. C.

Rev. C. F. Nicholson, who supplied the Baptist pulpit in Nantucket a few years ago, and preached very acceptably, has renounced his faith in baptism, and joined the Unitarians where a much lighter draught of water is required, and accepted the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church at Norton Centre, Mass.

Nantucket passengers storm-bound at Woods Holl, viz.: Rev. S. D. Hosmer and wife, Mrs. J. O. Freeman and niece, Mr. R. B. Hussey and son.

Sch. W. O. Nettleton is loaded and ready to sail for Nantucket as soon as favorable weather prevails.

**DIED.**

In this town, on the 16th inst., Lydia, widow of the late Capt. Eben Coleman, aged 81 years. In Hartford, Conn., Dec. 3, Carrie A. Townsend, wife of Walter Sprague.

**MARRIED.**

In this town Jan. 19th., by Rev. G. E. Brightman, Hiram Reed to Mrs. Helen Francis.

—Hon. Leopold Morse presented to Congress, last Friday, the petition of citizens of Nantucket for an appropriation sufficient to maintain and repair the Atlantic coast cables.

—Prof. Maria Mitchell, who has held a professorship in Vassar College, ever since it was founded, in 1865, has tendered her resignation because she says she needs rest. The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees laid the resignation on the table, and gave Prof. Mitchell indefinite leave of absence, her salary to continue till the next annual meeting in June, when further action will be taken. Referring to the matter the *Springfield Republican* says:

At that time it is not unlikely the distinguished astronomer will be made professor emeritus. She is in her seventieth year, and she had gained high rank in her science forty years ago.

The following officers of Island Lodge, No. 24, D. of R., were installed Thursday evening last by D. D. G. M., Geo. H. Gardner:

Fanny Worth Gardner, N. G.  
Avis Nelson Murphey, V. G.  
Helyn Eliza Appleton, Sec.  
Mary Frances Wyer, Treas.  
Elizabeth Ann Coffin, F. S.  
Linda Bethia Small, W.  
Mary Frances Veeder, Con.  
Cora Smith Burgess, Chap.  
Alexander Drew Coffin, O. G.  
Sarah Starbuck Veeder, I. G.  
Nancy Brown Hussey, R. S. N. G.  
Amelia Frances Freeman, L. S. N. G.  
Florence Chase Thomas, R. S. V. G.  
Susie Eliza Turner, L. S. V. G.  
Mary Palmer Nye, Organist.

After the installation, several fine selections were rendered by Sherburne Orchestra. A reading by Mrs. Nellie Appleton and singing by Miss M. P. Nye were well received. Dancing was enjoyed until 11 P. M.

**THE NEW ORCHESTRA**, under the leadership of Mr. Eugene S. Burgess, promises to be one of the best musical organizations on the island. Mr. Burgess is a fine musician, and will spare no pains to make his orchestra one of the best. At future concerts, fairs, etc., the Nantucket public will be sure of a treat by this company.

**PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.**—The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal Church arranged a very pleasant evening entertainment at the residence of Mrs. Annie M. Blossom, on Monday evening last, which was very successful.

expects the cruel head to come bodily through the planks, and already seems to feel the terrible fangs crunching into his own flesh. All the beast in the man awakes to match itself with the fierceness of this beast of the sea, and for the moment the gentlest shark-fisher is as brutal and blood-thirsty as a Vandal chieftain mad with joy of carnage.

The cap'n's eye, although it glistens with unwonted fire, is still clear, and his hand still steady. He feels something the same professional pride about the manner in which he plunges the clumsy lance into the raging blue-dog, as an espada does in regard to the way his slender sword finds out the vital spot between the shoulders of a fierce Andalusian bull, maddened in the ring. The lance should slide swiftly and deftly through the gills, and down to the heart; and to place it properly is by no means an easy feat when the shark is writhing and beating in the wild energy of his life-and-death struggle. The blood follows the weapon's quick withdrawal, and all the sea reeks with its sickening odor, and is dyed a horrible dull red as the crimson streams mixes with the dusky water. The struggles of the captive grow speedily fainter, and soon he is rolling to and fro in the waves like a log of driftwood.

The cap'n, though brave, is cautious; and he is particularly careful that the prey shall by no means be taken on board until he is well assured that the creature is really dead beyond all peradventure. He is ready enough to relate the experiences of luckless wights who have taken apparently defunct sharks in, to be painfully aware, by a vicious nip from the powerful jaws, that enough of life for a last vengeful bite still remains in the fish; but he has no ambition to serve as a practical illustration of the plausibility of such tales. The man-eaters, in particular, he likes to "tie out" awhile, leaving the body to sway up and down with the waves until there is no possibility of an inconvenient resuscitation on shipboard.

By some subtle natural law that has always eluded my comprehension—albeit I make no pretensions to being wise in matters nautical—a man's first shark is always eight feet long. Afterward he catches them of any length, even down to two or three feet; but I have never yet met a man who had caught sharks at all who did not reply in substance to a question in regard to the dimensions of the first one which fell a prey to his prowess:

"Well, that one was eight feet long, that first one. He was a terrible-looking customer, I tell you."

If he is a modest man, and one who carries his conscientious scruples to the absurd length of sometimes telling the truth about his fishing exploits, he will occasionally admit that his first capture was not a man-eater but only a sand-shark; but from the length he abates nothing. That the first shark was eight feet long is a statement in attestation of the truth of which he will, if need be, die at the stake, and if now and then a sportsman be found who says "about eight feet," the qualifying word is not to be set down to modesty. It always means that the fish was really more rather than less the conventional measurement. When the sharks are caught there is nothing in particular to do with them. The livers are cut out for the oil they yield, and the bodies are sometimes applied to malodorous use as fertilizers; but the object of catching sharks is to catch them. Moralists sometimes attempt to justify their sport by declaring that they war upon sharks as enemies of mankind, and they talk with virtuous air of the danger to bathers from these formidable ocean rangers. But the truth is that they go a-sharking for the excitement, and they deceive nobody by hypocritical pretensions to philanthropic aims therein.

The truth is that sharking is a stirring, though somewhat brutal, pastime. There is a fierce zest to it that belongs to nothing else. It has all the thrill of danger added to the exhilaration of salt winds and heaving waves, and if the danger is pretty nearly all imaginary, there is very little sport in a civilized land of which this is not true. It is merely the pleasant tingle of the appearance of danger that the sportsman seeks; an aesthetic peril, so to speak; and perhaps nowhere else in all our Eastern venturing can he so thoroughly experience this as in a lively day of sharking off Nantucket.

**REAL ESTATE.**—Lewis Hurst, of New York, has sold his house and lot on the bank of old 'Sconset to Mrs. Cromwell G. Macy.

Thursday's of this year have been very unpropitious for the steamboat, inasmuch as the weather has prevented her departure on that day of the week ever since the year commenced.

to yield to the effeminacy of his passengers. The true way is to begin by running the whale-boat off through the surf; and the rollers at 'Sconset beach require dexterous seamanship for passing them safely. It is a very pretty sight to see the Nantucket fishermen go out or come in over the rollers, watching with keen eye for the wave which bends its neck to give them opportunity, and sturdily holding their own against the breaker's effort to swamp them which follows quickly. The sea seems hardly less alive to the situation than seem the men themselves, and the excitement of a start over the surf is the only proper beginning to a sharking expedition.

By request, and being moved thereto by questions of land-lubbers, for whose ignorance he can not wholly conceal his contempt, the cap'n generally adds to his entertaining historical ketches some practical information in regard to the proper method of fishing for sharks and of handling them after they have taken the bait. He directs that the hook be dropped pretty nearly to the bottom, and that when the fisher feels a bite he be not too precipitate in jerking at the line. There is a deal of caution in a shark, and he generally examines the bait thoroughly before he is fully ready to turn over upon his back, after the awkward fashion of his kind in dining, and swallow it fairly. Once the prey is fairly insnared, however, the cap'n sentimentally remarks that "a fellow'd better pull for all he's worth;" adding, with a contemptuous glance at the amateur fishermen he is instructing, that even then the chances are fair that the shark will pull the man overboard before the latter gets him into the boat. Various other bits of wisdom he enunciates, delivering everything with the utmost deliberation and in a delightful nautical dialect impossible of attainment by any "off-islander" whatsoever.

When the fishing grounds are reached, those easiest of access lying about a mile from the shore, the big hooks are strung with half-a-dozen perch each and plumped overboard. Deep excitement reigns in every breast save that of the imperturbable cap'n, whose calmness has in it something of the awesomeness of fate. There are the usual number of false alarms. One man gets a bite and excitedly pulls too suddenly, securing nothing for his pains but a lofty sneer from the cap'n. Another, warned by this example, is far too deliberate, and allows some denizen of the vasty deep to partake of a free lunch at his expense, leaving the huge hook entirely bare of bait, to be drawn up and refurnished amid a silence on the part of the cap'n

more desirably cutting than speech. The boat turned broadside to the current, rolls and tumbles in a manner humbly distressful to the land-lubberly stomach, and more than one secret wish is formed that land instead of water were beneath, when, at length, some lucky fisher actually hooks a shark.

Then the fun begins in good earnest. The shark tugs viciously at one end of the line while the fisher pulls with desperation at the other; but as the man has the advantage of having something substantial to brace himself against, the struggle gradually turns in favor of the latter. With thrashings and whirlings the big fish rises angrily through the water until his ugly snout is dragged to the upper air. The water is beaten to foam by his strong tail, while the jerks of his powerful head put the muscles of the fisher to a pretty severe test. If the shark be a big one, often two or three men are required to haul him in. The concentrated brutal rage of the fish is something that can not be even approximately conveyed in words, and it is only the excitement of the struggle that prevents a panic on board the whale-boat. Should a shark come to the surface in this mad fashion unattacked the chances are that the inmates of the craft would huddle into the bottom of the boat in a fit of absolute craven fear.

With the exhilaration of conflict, however, comes courage. There is, moreover, something very definite to do. If the capture be a sand-shark, he is dispatched with stout blows of a boat-hook over the head. It is no easy thing to hit the creature just right, especially if one is at all flustered; and the cap'n has generally to lend a hand before the shark is properly made way with. Doubly difficult is the slaughter of the blue-dog (the man-eater). When a blue-dog shows his devilish snout with its rows of cruel teeth, white and glistening, and flashes the green sea-water like a paddle-wheel run mad, the cap'n, with a sudden look of alert determination on his weather-beaten phiz, makes a quick lunge for the lance. The shark does not waste all his energies in churning the water to a foam. He sturdily attacks the boat itself with a vigor and determination which amply justify the wisdom of the craft with wire netting. There is a certain splendid recklessness in the way the fish rushes in desperate assault upon the boat despite all disparity of size which fairly makes the blood tingle with excitement and admiration. He throws himself forward with gleaming teeth so fiercely that the fisher half

sure whether they are still to continue on as streets or are to be turned suddenly into door-yards. For inconsequence and delicious irregularity the streets of Nantucket are unrivaled. They are all carefully labeled at one end, the titles for the most part as curious as the shapeless spaces of cobble-stones to which they are applied. "Vestal," "Candle," and the like probably have in the mind of the mousing antiquary some reason why they should be thus instead of otherwise, but such names mean little in these latter days to anybody else.

The typical Nantucket house is founded upon a basement, and its front door is gained by a short flight of steps running parallel with the side of the house. This is by no means a graceful architectural device, but perhaps it served to remind the nautical inhabitants of the sensation of climbing the cabin stairs. These mansions are decidedly erratic in the matter of windows. The builders of none of the old houses that remain were content with anything so commonplace and conventional as windows set symmetrically to match each other. The openings for light and air were of any size, shape, and number which suited the individual whim of the dweller therein, and most extraordinary were the fancies of many of the old-time inhabitants in this respect. A square window was set side by side with one oblong or triangular; one would be placed close up to the very eaves, and its nearest companion seem to have slipped half-way to the basement; indeed, some ancient dwellings convey the impression that they were originally built with unpierced walls, and that the owner hewed a hole through whatever he chanced to be on the instant a fancy seized him to look upon the outer world.

On the top of these willfully planned dwellings is placed, astride the ridge-pole, a platform surrounded by a railing; the whole being technically known as a "walk," and serving in days when there was more to observe as a place of observation, whence the inhabitants could watch the in-coming or the out-going of the many craft that roamed from Nantucket over the waves of the world's farthest seas.

Sharking is one of the few pastimes of this disappointed world which come up to one's expectations. "No summer experience at 'Sconset," observes A. J. Northrup in his pleasant little volume anent cottage life at that breeziest corner of wind-swept old Nantucket, "is complete without at least one 'sharking' expedition;" and he might have made the observation general to the island. Even the man who cares nothing for ordinary fishing, and who regards Isaac Walton as an amiable but misguided enthusiast, finds in sharking a virile and barbaric delight which makes every fibre in him tingle, and which perhaps awakens, moreover, whatever of the savage generations of civilization have left still un eradicated in his nature.

To pull a sleek, dappled trout, dainty and decorated, from his retreat in the cool, translucent shadows of a dusky woodland pool is a very different matter from fighting with an enraged monster of a shark for his life. Once a sportsman has known the fierce excitement of the latter struggle, ordinary angling he must expect to find somewhat tame ever after.

One starts out in a whale-boat, the sides of which are protected by stout wire netting, a precaution which in itself suggests danger and stirring times ahead, giving the fisherman a certain wholesome respect for the game he is after, and inciting him to call up all his prowess. The tackle with which he has been provided looks amazingly large to his eyes, accustomed, in all probability, to the Lilliputian hooks with which cunners are enticed from their home about the seaweed-fringed shore rocks. Hooks a dozen inches long, fastened to a yard or so of substantial chain, followed by a like length of stout rope before the hand line—in itself no slender thread—is attached, look to him like the sort of gear with which Gargantua might have provided himself were he minded to angle for fish of a size to match his own. But shark-fishing is no child's play, and ordinary tackle these vicious "hyenas of the ocean" would scorn as the Leviathan a hook. Their teeth are not only sharp, but are backed by powerful muscles, so that sometimes even chains are bitten off in their struggles to escape, and anything weaker would not hold them an instant.

For bait there has been provided an abundance of lobsters, or, in these degenerate days, when overfishing is making these scarce and valuable, preparatory to destroying them altogether, a supply of perch, freshly caught. The cap'n in charge of the expedition, to judge from the bunch in his cheek, is moved by the excitement to indulge in unwonted rations of tobacco; while the landsmen aboard have made such provision as depends upon their individual temperaments, and the antipathy they may feel toward the principles of the Prohibition Party.

The boat, a score and a half feet long, is sometimes brought to a pier, but such a departure from robust manners indicates an unusual and reprehensible willingness on the part of the cap'n

DETACHED SERVICE.	WITH LEAVE.	WITHOUT LEAVE.
Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.	Enlisted Men.
	Enlisted Men.	Commissioned Officers.
		Enlisted Men.

## QUERIES.

Loud and disorderly? Rum of course;  
 'Tis death to the public peace,  
 This reign of terror and brutal force,  
 O when will it ever cease?

Sad and suffering? Rum, to be sure,  
 'Tis death to the bliss of home;  
 How shall the might of its reign endure?  
 Will the bright day never come?

Shall we fine the man who loses his head  
 By the fumes of the fiery drink?  
 The fine is the price of his children's bread;  
 And how can a madman think?

In default of the fine, shall he go to jail?  
 We may try that if we will;  
 As a means of reform it is sure to fail,  
 And his family? Suffering still.

Have we gained or lost by these modern ways  
 Of mercy, whereof we boast?  
 Must we retrograde to the barbarous days  
 Of the stocks and the whipping-post.

Shall we turn back now to the "free rum" plan  
 That prevailed among our Sires?  
 And trust the strength of each fallible man  
 For curbing his fierce desires?

Shall we backward again to *license* look?  
 Would not even that be better  
 Than the negative vote on our statute-book  
 That stands as a mere dead letter?

Are all your promises made of straw  
 That we wink at the outlawed trade?  
 Have we power and will to enforce the law?  
 If so let them be displayed.

If not,—let the Town go down on its knees  
 And humbly acknowledge the corn,  
 Supporting its poor with the license fees,  
 And awaiting the far-off morn.

Big auction sale at Leander Cobb's,  
 January 21.

Monday's high wind kept the Island  
 Home at her berth.

Miss Amelia Holmes received her  
 friends on Tuesday evening last.

We are under obligations to C. A.  
 Worth, Esq., for San Francisco papers.

The new grocery of John Harps &  
 Co., at 'Sconset, is nearly completed.

Wanted at this office—a copy of THE  
 INQUIRER AND MIRROR of December 17,  
 1887.

Mr. O. F. Hussey has sold out his  
 Orange street grocery to Mr. William  
 S. Hussey & Son.

D. W. Burgess & Sons harvested ice  
 at Gibbs' pond Tuesday, filling their  
 house at Siasconset.

A sale of the estate on Federal street,  
 formerly known as the Abraham Pease  
 homestead, is reported.

U. S. steamer Verbena touched here  
 Saturday to land Capt. Isaac Hamblen,  
 of the Cross Rip lightship.

Mr. R. C. Small entertained his male  
 friends at his home, on Wednesday even-  
 ing. They had a jolly time.

ALL MEAT.—Nice cooked Corned Beef for lunch-  
 es, at D. W. Burgess & Sons', next east Congdon's  
 Pharmacy.

Another stormy Sabbath, making the  
 sixth successive inclement Sunday.  
 What's the matter with the Sundays,  
 anyway!

The garnering of ice from the sev-  
 eral ponds has been quite extensive,  
 although some of the houses have not  
 been filled.

A Farmers' Institute will be held this  
 Saturday evening, at the North Hall,  
 Centre Street, commencing at 7 o'clock.  
 All are invited.

The town's financial year is drawing  
 to a close, and the various accounts are  
 now being put in order for the audi-  
 tor's inspection.

A pension has been allowed Mrs.  
 Mary N. Spencer, widow of Wm. H.  
 Orpin. Also a pension in favor of  
 Wm. H. Orpin, deceased.

Schooner W. O. Nettleton is at  
 Woods Holl, loading the apparatus to  
 be used in moving one of the "Riddell  
 cottages" at the Cliff.

The remains of Mr. George Day,  
 who died some time since at the Sail-  
 ors Snug Harbor, New York, were  
 brought to Nantucket, his native place,  
 on Saturday last, for interment.

## TREASURY SURPLUS.

It is profoundly refreshing to the  
 general business interests of a great  
 nation to realize that the national treas-  
 ury has a vast surplus of ready money  
 on hand. It looks thrifty from a na-  
 tional point of observation. But the  
 particular industry that may be lan-  
 guishing for want of capital, will take  
 little stock in the current political sur-  
 plus cant, while the individual short of  
 funds will receive no benefit, directly  
 nor indirectly, from the treasury sur-  
 plus.

But a brief time has elapsed since it  
 was patriotically declared and readily  
 accepted, as a piece of financial ac-  
 cumen, that a national debt was a  
 national blessing. Now we hear of  
 grave conferences and par-  
 tisan run-togethers upon the simple  
 question of what to do with the vast  
 sums of money accumulated in the  
 national treasury. Jefferson and Jack-  
 son found surplus exchequers during  
 their respective presidential terms,  
 which were satisfactorily if not judi-  
 ciously disposed of. The portion of  
 the fund awarded to Nantucket during  
 Jackson's time formed the financial  
 nucleus of our common schools, while  
 in some towns it was divided per ca-  
 pita among the citizens.

Now the Government has a large  
 funded debt, the result of the war for  
 the preservation of the Union. The  
 payment or reduction of that debt is  
 not only a very proper use to put the  
 surplus, but it can be applied to no bet-  
 ter purpose. There must necessarily  
 be some legislation upon the matter,  
 and the Congress ought to be, and no  
 doubt will be, equal to such task.  
 Already several schemes have been pro-  
 jected for solving this financial problem  
 by paying the national debt.

SAVINGS BANK STATEMENT.—At the  
 annual meeting of the Nantucket In-  
 stitution for Savings on Monday last,  
 the following officers were elected for  
 the ensuing year.

Trustees: John B. King, Timothy  
 W. Calder, Andrew M. Myrick, Thad-  
 deus C. Defriez, Charles H. Dunham,  
 Richard E. Burgess, Obed R. Bunker,  
 John A. Beebe, Henry Paddock, Al-  
 mon T. Mowry, David Folger, Matt-  
 thew Barney, David Parker, Josiah C.  
 Brock, Henry D. Robinson, Charles  
 H. Starbuck, George H. Brock, Alex-  
 ander Macy.

President, Thaddeus C. Defriez;  
 Vice-President, Timothy W. Calder;  
 Investment Committee, Thaddeus C.  
 Defriez, Andrew M. Myrick, Timothy  
 W. Calder, John A. Beebe, George H.  
 Brock.

From the annual report, and one of  
 the trustees familiar with the real es-  
 tate held by the bank, we gather the  
 following creditable, showing at the  
 present time:

ASSETS.	
Public funds	\$36,500 00
Railroad Bonds	26,500 00
Bank Stock	8,400 00
Present premiums on above	10,301 00
Notes receivable:	
Stocks	350 00
Personal	22,887 48
Real Estate	218,754 50
City of Newton	6,000 00
	247,691 98
Cash on hand	23,608 67
Real Estate owned by the Bank	22,200 00
	375,261 55
LIABILITIES.	
Deposits	\$31,034 00
Surplus	24,227 46
Equivalent to 7 per cent. on the deposits which	
have increased the past year, \$9,136 28	
Present number of open accounts 1,164	

Telegraph poles of wood, replacing  
 the iron ones which have not proved  
 substantial enough for the severe winds  
 of the island, are being placed from  
 town to connect with the cable at the  
 west end of the island. The route  
 will be changed from Gardner and  
 Main streets to West Liberty and  
 Grove Lane. It is also proposed  
 to carry the line direct to 'Sconset,  
 thence to Sankoty, and to Great Point.  
 Lieut. Wright is in charge of the work.

ELECTION.—At the special meeting  
 of the Proprietors of the Nantucket  
 Atheneum, held in the Library Hall, last  
 Wednesday evening, Mr. Harrison My-  
 rick was elected treasurer, in place of  
 Matthew Barney, resigned.

At the annual meeting of the Young  
 Men's Lodge, the following officers  
 were elected for one year: President,  
 C. W. Austin, Vice-President, L. J.  
 Ceely, Treasurer, H. C. Cathcart.

Schooner Jane M. Brainard arrived  
 here Saturday with a cargo of the new  
 wooden telegraph poles, which are  
 now being transported along the line  
 by Mr. W. H. H. Smith. The schoo-  
 ner was towed out Tuesday morning by  
 the Island Home.

—R. F. Coffin of New York, writes  
 to the Boston *Globe* that the recent  
 deed of gift of the America's cup can  
 be changed without going into any  
 cumbrous machinery, by the Yacht  
 Club simply ratifying the action of the  
 committee, with the consent of Geo. L.  
 Schuyler, the sole surviving donor.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888.

### IN MEMORIAM.

IMBERT.—We record this week the decease  
 of one of the best known and most remarkable  
 of our ancient mariners, Capt. Lewis B. Imbert,  
 who died on Thursday morning at the age of  
 about 88 years. Capt. Imbert was born in  
 France and of French parents, but came to the  
 island at a very early age as cabin-boy on  
 board a vessel commanded by Capt. David My-  
 rick. He may thus be said to have been bred  
 to the sea almost from infancy; but he contin-  
 ued to sail under the flag of his adopted country,  
 and, in all his wanderings, never again revisited  
 his native land. From 1817 to 1819 he was a  
 boatsteerer in the ship Gov. Strong, of this port,  
 under one of the most noted of our sea veterans,  
 the late Capt. Obed Fitch. After this he fol-  
 lowed the coasting trade and lightering for several  
 years, and commanded some small vessels. In  
 1832 he sailed for the Pacific Ocean as first  
 officer in the new ship Mount Vernon, with the  
 late Capt. Edwin Coffin. The ship made a  
 grand voyage, bringing home nearly 3100 bar-  
 rels sperm oil, after an absence of thirty-four  
 months. Capt. Imbert then took command of  
 the Mount Vernon, and made two very suc-  
 cessful voyages in her between 1835 and 1844,  
 bringing large returns. He then purchased a  
 farm and settled down for a while at home, but  
 his farming, as well as some other investments  
 of his money, proved unprofitable, and finding  
 his fortunes reduced, his restless, roving spirit  
 drove him to sea again in 1847, when he sailed  
 in command of ship Hercules, of New Bedford,  
 for the Pacific Ocean. This voyage proved an  
 unsuccessful one and the ship was finally wrecked  
 at one of the Society Islands.

After more vicissitudes of fortune he returned  
 home, and in 1855-6 made his last whaling voy-  
 age in the brig Homer, of this port, cruising in  
 the Atlantic Ocean; but met only indifferent  
 success. After this he bought an interest in a  
 smart little schooner called the Game-Cock, and  
 for some time ran her as a packet between this  
 port and Hyannis; but business fell off, and that  
 enterprise too was abandoned.

But, with short intervals of labor on shore, he  
 continued to pursue his career on the water,  
 boating and fishing, until past 80 years of age,  
 only giving up when compelled by extreme in-  
 firmity. Capt. Imbert was known as a man of  
 great energy in his profession, and, though  
 seemingly rough in his way and hasty and im-  
 petuous at times, he showed in many instances  
 that his heart was in the right place after all  
 as can be attested by many of those who knew  
 him most intimately. He has outlived his wife  
 more than twenty years, and of several children  
 born to him only one now survives, a son resid-  
 ing in Boston.

### For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Died, in Roxbury, Feb. 20th, Richard Mitchell,  
 aged 69.

The above notice, in a city paper, tells, to a  
 large following of friends and relatives, that  
 our fellowman, who had lived among us in  
 close relations, and whom we loved, has gone  
 from our presence forever. Hundreds of such  
 brief statements are written daily, and, no  
 doubt, many of them mark the closing of lives  
 equally deserving of the tribute we here pay  
 our friend; but it seems to me, that, whenever a  
 life, so eminently unselfish, so full of good  
 deeds, and withal, so full of cheerfulness, is  
 ended here, it should be brought to the atten-  
 tion of all of us who remain, for our good ex-  
 ample.

We cannot say that such natures die, for,  
 like the setting sun, they leave a halo of bright-  
 ness, which is caught up and reflected on all  
 who knew them, and their influence is felt for-  
 ever.

Richard Mitchell, like Robert Collyer, might  
 have thanked God that he was "well-born."  
 Descended from good stock on both sides, free  
 from eccentricities, or the heritage of "genius,"  
 he was a healthy, happy man, whose beaming  
 face and hearty greeting made one feel better  
 all day for having met him. As one of his  
 friends said: "Capt. Mitchell always walked  
 on the sunny side of life." He thought it a  
 privilege to labor, and even to bestow the fruits

of his labor to anyone needing it; and when  
 taking home to his loved ones some coveted gift  
 or rare flowers, his face fairly shone with the joy  
 it gave him.

His long service at sea and Nantucket birth,  
 gave to his conversation and manner that  
 quaintness and rare humor, which made him a  
 most enjoyable companion. For twenty years  
 or more, and until increasing illness compelled  
 a resignation, he was connected with the Bos-  
 ton Custom House, where he was always a  
 faithful worker and social favorite. Year after  
 year, he daily wended his way over West Bos-  
 ton bridge and through Boston streets, usually  
 avoiding horse-cars, until his small, compact  
 figure and rosy face were well-known. He  
 never thought it any hardship to go, nor wished  
 a vacation, lest they might find out they could  
 do without him!

When, a few weeks since, he was smitten  
 with mortal illness, and that of a most painful  
 type, he yielded to the inevitable with the same  
 sweetness and patience he had ever shown.  
 Though his suffering was at times intense, his  
 countenance would always light up with all the  
 old-time fervor, if any of his family approached  
 his bedside. He was already to go, save for the  
 pang of separation from her with whom he had  
 walked in unvarying love for nearly fifty  
 years.

I well remember his reply, when I asked him  
 once if he was going to the City to see a display  
 of fireworks. "No," he said, "they would be no  
 sight to me; in my long life, and travels in for-  
 eign countries, have seen about all there is here,  
 but, when I get to the other side," his face sud-  
 denly brightened up, "I expect there will be  
 such wonderful things, as I never even dreamed  
 of before."

So let us think of him as having passed from  
 suffering into peace, as witnessing those grand  
 sights which he had anticipated; while we be-  
 lieve that his spirit, freed from the burden of the  
 flesh, shall go on developing in higher and still  
 higher spheres even to perfection. God be  
 praised that there are, here and there, such  
 natures. They serve to cheer our sometimes  
 fainting spirits, to strengthen our faith in hu-  
 manity. Let those who now mourn the loss of  
 his dear presence be grateful in their sorrow,  
 that they have enjoyed him so long.

M. A. A.

FORT ERIE, March 6, 1888.

FOLGER.—Edward Ray Folger, who died in  
 Nantucket, Feb. 16, aged 81 yrs., 11 mos., was  
 the senior deacon in office of the Congregational  
 church. He was the youngest son of Hon.  
 Walter Folger, who was distinguished for his  
 mathematical and scientific acquirements.  
 Deacon Folger united with the church in March,  
 1842, Rev. J. S. C. Abbot being the pastor. In  
 January, 1845, he was chosen deacon in place of  
 his uncle, Deacon Paul Folger, recently deceased.  
 Faithfully did he use his office with a quiet  
 dignity, so natural to him, and suggesting his  
 ancestral lineage from the Friends. For years  
 he was a Sabbath school superintendent. For-  
 mer residents and recent summer visitors will  
 recall his constant presence at the prayer meet-  
 ings in the ancient lecture room. He came into  
 the church in a great revival, fifty-seven joining  
 on confession at the same time; and he was  
 active in the revivals of 1847, 1858, 1868 and  
 1873. Within the last two years he gave the  
 present incumbent the installation welcome on  
 the part of the church. He possessed remark-  
 able mechanical ingenuity, was a true citizen,  
 cautious in action, steadfast in friendship, loyal  
 to the church.—S. D. H. in *The Congregationalist*.

### For the Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET, March 5, 1888.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

The last but not least in the scale of human  
 existence is this little tributary and disconnected,  
 though not missing link. Separated by  
 thirty-five miles of sea from the mainland of  
 the eastern end of the good old puritanical  
 state of Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty,  
 events in the history of our people upon earth  
 will antedate the prehistoric glory of all nations,  
 in all times and in all places. With the rise  
 and fall of empires have we had stars forming  
 the planetary system, that all coming posterity  
 must fall down and worship. Thus is my feeble  
 attempt to preface a sketch of the incidents  
 and occurrences that happened here on Monday  
 evening, March 5. The occasion was the 77th  
 anniversary of the birthday of Rev. James E.  
 Crawford, a veteran Baptist minister and  
 pioneer that started the wheel of the great  
 anti-slavery movement. A few friends gath-  
 ered in his cosy little parlor in commemoration  
 of this anniversary, and by pleasant surroundings  
 made him forget himself for the time being, and  
 live with us once more. After prayer by Rev.  
 Mr. Crawford, music was in order. Mrs. Isa-  
 dore King presided at the organ, and some  
 choice selections, most appropriate for the  
 occasion, were rendered, after which Mr. C. A.  
 Bradley, with a few informal remarks, pre-  
 sented Mr. Crawford with a purse containing  
 donations from his friends and patrons, with  
 their best wishes for his longevity, health and  
 prosperity. He was also presented with other  
 substantial tokens, among them a very pretty  
 morning gown. Mr. Crawford gratefully ac-  
 cepted the gifts, responding amidst joy, con-  
 gratulations and tears. This esteemed friend and  
 cotemporary—the Toussaint l'Ouverture of the  
 nineteenth century—the great Douglass—were  
 two links of the many that formed a chain of  
 the underground railroad and coupled the un-  
 limited express train that transported its  
 precious freight from bondage and slavery to  
 freedom and liberty; gradual emancipation had  
 commenced; the redoubtable Henry Clay had  
 named it; the invulnerable Frederick Doug-  
 lass had nursed and reared it from its infancy;  
 the veritable John Brown had baptized it; the  
 steadfast Sumner gave it a new robe, and the  
 immortalized Phillips christened it civil rights;  
 and Mr. Crawford and Mr. Douglass shook  
 hands in the anti-slavery meeting and pledged  
 themselves in eternal friendship, bound by the

omnipotent power of God, to die in defence of freedom.

When Mr. Douglass commenced his career as a lecturer, Mr. Crawford at that time was one of the advisory committee of the anti-slavery society of Providence, R. I., and by aid and contribution succeeded in raising the means by which Mr. Douglass was able to enter the field, and in the summer of 1841 Mr. Douglass made his maiden speech at an anti-slavery convention held in Nantucket.

A few remarks were made by Mr. David B. Andrews, after which Mrs. King read an original poem entitled "Seven, Seventeen and Seventy-seven," which is given below. Another, entitled "Excelsior," was read by Miss Sarah Ross, which concluded the evening's entertainment, and all departed to their homes much pleased with the exercises of the evening.

#### SEVEN, SEVENTEEN AND SEVENTY-SEVEN.

A golden head, eyes heavenly blue,  
A tattered frock, a worn-out shoe,  
Into every mischief under heaven.—  
This is little James at seven.

Ten years have passed, and now we see  
A brave heart longing to be free.  
He has a high aim. Will he gain?  
Oh, yes; he strives with might and main.

And still the mischief is not gone;  
In out-door games he's counted on;  
No frolic is complete, no fair  
Can well go on if he's not there.

All quarrels' mongst the strong he'd end;  
And to the weak he proved a friend.  
He was both brave and true, I ween  
And this was James at seventeen.

The years roll by till sixty more  
Have urged him toward the heavenly shore;  
We've viewed his life from morn to even;  
Come see him now at seventy-seven.

He sits serene, and views the past  
Which has been with some clouds o'ercast;  
Of sorrows he has had his share,  
And joy's held even pace with care.

And now, dear friend, we bring to you  
Kind wishes from friends old and new,  
And pray you may be with us when  
Your years shall number ten times ten.

And when at last the journey's o'er,  
Be this thy summons to that shore:  
Well done, thou good and faithful one,  
Enter, thy true life's just begun.

C. A. D.

## Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

The fishing season at 'Sconset opened Monday, when Mr. William Owen caught two codfish. At Quidnet none have yet been captured.

The verses on the fourth page of today's issue ("God Bless the Helping Hand"), are from the pen of a lady eighty-five years of age.

Mr. Robert B. King has had a lot of flowers on sale at the Novelty Store this week. Mr. King has an early start with his flower business this season.

We thank Dr. W. H. Workman for a copy of his new circular, descriptive of Nantucket and his new sanitarium "Inselheim." It is neat and well-arranged.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

### GOD BLESS THE HELPING HAND.

Oh why should anyone object  
A trifle to bestow,  
Which will appreciated be  
To soothe another's woe?

All honor to the Helping Hand,  
Who act so well their part  
In finding what they best can do  
To cheer a sinking heart.

When they together do convene  
To talk of this and that,  
They keep in view their Mission work,  
In spite of idle chat.

Then when all business is o'er,  
Each one can, if she choose,  
Exact her turn to have the floor,  
And thus discuss the news.

Only in fancy is my share  
To join your social band;  
But from my heart, will ever say,  
God bless the Helping Hand.

Died in Middletown, Ct., March 25th, of paralysis, Roland H. Starbuck, 37 years of age.

Deceased was the son of the late George M. Starbuck, and grandson of the late Hon. William C. Starbuck, formerly of this town. His remains were taken to Stafford Springs, Ct., for interment. Mr. Starbuck was formerly a resident of Hampden, Mass.; he was an active worker in the Methodist Church, being Superintendent of the Sunday School, and leader of the choir.

His was a genial nature, and his pleasant face will be missed in the home circle, and among his numerous friends. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn his loss.

L. W. C.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I do not wonder at all that Nantucket men, who for many years have resided away from the island of their birth, desire to spend the last days of their life at home, provided that they have sufficient means for a comfortable support, whether they wholly retire from business or engage in some pursuit there by which they may either add to that which they already possess, or secure themselves from any diminution of their resources. It is perfectly natural for one in his declining years, if his life for the most part has been spent actively away from his birthplace, to wish that he may be permitted to make it his burial place as well.

And when, last week, I read in your excellent journal, that a gentleman of old-time acquaintance was about to return to the island after many years' absence, to take up his permanent abode there, I felt like congratulating him on the wisdom of his choice, and couldn't help wishing that at no distant day, my own feet would be turned thitherward, and I, too, should be allowed the privilege of spending my last days in quietness, where my active youthful ones were filled with healthful and vigorous delight.

**SAD FATALITY.**—Two children, passing the residence of Miss Sarah Swain, corner of Centre and Hussey streets, Sunday evening, heard outcries for help. They notified Mr. George W. Dunham, who hastened to ascertain the cause. Miss Swain was found lying in a pool of water in the basement, whither she had apparently gone for fuel. How long she had been there can only be surmised. Her clothing was drenched, and as soon as assistance could be obtained she was taken to her room and made as comfortable as possible, but pneumonia developed, and being advanced in years (nearly 88 years of age), she had not the physical strength to endure the shock, and died shortly after midnight of the 11th instant.

**THE TOWN'S WARD.**—The infant waif, which a few weeks since was found at early morning on the doorstep of Mr. Charles H. Allen's house, died last Thursday at the DeWolf farm, where it has been boarded with Mr. Freeman Lewis's family.

#### DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Sarah F. Bassett, who died at her late residence in West Newton, Saturday, was a very old and respected resident. The deceased was 92 years old. She was the daughter of Dea. Lemuel Freeman of Sandwich, where she resided during her youth. In 1837 she was married to Mr. James N. Bassett of Nantucket. The couple resided in Nantucket for a number of years and removed to West Newton about the year of 1852. Mr. Bassett died about three years ago, having lived to the ripe old age of 80 years. Mrs. Bassett had always led a useful and busy life. She possessed a quiet and affable disposition, and was beloved by all who knew her. She had retained her faculties nearly unimpaired through her long vista of years, and was ill only three weeks previous to her demise. Her constitution was inherited from the good old New England stock, and her simple and regular habits of living undoubtedly assisted in prolonging the number of her days. The funeral will take place from the late residence of the deceased, Webster street, on Tuesday next. Rev. Joseph H. Allen of Cambridge, assisted by Rev. J. C. Jaynes, will officiate.

**HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.**—Congress has allowed \$10,000 for the improvement of New Bedford harbor, \$25,000 for Vineyard Haven harbor, \$7000 for Wellfleet harbor, \$4000 for Wareham harbor, \$20,000 for Nantucket harbor, \$10,000 for Hyannis harbor and \$7000 for Provincetown harbor.

The rescue of the crew of the English steamship Canonbury, which was wrecked off Nantucket, by the life saving company on that island, is in marked contrast to the way in which a similar company on the coast of Great Britain allowed the crew of an American ship to perish before their eyes. We know the perils of the south side of Nantucket well enough to know that to push out in that wild storm from a shore where the sea was breaking ten feet high, was a work requiring all the nerve and skill which Nantucket surfmen pre-eminently possess. No crew ever stood on those shores and saw fellow beings perish before their eyes without making every effort possible for men to make to effect their rescue.

Prof. Maria Mitchell.

It was our pleasure to meet Miss Mitchell in Boston Monday and exchange greetings with her. We have every reason to have pleasant memories concerning her, for while she was librarian in the small but valuable library of the Nantucket Athenæum, we, as assistant, made our first true acquaintance with books. We do not know how long ago card catalogues originated in libraries but our leisure then while in the library was passed in making one for the Athenæum. This was about 1857. Miss Mitchell has left Vassar and tells us she will locate in Lynn, and have her little observatory there.

**McCULLOUGH WHALING STATION.**—Friday two whaleboats were shipped from New Bedford to Nantucket per steamer Monohansett to Capt. George E. Coffin, who has charge of the McCullough whaling station, which was established last year at Tuckermuck. Capt. Joseph Vera and John McCullough are interested in the enterprise and as whales are seen from the island every year the chances of getting some oil are excellent.

**The New Bedford Institution for Savings** has declared a semi-annual dividend, 2 1/4 per cent., payable on and after Monday, April 24. The treasurer's statement shows an accumulation of undivided earnings, indicating a possible extra dividend at the close of the three years' term in October next.

**STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—The Old Colony depot in Woods Hole, was struck by lightning Monday morning at 11 o'clock. The bolt entered the front of the structure and shattered it quite badly.

**WHALING LETTER.**—Letters received in town from Mr. Henry P. Clapp, report bark Mermaid, Capt. Sherman, at St. Helena February 20th, six months from home, with 500 barrels sperm oil.

The Massachusetts Humane Society has awarded a purse of \$96 to the boat's crew of 6 men who rescued the crew of schooner Luc Jones, stranded on Nantucket bar Dec. 22, 1887.

Remarks for the Month of

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